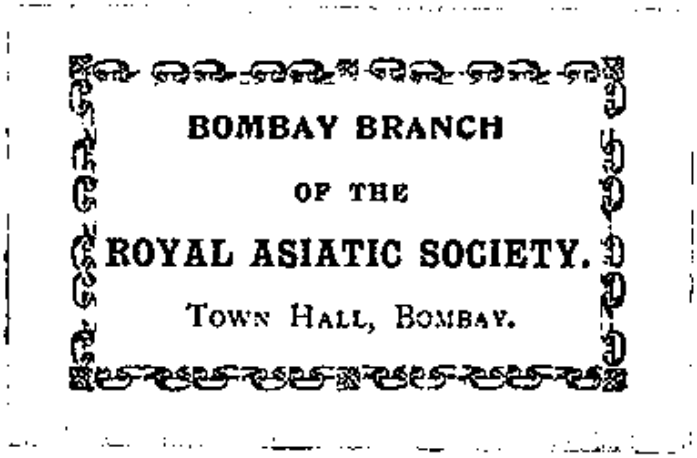

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FIVE YEARS

IN

KAFFIRLAND;

WITH

SKETCHES OF THE LATE WAR IN THAT COUNTRY,

TO THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE.

Written on the Spot.

BY HARRIET WARD.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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FIVE YEARS

IN

KAFFIRLAND.

CHAPTER I.

EXPEDITION ACROSS THE KEI, AND TAKING POSSESSION OF THE COUNTRY—KAFFIR INSOLENCE—THE BURGHERS IN THE FIELD —SECOND ACTION AT THE AMATOLAS—KAFFIR MORALITY — SIR HARRY SMITH AND UMKAI—HELL'S POORT—THE BROTHERS DE VILLIERS—BRUTALITY *OF* THE KAFFIR—"STOCK," AND HIS FATHER'S BONES—SURRENDER OF A CHIEF.

My last chapter closed with a promise of "some account" of Colonel Somerset's expedition across the Kei, in pursuit of the treacherous Chief, Pāto, who had carried his plunder towards Creli's country. Kreli is the son of Hintza, who was shot, during the last war, by a colonist of the name of Southey, while endeavouring to escape from Colonel, now

Sir Harry, Smith. Kreli had declared he would not receive Pāto, and it has yet to be proved whether the former be faithful or treacherous to us: if faithful, it is for policy's sake, and not from any sense of honour.

Colonel Somerset having remained absent on this expedition longer than was expected, great anxiety was felt for his safe return to the Governor's camp; and, on the 30th of July, intelligence was received at Graham's Town that he had crossed the Kei, and taken between six and seven thousand head of cattle, from Pāto's people. The Kaffirs, it is said, were very daring; their dread of losing cattle is the only thing that gives them any courage to face the troops, but the dispatch mentions that "the moment the troops crossed the Kei, the enemy fled in all directions." Before passing the river, the wretches dared them with their usual cry of "Izapa!" The Fort Peddie Fingoes, intent on cattle also, fought desperately—nothing could restrain them; one only was killed and one wounded. Captain Groenenwaldt, of the Swellendam division of Burghers, was badly wounded, after having captured two thousand head of cattle—it is said, with eleven men. But, when

such false statements are made against the military, it is difficult to believe all the fine things in favour of the civilians, especially when I know that many things that could be said militating against the latter, are carefully concealed from the public. We have often known the troops sent out to remedy the disasters and losses of the irregular forces; when, if the latter were only dismounted Hottentots, no blame was attributed to them, however careless they might have been. This is injurious, for we know not what faith to put in the favourable reports on civilians, however truly they may deserve them.

Mr. Shepstone, Government Interpreter in command of the Fingoes, had a narrow escape in re-crossing a drift. The Kaffirs, with their usual cunning, allowed him to pass it; but, in returning, they completely surrounded him. Mr. Shepstone ordered his men to lie down, and in this position they fired on each foe as he crept out of his ambush. Having beaten them, they attacked another body, and re-captured two thousand head of cattle, on the point of being carried off, from a weak party of Fingoes. On this occasion, Mr. Shepstone was struck on the head by a spent ball,

which had, however, sufficient force to hurt him considerably.

On the second day of the expedition, the body of a Chief, in a tiger-skin kaross, was dug up*. It was not recognised, and was of course of inferior note. On approaching the Kei, the colonial infantry halted to breakfast at a kraal, where they found an old woman†. They learned from her that the cattle "had only moved that morning." Captain Melville, having heard the report confirmed by some goatherds whom he had taken prisoners in seizing the goats, pushed on with two hundred Hottentots, and re-captured some cattle, and the next day thousands more were seen on the other side of the river. Captain Donovan, Cape Mounted Rifles‡, led a party of the Cape

* The Kaffirs are in the habit of burying their chiefs, but no other dead.

† It is the general custom of the Kaffirs to leave an old woman in a kraal as a spy. They manage to keep up a constant communication with her, and supply her with food.

‡ Captain Donovan nearly lost his life on the banks of the Gwanga, on the day of the memorable action there. On reaching a drift, whither he had led his horse to drink, four or five Kaffirs suddenly rushed upon him. His rifle was on the ground, and there was no time to draw his sword before the musket of a savage was levelled at his head. A man named Brown, formerly a private

Corps across the river; the guns and the rest of the cavalry lining the heights. Captain Donovan brought back several head of cattle to Colonel Somerset, and bivouacked for the night. It was a miserable one. Cold, dark, and very wet; no tents, scarcely any provision, and but slight covering! Little rest could be obtained, for the enemy and the Fingoes kept up an incessant exchange of shots, yelling and shouting to each other like demons. Some of the prisoners admitted that Pāto was near the sea, and observed that Umhala had "died at the Gwanga," but this was no doubt figurative, implying that his power was broken; he was dead as a Chief. Captain Melville, who had lost his way, returned, July 21st, to Colonel Somerset's camp, bringing with him a large herd of cattle, having killed five Kaffirs in taking it. As the colonial infantry were all sadly knocked up with fatigue and hardship, it was now determined by Colonel Somerset that the three prisoners should be sent with messages to Umhala, Pāto, and Kreli, previously to the return of the troops. So, drawing up his forces

in the 75th Regiment, coming up at this instant, snatched up Captain Donovan's rifle, and shot the Kaffir dead on the spot.

in line along the heights above the drift of the Kei, three rounds of artillery were fired, and the prisoners sent off with a message to the effect that "Colonel Somerset had fired three guns on these heights, to say that he took possession of that country, from the Fish River to the Kei, for the Government—one gun for Kreli, because he had given shelter to Pāto, the great enemy of the colony; one gun for Pāto; and one for Umhala —that these guns were only the forerunners of what was to come; that we were going to the Amatolas, to attack the Gaikas, and that afterwards we would return to the Kei." The prisoners were then set free; they kissed Colonel Somerset's feet, and rushed down the hill towards the river. On the great guns being fired, the Kaffirs on the heights about two miles off, fled as fast as possible.

As the division marched back, the Kaffirs showed themselves, in small parties, following in the rear, and at night continued to harass the troops by firing into the camp. The next day, the 22nd July, both men and horses were knocked up, and the former were frequently obliged to walk. About sunset, Melville's party were followed closely by

the enemy; and, had they not received assistance from Colonel Somerset's division in front, they would have had some hot work, as the savages were four times their number. All along the line of march the Kaffirs continued to fire at them; fifty-eight horses were left dead: during the whole of the night, the enemy kept up a fire upon the camp, without effect. On the 23rd, men and horses began to fail in strength, for want of provision; and, tired and famished, the troops had to fight their way, as the enemy fired from every ambuscade along the line of march; horses and cattle dropping fast. After sunset, they were again beset by savages, whose fires were visible from the bivouac. Lying in a circle round the cattle, little rest could be obtained; the Kaffirs shouted and yelled as usual, saying they now had the Umlunghi "in a calabash." As this insolence continued, it was supposed the Gaikas had come down from the Amatolas to help Pāto's people; and thus, a rush being expected, the men were ordered to stand to their arms till daylight. In the middle of the night, while this sharp firing from the enemy was at its height, a man's ammunition blew up, wounding himself and two other men. Some horses were

also stolen, in spite of all precautions and vigilance. Two or three Kaffirs were shot.

Right glad were these poor creatures to reach the General's camp, and the Governor himself must have been much relieved at their return; especially with such booty.

* * * * * *

On the 26th of July, Colonel Hare left Fort Beaufort with a thousand troops. Captain Ward, 91st Regiment, was appointed Commandant of Beaufort during the absence of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Andries Stockenstrom having taken the field some weeks before. Sir Andries had had a conference with the Tambookies, who some time before had come down upon the Hottentot settlement on the Kat River, and done considerable mischief. This mischief being done, and the Tambookies having no doubt shared the plunder with the Gaikas, they promised to take no farther part against the Colony! The affair at the Gwanga, and the approach of the planting season, were two grand incentives to them to "sit still;" but, as long as the cattle were known to be in Tam-

bookieland, how could any arrangements be satisfactory?

On the day that Colonel Hare left Fort Beaufort, the 26th of July, Sir Andries Stockenstrom put his Burgher force in position, moved in the night from Block Drift; and, on reaching the Tyumie, had a spirited engagement with Macomo's people (Gaikas), who had entrenched themselves in those fastnesses. Sir Andries Stockenstrom's plans of attack are generally admitted to be good; his movements are made in the night, and are as stealthy as those of the savages themselves. It was at dawn of day, after spending the night on the ridge of the mountains, that Sir Andries divided his force into parties of two hundred, and entered the bushy kloofs of these strongholds, where they were soon engaged with the enemy. As I have only had hearsay evidence on this subject, I can give no description of the fight from good authority, but it seems to have been a smart affair, Sir Andries cheering his men, who fought, it is said, till their ammunition was nearly expended. Many Kaffirs are reported to have fallen in this engagement. The enemy might be said to have been nearly hemmed in.

That part of the country where the Kei, the Bashee, and the Umtata have their sources, is described as being of an "impracticable character," and abutting upon the territories of the Tambookie Chief, Umtitara, and of the Amaponda Chief, Faku. With the former, Sir Andries had already made "arrangements," and received promises of good faith! Faku offered his services to the Government at the beginning of the war, but it was not considered expedient to accept them. He, however, is said to have received permission to seize such cattle as he could take from our Kaffir foes; and, as he destroys women and children without mercy, he is an object of great terror "to all the country round." No reliance can be placed on the good faith of the Tambookie Chiefs, but at present they may deem it politic to "sit still" and plant their corn, provided we do not try to seize the cattle.

On the 5th of August, the enemy approached Colonel Hare's division under the Amatolas, and commenced hostilities by firing; this was returned by the troops, and continued for some time. Serjeant Barnes, of the Royal Sappers and Miners, was shot through the heart, and a Serjeant of the

Provincials was also killed, besides eight or nine coloured people being wounded. Before sunrise the next morning, the two divisions under Colonel Hare and Sir Andries Stockenstrom were in motion, and the former, seeing the Fingoes hesitate for a moment at the edge of the bush, raised his cap, gave three hearty cheers, and led the way himself. The old soldier's Irish blood was fairly up. The fight continued till sunset, and during the action blue-lights and rockets were thrown up at intervals, as signals to the head-quarter division, but there was no answering signal, nor could it be ascertained where this division actually was. On the following morning, all was preparation for a second engagement; but, as usual, the enemy had slipped away in the night, like a Will o' the wisp, towards the Buffalo. Colonel Hare moved on to Fort Cox, where Sir Andries was to join him, after scouring some of the difficult passes of the mountains, where the Fingoes and Hottentots fought desperately, climbing the heights in the face of the enemy's fire.

After Colonel Somerset's return from the Kei, the cavalry were too much done up for further work without rest for men and horses: 157 horses

were in such a jaded state, that it was found necessary to shoot them, and many others died. The Kaffirs harassed the troops when they dared not meet them, by firing into the camps at night, while other parties set fire to the grass, to destroy even the wretched pasturage left for the toil-worn cattle.

In order to recruit the exhausted strength of his division, Colonel Somerset bivouacked within five miles of Fort Peddie, near the Gwanga. Until the cattle and horses were in better condition, it was quite impossible to continue offensive operations.

The only circumstance on which, at this period, the mind could rest with satisfaction, was the success attending the landing of stores and supplies at the Fish River mouth. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cock, at the Kowie, will reap the reward of many years' perseverance. Still, this devoted Colony seems fated to be unfortunate. The want of rain continues to destroy our hopes of vegetation, and sickness prevails in many districts.

Some extracts from my Journal will serve to give an idea of our defenceless position in Graham's Town; and though the perils, priva-

tions, and terrors of women have little to do in the working of the great machine of warfare, they can hardly fail to excite some interest among those who in happy England cannot fully appreciate the blessings of peace, from the circumstance of their never having endured the horrors of war. I shall relate, as concisely as possible, our own privations, alarms, and anxieties.

* * * *

The Kaffirs have again entered the Colony in numerous bodies, and continue plundering and murdering as usual. We hear this day, the 8th of August, of the arrival of the 45th in Simon's Bay on the 30th July. The distance they have to travel would in England be journeyed in about forty hours; we shall now observe the period that elapses between the arrival of the 45th in Simon's Bay, near Cape Town, and their entrance into Graham's Town, as well as that between their departure from Graham's Town and their arrival in the immediate front of the army in Kaffirland. It is to be hoped that their approach will daunt the enemy, but the Kaffirs have learned their power ever since the disastrous affair at Burn's Hill; and, in spite of occasional reverses, the tide

has hitherto been in their favour. Their losses, considering their number, have been trifling; they have possessed themselves of the colonial cattle, and they have cut off vast quantities of our supplies, while we are obliged to pause. We have driven the great body of them out of the ceded territory, it is true, but they have taken most of the plunder with them into a richer and more fertile country. The month of July has been marked by the death of one of the colony's most promising and creditable settlers. Mr. Gordon Nourse, Assistant Commandant of the Burgher Force, was shot by the enemy, while assisting a neighbour to rescue his cattle. Sir Andries Stockenstrom, in announcing officially the death of Mr. Nourse, says, "He fell yesterday in a gallant attack made by himself at the head of a small party upon a body of Kaffirs in the jungle. The Commandant-General has to lament the loss the service has sustained of one of the most efficient, zealous, and meritorious officers under his command."

Extracts from my Journal.

August 1st.—Kaffir fires seen in the distance: in the evening, received intelligence from head-

quarters relative to Colonel Somerset's engagements on the other side of the Kei, and capture of the cattle.

Colonel Somerset could have captured more than he did, but he had not force to retain them. Every night his bivouacs were surrounded by Kaffirs, who fired continually into them; sometimes in derision, at others in anger. Some called out to the troops, "Take care of the calves you have got, we will have them in two years!" Others exclaimed, "Let us rush upon them!" "No, no," said another party, "who ever heard of attacking a kraal of guns?" Some crept nearer the bivouac, and entreated their favourite pack-oxen to come out to them: "What business," said they, "have you among white men? Come out to us—we will treat you kindly. Leave the Umlunghi, who will ill-use you and make you work."

Thus they harassed the troops during the whole march; hanging on their rear in the day-time, and, at night, obliging them to keep up a constant peppering. At the drifts there was always troublesome work.

August 2nd, Sunday.—I am always more im-

pressed with the strange appearance of the town on Sunday than on any other day: every one who can, making his way to church, and business suspended; shots, too, above the town along the hills, and the rattle of arms and accoutrements in the streets, are more audible on Sunday than in the bustling week-days. Another thing I have frequently remarked: the news of whatever occurs in the field generally reaches us on the Sabbath, and we often say, "To-day is Sunday: I wonder what intelligence we shall have."

August 3rd.—A beautiful day. It is quite grievous—yes, melancholy, to see the sun scorching the earth, and know that the cattle must die for want of food, and that there will be no vegetation this year. We have had no rain for months, except slight showers for a day or two. To-day, some young girls have assembled in my cottage-garden to celebrate a birthday. What a relief it is to have left the confinement of the dreadful barrack for this small cottage on the hill! We are scarcely considered in a safe position, but we grew weary of the gaol-like drostdy, and succeeded in getting shelter at Fort England—misnamed a fort—where a few of the 91st are in quarters.

But the birthday. None of our little female community had been merry since April; but this bright day I resolved to be cheerful, and to put aside my child's books and my own employments; and, since the sun would shine, and not oppressively, to enjoy it. First, there were flowers to gather and arrange. I wanted some arums, the beautiful lilies of the yam plant, so the girls went down below the parched, uncultivated garden, to a stream now almost dry and desecrated by Hottentot washerwomen: they there witnessed melancholy "signs of the times,"—nine dead animals lay beside the dull and shallow stream. The poor starved creatures had crawled into the hollow to die. These things make but slight impressions on the young; they do not trace results, however sad, to their primary causes; so, when they had replenished my flower-vase, away they went to their garden amusements. I mention these trivial things by way of contrast. She whose birthday we celebrated came down the path, with a gay wreath of flowers and foliage wound round her fair hair—happy, healthy, blooming, joyous sixteen! Thus I mused, as she stood, laughing, under a fine oak, just coming

into leaf—like her, in its spring. Suddenly, in the distance we heard the boom of cannon echoing sullenly along the mountain ridges, and through the kloofs and passes far away. The day was so still that we heard distinctly the rapid discharges of shot and shell! The servants told us they had heard these sounds of death and doom all the morning. We only knew they came from that part of the country where the regular troops were co-operating with Sir Andries Stockenstrom and his Burgher force. Gazing in that direction, my eye fell on a signal-tower on a hill-top. That tower, which, with many others, had cost the Government such enormous sums, is now deserted, for three reasons. The first, and most cogent one, is that, like the rest of its fellows, it is useless. The atmosphere of this climate scarcely ever permits communication by telegraph. This might have been thought of before the towers were built. Secondly, the men cannot be provisioned there in war-time. Of meat and biscuit they might lay in a stock, as if for sea; but water cannot be procured without risking life. At times, water might be collected, but no barrels have been provided to hold it. Thirdly, in war-time,

when the telegraphs would be of the utmost use, and would save time, labour, life, and horses, by making swift communications of the stealthy movements of the Kaffirs, the force on the frontier is so small that no men can be spared to work the signals.

All the morning of that birthday we heard the cannon booming as we sat in the garden, and we afterwards learned that Macomo had been hemmed in and attacked in the Tyumie fastnesses, but with little success and some loss on our side. The enemy, as usual, harassed the troops, and then gave them the slip.

5th. Kaffirs known to be in the immediate neighbourhood of Graham's Town, an attack fully anticipated by some; fortunately, we never entered into these "alarms." The soldiers' wives on the hill in extreme terror. Shots firing all day rapidly. I wonder more accidents do not occur among those who have lately learned the use of fire-arms. I stood at the gate in the evening and watched a fire very near the town: it blazed up for about ten minutes, and was extinguished as suddenly as it had been lit.. Fires seen in other directions, supposed to be signals for a

general assembly of the warriors in the mountains. More cattle stolen within three miles of us to-day. Walked down in the evening to the end of the green, to look at our defences. Sorry things! A square of thatched barracks, more like huts than houses, contains sometimes no more than fifteen soldiers, some of them left here as ineffective. Our space, near the guard-house, is defended by a wooden stockade, breast-high, and two other passages are banked up about three feet high. No picquets at this end of the town, for want of men. We have a kloof just above the mess-house, and it was a few miles from there that Mr. Norden, of the Yeomanry, was shot.

6th. Our garrison is reinforced by a corps of liberated Africans, a happy, lazy-looking set, who are chiefly employed in escorting waggons. The Malays have also been brought in a body from Cape Town. They take the war coolly enough, and when off duty, lie about the green in the warm and moonlight nights, whistling and singing the most harmonious chorusses. They will not enter the bush, and have never been of use in rescuing cattle. At one period, they mutinied because they found the promises made to them

in Cape Town were not kept. I understand, from credible people, that their complaints were just enough, and related to the families they had left behind them.

7th. Kaffir Jack, Cosam, arrived. He has rather a suspicious character, but has never proved unfaithful. His adventures would help to dress up a volume in Cooper's style, for he lives much among the English, but can wander at will from one end of Kaffirland to the other. Some days ago, it was suspected that Umkai's son, Sio, had gone off to Kaffirland, on some treacherous mission from his wily father. Sir Harry Smith's opinion of Umkai was so bad, that he used to tell him plainly, in reply to his fair promises, "Umkei, you are a liar!" Umkai, however, never took offence at this. Falsehood is no disgrace among the Kaffirs; on the contrary, the greatest rogue is the best man. Nevertheless, we will make treaties with them, and trust to their honour! Jack came to say Sio had never been away. Just now Jack is under Umkai's stern guidance. At any time, the word of a Kaffir is worth nothing. He asked about Sandilla. I told him there was no longer a chief of that name, that there had

been one, who had been to his people as a string by which beads are held together. Sandilla had been the string, but it was broken, his people had been the beads, but they were scattered, unlinked for ever, and dispersed far and wide, and neither beads nor string could now be re-united. Jack bent down his head and mused with his hands clasped for some minutes, and said, "It is good." Umkai and his followers came up in the afternoon. Two wives, servants, and children. He and his ragged retinue amused themselves by inspecting our defences, our open gardens, and our thatched houses. If Umkai can communicate the true condition of Graham's Town to his friends in Kaffirland, they may take advantage of it. I am sure the Governor, if he were in Graham's Town, would not allow this treacherous *refugee* to wander at large as he does. News from the camps —unsatisfactory—Kaffirs still firing into the bivouacs. Lieut. Stokes, R.E., slightly wounded by a sentry, Mr. S. having imprudently ventured beyond the lines.

8th. Cape Town mail brings intelligence of the arrival of the Resistance from Monte Video with the 45th on board. The English papers announce

a change in the reserve battalion system; a change much wanted. As it was, three officers were taken from regimental duty to perform those of Adjutant, Paymaster, and Quartermaster, which made the duties severe on other officers, especially in a climate and country like this.

9th, Sunday. Sad news from a place known by the hideous name of Hell's Poort. Five burghers have been shot by Kaffirs in that terrible pass. A party of nineteen having entered a rocky and bushy kloof in search of some cattle, they were fired upon by some Kaffirs, posted on the summit of the hills on either side. The burghers, being surrounded by two hundred Kaffirs, and their ammunition getting low, they retired to their camp for a re-inforcement, with which they returned, and again faced the enemy. Among the five who fell, were two brothers of the name of De Villiers, the history of whose death is a mournful one. As one brother fell wounded to the ground, the other ran to him to comfort and support him in his dying moments. His friends called him away; he would not stir, but held his young brother's hand in his, till a shot from the savages brought him down, and laid him beside

him whom he would not forsake to save his own life.

10th. The bodies of the five Stellenbosch burghers were brought in to be buried. A concourse of people followed the melancholy train of five coffins through the town to the burial-ground.

13th. Rain, at last! gentle showers. Only those who have looked on the parched soil of Africa can have an idea of the blessing of rain after a long drought. It sounds quite musical as it patters on the few trees there are in the garden. The enemy have laid waste the country from the Buffalo to the Kei. What a sight must those vast tracts of country be, when blazing! The grass will spring up all the fresher for it, afterwards.

17th. Walked into town. As we passed the Wesleyan Chapel, we saw Umkai and his wives and children basking idly in the sun on the pavement near the chapel-porch. Umkai was set aside by his tribe for being a coward in the last war, so now he bestows his unwelcome company on the English, roaming about, begging from every one he meets, spending what he gains at the canteens. What a respectable ally, and by no means a safe one!

19th. My child's birthday! these seem trifles to touch upon; to us they bring only sad memories when we compare the present state of war and anxiety with happy anniversaries passed in peaceful England. News from the head-quarter division. The General is encamped at a place called Fort Beresford, so named in the last war by Sir Benjamin D'Urban, in compliment to one of his Aides-de-Camp. Colonel Johnstone, 27th Regiment, had led about three hundred infantry over the Buffalo mountains, while Colonel Somerset, with a cavalry column and guns, had gone round the base of the hills, the infantry, ascending to the summit in single file, and Mr. Melville's Hottentots mounting the hill in another direction, killed three Kaffirs and captured some cattle. The troops bivouacked for the night on the ridge. Next day, every bush and kloof was scoured, but neither shots nor yells, nor the old cry of "Izapa!" was heard in those now solitary places, the enemy having decamped in the night. At one time, a party of horsemen were discovered winding leisurely along an eminence at some little distance, and this was afterwards ascertained to be the chief, Seyolo, and his people coolly riding

off from the vicinity of the troops, who, they knew, would have great difficulty in catching them, from their having no cavalry with them.

In spite of the silence which reigned in these solitudes, there were evident traces of hasty retreat, by the fresh spoor of cattle; but to detail this march up the hill and back again, would be but a repetition of many other such expeditions. The Kaffirs slipped away, and the troops followed them with their ammunition loose in their pouches, to be ready for action; but returned harassed, disappointed, and half-starved.

The country through which they passed is of a much grander and more fertile character than that occupied by the colonists; and, were the Buffalo and Keiskama rivers opened to trade, an immense increase of commerce would be the result.

The head-quarter division, consisting of part of the 91st and 90th Regiments, under Major Yarborough (91st), two troops of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and some of the Cape Corps, remained encamped at Fort Beresford, the whole being under the command of Sir Peregrine Maitland. Colonel Somerset, Cape Mounted Rifles, and

Colonel Richardson, 7th Dragoon Guards, having reported their horses unfit for duty, it was resolved that the main body of the cavalry should take up a position where both men and horses could rest and be refreshed. As soon as the horses that remained should recover from the late fatigue and starvation, the country should be patrolled and kept, until more decisive measures could be framed, and the worn-out cattle were fit for more active operations.

The Kaffirs have long remained in small detached bodies in the neighbourhood of the camp, firing into it at night, and lying in wait for occasions of theft, or mischief, all day. A prisoner was brought in one day, who asserted that the woods close by were full of women and old men. Although Macomo had ordered his men not to fight, they were determined to plunder and murder, and crept into the colony and round the borders as usual. "Young Kaffirland" had gone over the Kei for the present, with the stolen cattle.

Troops were sent into the woods, to bring in some of the prisoners. The poor heathen females are employed in carrying powder and

provisions from one ambuscade to another, and it is therefore necessary to search them. But they are not easily intimidated; and, when threatened by the military, who to frighten them put their muskets to their shoulders, they calmly put the pieces on one side, and as there was little to repay any one for the trouble of carrying off a set of Kaffir women against their will, they were left in the woods, where, no doubt, corn was buried for their provision. Great scarcity, however, must prevail with them, as the crops failed last year.

On the 15th of August, fourteen poor waggon-drivers, chiefly Fingoes and Hottentots, went into the kloofs of the mountains to search for corn, and, seeing some cattle, were led miles away. A strong force of Kaffirs, seeing the weakness of their party as they emerged upon an open plain, rushed upon them, and, it is supposed, killed all but one, who crept into a bush, and, lying by till night, made his way back to the camp, with the melancholy intelligence. Lieutenant Owen, with a party of the 90th, was sent out in search of these poor creatures, but found only one body. The rest had probably been borne off, to suffer

torture and mutilation. The savage brutality of the Kaffir is not satisfied with taking life, or even by immediate mutilation. Some Hottentots having been decoyed to a bush by some goats being placed at the edge of it to graze, they were seized by the Kafirs, and murdered. The bodies, being discovered by the troops, were buried; but, when a party again traversed the spot where they had been interred, it was found that the poor dead creatures had been dug up, mutilated, and impaled! I have lately heard a shocking anecdote, connected with the death of an unfortunate Hottentot, who, having been brought up as a Christian, wished to be allowed to make his peace with the Almighty ere he suffered death. Some wished to give him a few moments to devote to prayer, but others rushed forward, exclaiming "Nonsense, kill him at once,—what is the use of his praying here? Have we not driven God Almighty from the land?" The murder of the missionary Shulz, dispelled the idea that such men were protected by an invisible power, an idea the Kaffirs always entertained before, and even since the commencement of the war. They have shown no respect for the missionary stations, for they have

destroyed houses, chapels, and bibles; hence, their idea that they have "driven God from the land!"

21st. News from Fort Beaufort. Macomo had again sent to Colonel Hare to sue for peace. The Lieutenant-Governor replied, that if the Gaikas would give up their guns and the plundered cattle, he would intercede for peace with the Governor. This is not the sort of peace they want. I hope the rumours of a rupture between Macomo and Sandilla may be correct.

* * * * *

A paramount chief's person is held sacred, otherwise perhaps, as Macomo wishes to head the Gaikas, Sandilla might be secretly disposed of; but such an instance has never been known. How strange the tie between chief and people! The chief will not hesitate to sacrifice by death, or torture, any individual of his tribe, however innocent he may know him to be, if he stand in the way of his most trifling whims, but the person of the chief is sacred, and will be protected by his people at the risk of their lives*.

* We see the same thing among insect and animal communities.

It is also said that Kreli and Pato have quarrelled, the former reproaching Pato for bringing the Umlunghi (English) into his country. I think it more likely they are at variance about the plunder. Kreli probably keeps a fair face to us, while he invites Pato to his kraal, and, having got him there, would fain share the booty.

Nothing yet heard of Sir Andries Stockenstrom and Colonel Johnstone, with their divisions, but to-day, the 25th, some news of importance has reached us from the Governor's camp! Stock, Eno's son, has sent councillors to say, that he wishes to surrender himself. Macomo and Umhala have intimated the same desire, but Sandilla, as obstinate as ever, protests that if we will not grant peace on his own terms, his people shall advance into our Colony in the same degree as our troops move through his. This day, the Contractor has killed the last slaughter-ox for the troops in Graham's Town. It is equally strange that the farmers wish to sell their sheep to Government for the starving troops, and the Government will not buy them.

26th. News from Fort Beaufort. Captain Ryneveldt and his Burghers had had an "affair,"

—four people killed on our side, and five wounded. No chance of rain, and the country in that district and this is in a frightful state. Cattle, as usual, are dying round us, in the very streets, and dropping dead from the waggons. Colonel Somerset is patrolling between the Fish River mouth and Fort Beaufort. It will be a great thing to get supplies along that line from Waterloo Bay, for there is scarcely any corn at Beaufort. The 7th have gone thither to recruit. I do not know how they will feed their chargers. Even the Commissariat chests are getting low, and a great per centage is given for money lent. I wish the Authorities could continue to keep the Kaffirs at bay till the planting season is over, when they must be tamed by hunger. An outcry was raised a short time ago because some Kaffir women were stripped of their karosses. It was necessary to search them for powder!

28th. Law Stock's agreement not yet published, but drawn up by Colonel Somerset, is to be submitted to the Governor for approval. Stock's readiness to give up the cattle surprises me. He will outwit us, if he can, and probably now only wants a truce that he may be allowed to plant.

No sense of honour brings him "to the feet of the Governor," but the document must speak for itself. Like Sandilla's, in February last, it is very pathetic and sounds poetical. Having obtained permission to enter Colonel Somerset's camp, near the Gwanga, Stock reached it on the 21st, and made the following declaration:—

That "he was come to throw himself at the Governor's feet, that he was to-day the Governor's Fingo (slave*), that he had fallen, and laid no more claim to his ground, that he was come out of the bush, that he was at our feet, and that by coming without arms he considered he surrendered himself; that he would leave his father's bush, and asked only for a place whereon to 'sit.' He entreated he might not be sent to Fort Peddie, as it might lead to quarrels between the Fingoes and his people. He stated that his people were so numerous he could not count them by tens, that he was willing to give up all his cattle and horses, soliciting nothing but a place where he might sit, and hoped

* The Kaffirs may now abolish this insolent term of "Fingo," "Slave." The Fingoes have shown themselves better warriors than the Kaffirs during this war.

the Government would appoint him the care of his father's bones."

Colonel Somerset replied, that, "the bush where his father's bones lay was no longer Stock's, that he had forfeited it by breaking faith with the Government, but that it should be protected, although he would not be allowed to live in it."

Terms were then drawn up. Stock was to send into Kaffirland for the stolen cattle and horses, a temporary ground "whereon to sit" was appointed him till the Governor's pleasure was known; and, in the meantime, he was to be held responsible that no molestation should be offered to our convoys proceeding through that part of the country. Sonto, an inferior chief of his tribe, was not considered in these agreements.

At the close of these proceedings, which I have not space to quote more fully, Stock laid down his arms, and wept as he did so. They consisted of thirty-three stand of arms, and thirty-six assegais in the possession of his immediate followers. Colonel Somerset returned the chief his own gun. At first, Stock was unwilling to resign

his arms, saying his tribes had never yet been subdued, and would be considered women for doing so. Some time was given him to decide, and finally he gave them up with this remark, that "sooner or later the other chiefs must come to the same resolution." Still, the "people" continue to infest the Colony, still their signal-fires are visible from the town, and still the cattle are captured and re-captured, and poor settlers are found murdered in their homesteads. Much anxiety is felt for the result of Sir Andries Stockenstrom's expedition into Kreli's country. It is to be hoped he will make no treaty with that treacherous chief, the son of Hintza, Sir Harry Smith's noted prisoner, that can in any way compromise the Governor.

Such intelligence as will be received of Sir Andries and Colonel Johnstone must be reserved for the next chapter. With the exception of this division, and Colonel Somerset's patrols, the troops are generally resting on their arms in camp, worried, as usual by the enemy's volleys from the bush.

The Governor's intentions concerning Stock are made known. The chief has started for his

new location (a temporary one), leaving his mother and two of his brothers as hostages for his good faith, and promises to restore the cattle "ere the moon is dead;" but he says "it is not much, as his people were the last to enter the Colony, which they found already devastated, and containing little to plunder." My opinion of the other chiefs' submission is that they will do nothing till they see the result of Stock's manœuvre—for a manœuvre it is.

The peace of the Colony will never be fairly established until we take the Kaffirs under British rule. Chieftainship and witchcraft must be abolished, and a more open boundary prescribed. It is probable a line of posts will be placed along the banks of the Keiskama, and that Fort Willshire, which cost such enormous sums of money, and which, on the ratification of the Stockenstrom treaties, was abandoned, will now be re-garrisoned, or troops will be stationed in its neighbourhood. There is no doubt that every one is heartily sick of the war, which is nothing but an incessant game of hide and seek, accompanied with danger, privation, fatigue, and, one may add, with but little credit; for whatever is done meets with

dissatisfaction from some parties, and doubts from others. In short, England will bestow no laurel wreath on the heroes of Kaffirland, for it is but too true that where no booty is to be got, at the risk of life, our magnanimous and philanthropic country will award neither credit nor thanks.

CHAPTER II.

TREATY WITH KRELI—BUSHMEN WITH POISONED ARROWS, ALLIES OF THE BRITISH — ATTACK ON KAFFIR KRAALS, AND RE-CAPTURE OF CATTLE—LIBERATED AFRICAN FORCE—MALAY FESTIVAL AND CUSTOMS—CONFERENCE WITH THE ENEMY—OFFERS OF SUBMISSION.

THE frontier has been taken by surprise at a treaty made with Kreli by Sir Andries Stockenstrom, the particulars of which we shall touch upon by and bye. We hear from good authority, that Sir Andries is about to disband his Burghers; it is considered that this will affect the General's arrangements with regard to the colonial forces under his command. Sir Andries will probably retire to his farm, and the enjoyment of the pension granted him by the Whigs, ten years ago. The Spectator,

I think, makes this remark :—"By a singular train of events, Sir Andries Stockenstrom has been called upon to assist in quelling this disturbance, which his own treaties have been the means of raising."

It has been rumoured that he would be offered the Lieutenant-Governorship on Colonel Hare's retirement; but, although no one impeaches the personal bravery of Sir Andries Stockenstrom, his policy always has been and is still destructive to the interests of the Colony, and until totally opposite measures shall be adopted, there will never be peace for the settlers, nor wholesome discipline for their savage neighbours.

It must be admitted that Sir Andries Strockenstrom's treaties, "such as they were," were never thoroughly abided by, or properly carried out.

September 13th. Sir Peregrine Maitland is moving with his division towards the Fish River mouth. A report is in circulation that Faku, the Amaponda Chief, has come down upon Kreli's country. This is not to be desired. Faku is a man of immense power, with a great number of people, who will be ready to creep into the Colony at all points for plunder.

Among our allies employed with the army are 150 Bushmen, with poisoned arrows. The Kaffirs have great dread of these "new assegais," which are barbed, and cannot be extracted without additional injury to the wounds they inflict.

More intelligence has been received relative to Sir Andries Stockenstrom's expedition to the Kei. The capture of 7,000 head of cattle is cheering and important; but the treaty appears a sorry affair. The dispatches themselves will give my readers an opportunity of forming their own judgment on the subject; for, so contradictory are the opinions echoed from mouth to mouth, at a distance from the scene of the conference, that I prefer giving the statements of the principal individuals concerned in the matter, to expressing any sentiments I have formed on the evidence of those who, however credible they may be, may err in judgment. The parties for and against Sir Andries run as high as any Whig or Tory faction in England, though it must be admitted that the great majority of the frontier colonists are decidedly opposed to him.

One despatch must precede those connected with the Kreli conference. Five thousand head

of cattle have been taken from the Chief Mapassa, a Tambookie. It will be remembered that Sir Andries "made arrangements" with these people previously to his departure for the Kei. Sir Andries expresses himself highly displeased at the cattle being thus re-captured; however, as the Lieutenant-Governor transmits the dispatch to His Excellency "with much satisfaction," and as the General "entirely approves" of Captain Hogg's proceedings, it is to be presumed that he has done his duty to his superiors and to the Colony. I have condensed the dispatch as much as I deem allowable.

DISPATCH FROM CAPTAIN HOGG, 7TH DRAGOON GUARDS.

Eland's River, August 23, 1846.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform, &c., that I arrived at the foot of the Windvogel Berg on the evening of the second day from Fort Cox. I rode in the night to Shiloh, sending messengers thence to the Resident Agent at the Tarka, informing him of my intended attack on Mapassa, and, to secure the co-operation of Captain Seagram, 45th Regiment. It was proposed

that his force, consisting of some of the 45th, some Fingoes, and Kama's Kaffirs, should enter from the Tarka side, with the Boers, under Field-Commandant Pretorius, that the Klip Plaat Hottentots, some Boers and Fingoes, should occupy a station on a commanding point, and wait in observation, and that my force should enter by the valley, through which the Riet River runs, and be joined in the morning by the Boers under Commandant Van Wyk. Captain Seagram marched straight upon the kraal where the murderers of Mr. Aldum* resided, and destroyed it, killing nine Kaffirs, and taking four hundred head of cattle—all he could manage to retain. The next day, he proceeded onwards towards Mapassa's kraal, killed several of the enemy in a sharp skirmish, without loss on his side, and putting them to flight. The Klip Plaat Hottentots and Fingoes stationed between the two forces, with orders to wait, disobeyed them, attacked several kraals, killed thirteen or fourteen of the enemy, and took cattle and horses. They then seem to have dispersed to plunder in every direction. The Kaffirs in the neighbourhood then came down upon them; and, after a sharp fight, in which twelve of the Shiloh people were killed, they were driven back, and nearly all the cattle retaken from them. This disaster was occasioned by the party's disobedience of orders. My force took four thousand head of cattle, killing six of the enemy, and took up a position for the night on the Riet River.

* A settler lately murdered.

The next morning, we drove to Shiloh, with scarcely any resistance on the part of the enemy. At one point, they mustered on a stony ridge, about eighty horsemen and a hundred and fifty on foot; but thirty of the Swellendam Burghers, under Lieutenant Hunter, drove them from it, gallantly pursued them over a flat to a stronger position, which they meant to occupy, and again dislodged them, killing and wounding several. The next day, meeting and uniting with Captain Seagram, we returned together to Shiloh. I have selected from four to five hundred of the best oxen, and brought them here: the rest—nearly all cows—have been distributed to the Boers and friendly Kaffirs. I trust an escort will be sent for them immediately, as there is no grass. I shall resume operations against Mapassa, and have sent Mr. Ayliff to find out what part Umtikaka intends to take in the contest. The force is somewhat fatigued with collecting and driving cattle,—the former not an easy affair in an open country. His Honour having kindly given me so many men, I can hardly ask for more; but the infantry are unfit to capture horses, with which this country is full, and cavalry would be a great assistance. We want flint ammunition; there is a gun at the Tarka, which, if horses were sent up for it, would be very effective. All the Gaika cattle are on the Bulota, and Sir Andries Stockenstrom's waggons, we hear, are under the Windvogel Berg. Many of the captured cattle are recognised as having been in the waggons at Burn's Hill, and numbers are colonial.

The dispatch mentions the wretched state of the Boers' horses, and the want of oxen by Sir Andries Stockenstrom's people, to whom thirty were sent. Fifty pack-oxen were selected for the use of the troops, who are spoken of as having exerted themselves to the utmost. With this dispatch Colonel Hare transmitted his opinion of Captain Hogg's proceedings in the following terms:—"I cannot forward these several reports without expressing my entire approbation of the steady, prudent, and decided conduct of Captain Hogg throughout the difficult and arduous service on which this officer has been employed;" and this opinion was published in the official dispatches from the General's camp, near Waterloo Bay, September 17th, 1846.

Previously to Captain Hogg's attack on Mapassa, Umtikaka, the other Tambookie Chief, had sent him a pacific message. These messages are seldom worth recording, except, indeed, as further and continued proofs of the subtlety of these petted and misguided savages.

Kama, the Christian Chief mentioned in the above dispatch, has proved himself worthy of our confidence and respect. With the few followers

who have remained true to him and us, he has been, as far as lay in his power, an active and efficient ally in defence of the district to which he was driven by the threat of assassination from his half-brother, Pāto. Hermanus, too, has, I am told, been true to us for many years; but of him I know nothing personally. We were always glad to receive Kama in our cottage at Fort Peddie. It is proposed to give these friendly chiefs the land in the ceded territory, hitherto occupied by Tola and Botman—Gaikas*.

The following dispatches from Colonel Johnstone and Sir Andries Stockenstrom are also condensed within the narrowest possible limits:—

Camp at Fish River, 15th Sept., 1846.

SIR,

I have the honour, &c.—Considering that, from his long experience of frontier affairs, Sir A. Stockenstrom was entitled to independence of action in *diplo*matic duties, I confined myself to my military command. After a six days' march over a country blackened by fire, from the attempts of the Kaffirs to starve our draught oxen, we reached the Izigotin stream, from

* Since writing this remark on the truth of Hermanus, I learn there are doubts about it at present, as also about locating Kama and himself in the territory referred to.

whence the road to the Kei kraal being impracticable for waggons, they were sent, under a strong guard, to the School Drift, on the Black Kei, striking due east across a hill country, the troops carrying their blankets and biscuits on their backs. After two days' forced marches, endured with the greatest patience, the force, two thousand five hundred strong, arrived at the Chief Kreli's kraal. Having been both days followed by Kaffirs, firing loose shots on us when winding through defiles, or ascending heights, I considered it advisable to remain with that part of the force, consequently was not at Kreli's kraal till an hour or two after Sir Andries, which I regretted; he having put himself in immediate communication with the chief, by which I was prevented from ascertaining the nature of the interview, except by report.

Some hours after my arrival, having casually directed my telescope to the scene of conference, I immediately proceeded to it. Sir Andries having in the mean time sent his interpreter to the camp for some of his Commandants, they, with myself, were witnesses to the conference, the substance of which I have the honour to forward to His Excellency.

Considering the main object of the expedition attained, the march homewards was commenced the following day, when Sir Andries, having been informed by Kreli that large herds of Tambookie and colonial cattle were in the neighbourhood, proposed a joint movement, by which they could be captured. This was undertaken. The part allotted to my division was

extremely harassing, comprising a march of nearly thirty miles under a burning sun,—the more painful from its being totally useless, Kreli's guides having taken us away from cattle through a country wholly depastured.

On the march, messengers from Umtikaka arrived, apprising me that he was desirous of assisting me in re-capturing colonial cattle in the hands of the Chief Mapassa. Not being aware of the position of these chiefs with regard to the Colony, I declined giving a decided answer, and desired them to come to me on the morrow, when at leisure on the hills; but the camps of Sir Andries and myself separating, I am not aware of the ulterior result. I rejoined His Excellency's camp on the 2nd of September, having experienced no annoyance from the Kaffirs beyond occasional shots fired into the camp at night without effect, and two attempts to disturb our rear, frustrated by men in ambush, who put the enemy to flight, and shot several.

No opportunity of performing a service of a brilliant nature having occurred as an incitement to exertion and a reward for fatigue and privation, I am the more grateful for the unvaried good conduct of all under my command, by which my own duties were rendered light, and to myself satisfactory.

I have the honour, &c.,

M. C. JOHNSTONE,

Lieutenant-Colonel.

Lieut.-Col. Cloete, K.H., Q.M.G.

The last part of Colonel Johnstone's dispatch is worth notice, as peculiar to the times, and suited to the nature of the service in which he and his "brave Inniskilleners" were engaged. There was no "incitement to exertion," no prospect of "reward for fatigue and privation," therefore their "patience" and "endurance" had as much merit as if displayed amid the roar of cannon and in front — face to face — with a civilized and honest foe. Some have returned from "the front" dispirited at "doing nothing." That, to brave men, was their misfortune; their animal courage was not tested, but their moral energies were; without excitement, and with no hope of public applause, no expectation of any kind of sympathy. It is in these very expeditions that the characters of men are fully tried.

Extract from Sir A. Stockenstrom's dispatch:—

Camp, Zwart Kei Matros Station,
August 26, 1846.

* * * * *

On the morning of the 16th instant, I joined Colonel Johnstone's encampment at Yellow Wood Trees. On the 18th, I broke up my camp, and proceeded slowly

towards the Kei. Colonel Johnstone again joined me on the 20th. In the afternoon, Kreli's Fingo messenger met me, holding a white flag in his hand. He was accompanied by two Kaffirs, one Kreli's principal councillor, respecting the message I reported on the 14th. To avoid repetition I shall reserve this man's arguments for the report of my conference with the Chief in council.

Sir Andries, after saying that he had sent Kreli a repetition of his "denunciations," and of his determination to confer with him in person at his own residence (a kraal of huts, not a village, as it was once the fashion to believe in England), does not publish the particulars of that conference.

* * * * *

Having left Kreli's country, I prepared to attack the Tambookie Chief, Mapussa; marching in three divisions of five hundred each upon the fastnesses of the Zwart Kei, whilst Colonel Johnstone scoured the country across the Braam Neck. We captured from six to seven thousand cattle, large flocks of goats, a number of horses, killing many of the enemy, and destroying numberless huts.

To Colonel Johnstone I have to express my sincere thanks for his readiness to co-operate with and assist me. To every officer and man under my orders I am indebted for their zeal and endurance during a long

march over a difficult country destitute of pasturage, the horses knocking up, and being shot in numbers, and the owners obliged to carry their packs. I am happy to say we have not lost a single man.

I have, &c.,

(Signed) A. STOCKENSTROM.

Lieut.-Col. Cloete, &c.

Now, as Colonel Johnstone was not present at Sir A. Stockenstrom's first conference with Kreli, he can give no account of it. None has been officially published, and all private ones are contradictory. The only satisfactory result of this toilsome expedition was the capture of the cattle. In this, however, the part allotted to Colonel Johnstone's division was "totally useless," Kreli's guides having taken them away from the cattle through a country wholly depastured.

Another dispatch follows of little moment, beyond the information—on the report of the Tambookies—that the best oxen were in Kreli's country, and an account of a six hours' engagement between the Gnadenthal Hottentots and Mapassa's people, near a conical mountain, called Quebe Quebe. This engagement was "nearly hand to hand, the enemy throwing stones, firing

muzzle to muzzle, encouraged by their chiefs, and attempting to rush in with their assegais; the detachment fought their way with determined bravery, inch by inch, leaving one man killed, and three wounded, whom, to their great credit, they brought with them. In this encounter the enemy suffered severely, and finally retreated." —(Dated from the Debe River, September 9th.)

Sept. 9th.—We learn that General Maitland has reached the mouth of the Fish River. After toiling across the country with dying cattle and hungry troops, to little purpose, he finds it necessary to contract the line of forces, so to speak. Much impatience is manifested by people "sitting still" themselves, at the delay in military operations. It is said, "With such a force the Kaffirs ought long since to have been crushed." To use a lady's simile, a skein of thread is a simple thing to unwind when fresh from the weaver's hands; but, when once entangled, it requires time and patience to unravel it, if, indeed, it can ever be unravelled at all. General Maitland was prevented by circumstances from assuming the command of the troops, until after the first attempt at chastising them. He has now the task, then, not only of forming plans

for the future, but of remedying past mischief, and preventing further evils.

The state of the country at present is lamentable. Eventually, it will benefit by the rains that have at last fallen; but in the mean time, there is great distress. The oxen are now dying from the effects of rain and fresh grass, after so much drought. Supplies are moved with more difficulty than ever, but these evils, though severe, cannot last for ever. The future brightens; the mildness of the past winter has been most favourable for the Kaffirs, but these rains will bring them to submission sooner than anything. Their women and children must suffer, and they will want corn for food, as well as for seed. They lately found that our troops had discovered the Kaffir corn buried in the huts; accordingly, they succeeded in removing it in the night-time. Sickness among their women would deprive them of their best foragers for provision and ammunition. All this concealment of provision and gunpowder proves that the Kaffirs have long been preparing for war. They were, however, too wily to strike the first open and decided blow. The rescue of the prisoners was the plan

of a few private individuals, reckless of consequences.

We might have upset these preparations for war, but although we constantly found Kaffirs in the Colony with British muskets, we neither placed any limits to the sale of arms, nor did we look to our own Commissariat. Our posts were left in some cases almost defenceless, and utterly without provision; in short, it was expected that three or four thousand Gaikas were to be conquered one morning before dinner, by thirteen hundred troops, with scarcely a biscuit among them. General Maitland was prevented from reaching the field before the disastrous affair at Burn's Hill; and, when he did, he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the savages near Post Victoria.

Although the enemy are yet considered to be well supplied with powder, their bullets are often found to be of zinc, taken from the roofs they have destroyed. These are so light that they generally fly over the heads they are intended to strike. The chiefs desire peace, but on their own terms. Macomo has presented himself at Fort Cox to Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, 91st Regi-

ment. Sandilla is "in the bush." This wild child of nature dreads our making a prisoner of him. None but Stock have as yet consented to give up their arms. Nonnube (General Campbell's great-grand-daughter*!) protests that she wishes for peace, but that Seyolo "has his hand on her shoulder, and keeps her down." Souto, Stock's half-brother, calls Stock, "a woman;" and says he, Souto, is not weary of the war; he has plenty of men, horses, and plunder, and will not give in. The "moon is dead," and where is the promised cattle from Stock? Colonel Somerset, with his division, consisting of the Cape Corps, some Artillery, part of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and a detachment of the 45th, has gone over the Keiskama. The troops are to be pitied in these rains; they must encounter difficulties and privations under the floods that are deluging the land.

Before Stock left Peddie, he sent the double-barrelled gun, which Colonel Somerset restored

* General Campbell and three daughters being wrecked off the Coast of Africa, in the Grosvenor East Indiaman, the unfortunate ladies were allotted as wives to the Kaffir chiefs. Nonnube's grandmother was one of these.

to him at the Gwanga, as a present to Sir Peregrine Maitland.

A plan has been submitted to the Governor for the formation of settlements and locations for the coloured population under our Government. The intention is to take in a vast tract of land, and many men will be required to protect so large a territory. Still, there *seems* to be no probability of an end to the war that will be at once speedy and sure. Expedient and satisfactory may bear two opposite meanings.

The inferior Kaffirs must have learned by this time that their chiefs have promised more than they could perform; they find that, although they can harass and evade, they cannot "drive the white man into the sea;" that, although they may occasionally stop our convoys, other roads are readily thrown open. How they must wonder that we have not long ago availed ourselves of the magnificent resources of the Colony! They steal our cattle, nay, the poor oxen die in our service, on the depastured line of march, and lo! ships, "sea waggons," present themselves on the coast of Kaffirland! It is deplorable that the 73rd should have been driven out of Waterloo

Bay. There is no safe harbour there for large vessels, but ships may slip their cables and run out to sea, in case of danger. The 73rd, having made their appearance at Waterloo Bay on the 3rd of September, and been driven back to Simon's Bay, have landed at Port Elizabeth, and marched from thence on the 21st. While at anchor in Waterloo Bay, they observed the blackened state of the country on both sides of the Fish River mouth, and some of them stating at Simon's Bay that the grass was burned at Fort Dacres, and opposite to it, a report was raised in Cape Town that Waterloo Bay was burned!

Sir Andries Stockenstrom has given his Burghers leave to retire to their homes, for the purpose of planting their land. Sir Andries' right to do this is questioned; as no one seems certain on what authority he raised his forces, it is hard to judge on what authority he dismisses them. The Malay force have represented that their period of service has already expired; the Burghers in the General's division have requested the same indulgence as those under Sir Andries, and the liberated Africans will be making the same demand. On looking at these latter happy,

healthy, free creatures, we cannot sufficiently rejoice at their freedom, however we may deprecate the manner in which the emancipation principle was carried out. Very different are these well-clad negroes to those who in old times formed the West India Militia, to whom their officers addressed the following words of command:—"All dem wid shoe and tocking tan in de front; all dem wid shoe and no tocking tan behind; all dem wid no shoe and no tocking tan in de middle!"

A few nights since, the Malays held a meeting, to celebrate the festival of their new year. We were induced to look in at the scene of the fête for a short time. The only thing worth hearing was the war-song, which, although very simple, is very inspiring, chiefly from the enthusiasm with which it is sung. The chorusses present many beautiful combinations of a peculiar kind, from the circumstance of the singers being ignorant of the rules of music. The group was picturesque. A priest in white robes, in a posture between sitting and kneeling, occupied the chief place at the head of the apartment, which was a long, low room, dimly lit, except above the mats

whereon the singers were assembled, without their shoes. This end was garlanded with flowers and foliage, and illuminated by a not ungraceful lantern of Chinese appearance, ornamented with coloured tapers. The priest, and his two church-wardens, as they were called, were distinguished by green tufts in their turbans, and led the chant, which was taken up and chorussed by the rest with spirit.

The other part of the room was undecorated: here and there, a solitary candle on a shelf above cast a dim light on the head of some moustachoed Dutch Burgher; and, beside him, in strong contrast, was the comparatively slight English soldier. At one point, a knot of Hottentots congregated together, joining in the chorus, and, snapping their fingers, seemed ready to dance to it; while on the lap of a dark-faced nurse slumbered a fair infant, resembling one of Chantrey's charming pieces of sculpture.

Some weeks ago, a Malay was buried near this. The grave was very deep; within it were placed a number of planks in a slanting position, forming a kind of pent-house, and within this was laid the body, sewn up in canvas cloth, and so placed as

not to touch the side of the tomb. Some biscuit, a pipe, and some tobacco were left within the pent-house beside the corpse, and it was then covered in. The ceremony was closed by a party assembling round the grave, and continuing in silent prayer for two hours, at least.

Colonel Somerset has returned from his expedition across the Keiskama, having captured three thousand head of cattle. But for the heavy rains, more might have been taken. The troops were in a deluge, and we hear of many suffering from rheumatism, the effects of being obliged to lie down actually in the mud, while a flood descended from the heavens. One passage in Colonel Somerset's dispatch reminds one of Lord Hill's surprise of Girard. "Making a night march with seven hundred and fifty men, to the Gakoon river, I established myself at midnight in the midst of Umhala's tribe, without their having the slightest intimation of my move. Lying *perdu* till day-dawn, I dispersed the troops in various directions, and, although the enemy drove off their cattle and abandoned their kraals, I pursued them to the Gonube River, and by mid-day had secured three thousand head of very superior cattle, with a few

horses," &c. In this affair, twenty-two of the enemy were killed.

Now, although no one is going to compare the Kaffir foe to our brave but inveterate enemies in the Peninsula, a great deal more exertion is necessary to get at them—as well as indomitable patience and considerable skill. The idea of upwards of 700 men making their stealthy way into the midst of a savage tribe, in spite of spies and watch-dogs, is wonderful, when we consider the difficulties attending a march at any time in such a country; and the capture of cattle for starving troops was a matter of more importance than a more glittering conquest. Goëthe, in describing a disastrous march in 1792, consoles himself and his friends by affirming that they had been vanquished "not by the enemy but by the elements." Since the war began, the British cause in South Africa has had to contend with every element.

The Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Hare, has arrived in Graham's Town, 20th September. Every one is acquainted with Colonel Hare's character as a brave soldier. Of his abilities as a diplomatist he can scarcely be a fair judge himself.

October 14th.—Graham's Town is crowded

with troops. The Drostdy Square presents a very different appearance to what it did six months ago, when the enemy was hovering round us. The second division of the 45th have commenced their march to the Fish River mouth. The 73rd have just marched in; they have been indeed unfortunate on their way hither, both by sea and land, and were nearly lost at Waterloo Bay, and driven back some hundred miles for chains and anchors. They have been detained between Algoa Bay and Graham's Town by the floods that deluged Colonel Somerset's path. It is said the 73rd are to proceed eventually to the Buffalo mouth, where a steamer will probably be sent with supplies. The anchorage there will be surveyed: it is supposed to be superior to that of Waterloo Bay.

"When things come to the worst they must mend," says the old adage. Under Providence, this war will be of the utmost advantage to this hitherto neglected Colony; whose resources will now be considered and appreciated, its settlers protected, its commerce extended, and the veil between it and the mother-country rent asunder. Influential and honest men in England will ascer-

tain the truth, and those bent on doing good among the heathen will be permitted to exercise their calling without opposition; while those intent on evil will meet with no encouragement from home. While on the subject of the propagation of the Gospel by the missionaries, I would call the attention of the public to the melancholy condition of our Established Church in South Africa. While English, French, and German societies of various denominations are sending out their missionaries, our own Church does worse than nothing for the cause of that Gospel for whose sake the Fathers of the Reformed Church suffered martyrdom. The noble liturgy compiled by the holy men who perished in defence of its precepts, is heard by few in Africa; and, when by some of its glorious passages I am reminded of the sacred fanes of England, I look round the building in which I hear the service now, and grieve at its being either a dilapidated church, with slight prospect of funds for repairs, or a chapel borrowed from the sectarians, well-appointed, consistent, and creditable in its appearance. The Church, the "Established Church" of England, as it stands now in Southern Africa,

calls for the immediate attention of the Home Government.

On the 30th of September, a meeting took place between the Gaika tribes and the Deputy of the British Government, Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone, 27th Regiment, at the request of the Gaikas. Mr. Calderwood, missionary, was present, besides several other persons. The scene of the assemblage was "the bush."

The Governor's terms, offered and interpreted by Mr. Calderwood, were these:—1st. That the tribes should lay down their arms. 2ndly. That they should restore the colonial cattle. 3rdly. That the country as far as the Kei should be placed under British rule—those Kaffirs who remain on this side submitting to such regulations as may be made for their future government.

Macomo, Sandilla's uncle, appeared much dejected. He is the only one of the Gaika chiefs who may be said to be really anxious for peace. Some time since, he sent his eldest son an order not to fight. The dutiful son replied, that Macomo was a "drunken coward, and only wished for peace for the sake of the can-

teen." At the meeting, the others expressed themselves pretty much as they had previously done. They stated that they had never heard of a conquered people being called upon to give up their arms: that they had bought them openly from British traders*; that, as for the cattle, most of them were dead; that they were tired of the war, and would not fight any more—they were "under our feet;" that their women should cultivate land—*their* land! that our convoys might move through the countries unmolested; that we might slay the thieves now plundering the Colony —they were a banditti under no control; and that, "if we were resolved to continue the war, we must slay them at the doors of their huts!!!" Cunning savages! they know that British troops will never kill unresisting men, much less the miserable tillers of the ground, the poor women

* On the British assuming the Government of the Cape, many old Dutch laws were repealed which had better have remained in force. Under the Dutch, the indiscriminate sale of arms and ammunition to the Kaffirs was impracticable. By our own treaties, we have encouraged and facilitated it. The Kaffir reminds us of the viper in the fable; but how unwise was the man who trusted to the serpent ere he had ascertained its nature, or attempted to subdue it!

of Kaffirland, and they imagine we are yet to be imposed upon. But, more than this, they know that the troops are compelled to rest upon their arms until the oxen and horses have recovered the effects of the late miserable season, and until supplies can reach the army. We have had refreshing rains, the hills look green, and offer pasturage to the wretched cattle, and vegetation is springing up where men have had the heart and opportunity to cultivate. Still, each week brings a history of some poor husbandman shot or assegaied in open day, while planting his patch of land, or herding his few remaining oxen in some grassy nook.

It has been pretty well ascertained that this system of non-resistance has been adopted by the Kaffirs, at the instigation of a party which has for so many years worked against the interests of the Colony.

What the General intends to reply to this communication, is not yet known. It is to be hoped that the Kaffirs will be permitted to cultivate their forfeited territory, that we may reap the produce by and by.

As Mr. Calderwood approached Beaufort, on

his way to this peaceful meeting, an assegai passed across him, thrown by the hand of some savage assassin. Eight Kaffirs sprang out of a bush close by, and Mr. Calderwood and the Cape Corps orderly following him, gallopped onwards into the town scarcely half a mile distant. Probably, two days after this occurrence, these very men were among those "in the bush," who said, "their hearts were heavy; the teacher's word was no longer good; they were under our feet," &c. &c.! or of that party which, on encountering a detachment of the 91st, between Block Drift and Fort Cox, threw themselves on the ground, and suffered the troops to pass on.

There is, however, no doubt that the inferior Kaffirs are heartily tired of the war, and suffering from disease, in consequence of starvation, cold, and change of diet. Some are living on the sea shore, on shell-fish; this shows their state of destitution, as they have not hitherto been accustomed to eat fish of any description. Many would be glad to be under British rule; for, in spite of their old notions of chieftainship, and habits of vassalage, they have discovered how completely they have been misled and disappointed

by their chiefs. Last February, when the 27th appeared at the mouth of the Kowie, they were extremely astonished; and, had preparations been made for their landing, it would have had a salutary effect. The disembarkation of a regiment like the Rifle Brigade at the Buffalo, in the heart of Kaffirland, would go far towards convincing these heathens more than ever of the power of the "Children of the foam, whose great sea-waggons from the broad waters spit forth red men." The similarity of dress between the Rifle Brigade and the Cape Corps will puzzle the Kaffirs, who have hitherto seen no soldiers arrive from England not clothed in scarlet. What can be more absurd than such a costume for bush warfare?

October 19th.—The General's camp has been deluged. Colonel Somerset returned from the Keiskama in the midst of torrents; the wind blew in such heavy gales, that the encampment, after a tempestuous night, occasionally presented a deficiency in tents. Here lay a sleeper overpowered with fatigue, quite unconscious that his canopy was removed, there a medley assortment of camp equipage, also shelterless, the tent that

covered it blown many yards away, and flattened in the mud. The poor half-starved horses, with their tails turned towards the driving rain, and quite crest-fallen, neighed joyfully on the approach of any human being, in hopes of food. None to be had. The Catherine lies a wreck upon the shore at Waterloo Bay, with little chance of saving her cargo of forage, none of landing it for some time, if saved. Waggons stand useless—nothing to fill them, no oxen to draw them; the troops hungry, and their General sharing their discomforts, with the onus of responsibility on his shoulders, and compelled to remain passive.

Happily, there is a chance of the tide turning in favour of the Colony. England will at last become sensible that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Her eyes will no longer weep tears of mock sensibility for the miserable heathen who has been rendered more mischievous than ever by her mistaken ideas of philanthropy. Sorrowfully and earnestly she gazes on her ruined Colony, her ill-used settlers, her misguided *protégés*, the coloured population of South Africa—from the Kaffir to the Bushman. The voice of truth has at last made itself heard across the

broad waters that roll between the emigrants and their own land—between reality and fiction;—but how much anguish, toil, privation, ruin, have been experienced before the wrongs of the settlers have been listened to! It is a broad fact, that this sudden and overwhelming expense has done more to establish the truth than if hundreds of British lives had been sacrificed by the heathen invader. No matter what the cost may be, so that the end be satisfactory to our emigrants, honourable to England, and productive of real good to the dark-minded savage. The cause must prosper eventually, and may General Maitland live to rejoice in having satisfactorily conducted a war, not so noble in its details as those of the days of Napoleon, but far more glorious in its results!

Sir Peregrine Maitland will probably move towards Block Drift, to take personal observation of the state of affairs among the Gaikas and Tambookies. The irregular forces, tired and disheartened, grow disaffected; and, among the Hottentot levies, which have proved efficient assistants during this war of seven months, a spirit of disaffection has crept in, which, there is every reason to fear, will end in open mutiny and desertion. As the

General moves further inland, Pāto, near the sea coast, assumes a position of defiance. This is merely to gain time. The result of his insolence will soon be proved, as Colonel Somerset is in the neighbourhood of the T'Slambie tribes near the coast. The Kaffirs are not likely to outwit, or to escape *him;* for he is not a man to deceive the Government, or to be deceived himself.

CHAPTER III.

DECEITFUL OVERTURES FROM THE ENEMY—MUTINY AMONG THE TROOPS—CAPTAIN WARD FOLLOWS THE MUTINEERS—PRIMITIVE LARDERS—CLERICAL DIPLOMACY—EFFECT OF MUSIC ON THE KAFFIR—WARFARE IN THE BUSH—MEDITATED MASSACRE OF THE BRITISH—THE ZOOLAH WARRIORS—ARRIVAL OF THE MOTHER OF A CHIEF, TO SUE FOR PEACE—EXPEDITIONS OF COLONEL SOMERSET.

As was anticipated at the conclusion of my last chapter, Sir Peregrine Maitland moved towards Block Drift. He was accompanied by the 90th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Slade; the reserve battalion of the 45th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine; a troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards; and some artillery. By the end of November, all the principal Gaika chiefs had sent in most abject messages, and were as humble in appear-

ance as they were insincere in spirit. Sandilla, in spite of his affected humility, was sullen, and perhaps among them all the only one in any way anxious for peace was Macomo.

The General, from the first, declared his intention of receiving them only as common individuals, no longer recognising any one of them as a Chief of Kaffirland. Sandilla and the rest of them brought in a few cattle, and some rusty arms; these tributes were refused, and the ex-Chiefs were granted another truce, of ten days, to bring in the quantity of cattle demanded—namely, twenty thousand head—together with five hundred horses, and eighteen hundred guns*. On this subject, the Graham's Town Journal offers the following remarks:—"This offer, under any terms, is objectionable, and only serves to excite hopes in the Kaffir mind which never ought to find a place there. He should be informed that nothing but unconditional surrender will be entertained or accepted, and that all cattle, horses, and arms, wherever found in Kaffraria,

* Dec. 22nd.—This demand has not been in any way complied with, nor is there a probability of any such concession being made by Sandilla.

will be seized as the property of the British Government."

The truth of this remark is unquestionable: every fact tends to prove the folly of trusting, directly or indirectly, to the word of a Kaffir; but at the time this truce was made there were good reasons for it. The General was awaiting his reinforcements, the Rifle Brigade and 6th Regiment being still on their tedious way from Algoa Bay; and the Commissary-General, Mr. Palmer, was actively exerting himself to fill the exhausted stores: the cattle were only beginning to recover from the effects of the long droughts, and there were but few fresh horses in the field. Thus, to us, time was of the utmost importance. At this period, damaged biscuit was served out for the horses, and the Fingo women at Fort Beaufort were well paid to cut grass for the starving chargers. Much sickness prevailed, too, in the camps, owing to bad diet, cold, and fatigue.

Still, Colonel Somerset contrived to be on the alert, with such men and horses as he could muster. The guns from his division soon sent their thundering echoes along the banks of the Buffalo, and Stock made his second appearance

at Fort Peddie, with a number of his followers, presenting six or eight muskets, and forty-eight head of cattle; the latter he declared to be "his whole share of the colonial plunder."

A letter from Kaffirland, dated 20th October, and published in the Graham's Town Journal of 31st October, states, that "one Kaffir has sat down near the Tamaghe," a river not far from Fort Peddie, "with a flock of sheep, and is carrying on sheep farming with great spirit" all along the Keiskama. And, in the Amatolas, the Kaffirs, imagining the Governor was to be talked over as hitherto, were calmly cultivating their land, and herding their cattle (*their* cattle?), as if all was peace. Stock had the hardihood to bring in, among the tributary cattle, some of the oxen taken from the waggons at Trumpeter's Drift, on the 28th of May; in which affair—so disastrous to us, and so triumphant to the enemy—he has always professed to have had no share.

All this time the Kaffirs were creeping into the Colony, sweeping off sheep and cattle, waylaying the settlers, and hanging about the different drifts, watching their opportunity of crossing them unobserved. That these banditti were in

a starving condition is well known. One of the most daring robberies was lately committed at Oatlands, the residence of Colonel Somerset, within half a mile from the town, the cattle being whistled off at night by three Kaffirs. They were pursued the next morning by a party of Cape Mounted Riflemen, under Ensign Salis; and the oxen were re-captured in a dense bush, but the thieves escaped.

On the 28th of October, a herd, named Shields, in the service of Mr. Clayton, near the Fish River mouth, was found dead, pierced with many assegai wounds and much mutilated; he was in charge of the last span of oxen his master possessed. Another poor settler, near Bathurst, desired his children to wait for him by the edge of a kloof, while he brought out the few cattle left to him: he was murdered in the bush. In all directions these atrocities were committed, and the settlers in the more unprotected parts of the Colony are even now as liable to them as ever. The next thing the Governor had to contend with was the disaffection that prevailed among the irregular forces. These men complained that the promises made to them, regard-

ing some provision for their families, from whom they were separated, had not been carried into effect. Where the fault lay, is not for me to judge, but certain it is they had many just causes of complaint. I subjoin an account of the mutiny of the Swellendam Native Infantry, under the command of Captain Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards. The mutiny took place during the absence of Captain Hogg, who had proceeded to the Governor's camp, near Waterloo Bay, to make a personal representation of the grievances complained of by his men.

On Friday, the 23rd of October, Captain Ward, 91st Regiment, Fort Adjutant and Acting Commandant of Fort Beaufort, warned a hundred men of the Swellendam Native Infantry to be in readiness to march on Saturday morning, as an escort for waggons proceeding to Waterloo Bay. The men were much pleased with this order, as they wished to speak with the General on the subject of their complaints. On Saturday morning, however, Captain Ward was informed that the whole of the Swellendam Native Infantry were parading in the great square of the town, and in the face of their officers; and, before

Captain Ward had time to remonstrate with them, the men, to the number of three hundred and fifty, faced to the left, and marched off in the direction of Graham's Town. Captain Ward was immediately requested by Major Smith, 27th Regiment, Deputy Quartermaster-General, to follow the mutineers with the troops, and to stop their progress. For this purpose, Captain Ward went over to the barracks, to order the bugler to sound the "alarm," but he was not at hand. Captain Ward then ordered six of the sappers and two artillerymen to run the 3-pounder howitzer out, and follow him. This was immediately done, Captain Ward proceeding down the street in double time, with the gun, towards the bridge, in the hope of getting there before the men: but some of them called out from the rear that the "cannons were coming," and the mutineers in advance stepped out. Captain Ward pushed on, and, on reaching the bridge, ordered the gun to be put in action, and fired three rounds of blank ammunition to the left—not on the mutineers,—as a signal for support from the military. Captain Ward would have acted unwisely to have followed the mutineers with only eight men, and no pro-

tection for the gun. The blank firing scattered the Swellendam people, who rushed up the hill over the bridge, and took up a position on the top of it. This hill, like many South African acclivities, is a natural defence, very steep, and covered with stone, and low bush or scrub.

In the mean time, the few mutineers who had followed in the rear of the gun were passing Captain Ward, who then turned round, and desired the artillery not to fire until he gave the order. He then rushed in among the mutineers for the purpose of securing a prisoner; and, seizing the firelock of one, opened the pan, and then had a scuffle with him, until a Mr. Cumming, of Fort Beaufort, came to his assistance, and held the man. Captain Ward followed up, and laid hold of another, who might have proved a match for him, had not Mr. B. D. Bell, of Fort Beaufort, come forward and assisted in securing him. Soon after, eighty men of the 90th, who happened to be at Beaufort on escort duty, advanced to the assistance of Captain Ward, who immediately gave orders to limber up the gun and follow the mutineers, when he received an order from Colonel Richardson to let them go on. The reason

for this was as follows. The Rev. Mr. Beaver, the clergyman of our Established Church at Fort Beaufort, on learning the step these misguided men had taken, immediately volunteered his services to follow them, and to bring them back. In this offer, he was seconded by Mr. Calderwood, a missionary. The services of these two gentlemen were immediately accepted by Colonel Richardson, and this was decidedly a preferable step to the following three hundred and fifty mutineers up a steep acclivity with a handful of men. The result was, that Mr. Beaver and Mr. Calderwood succeeded in persuading most of them to return, and would no doubt have induced the rest to accompany them back to Beaufort had they overtaken them, but these were too far in advance.

I have given this statement from Captain Ward's own words, in a letter written just after the occurrence, and never intended for publication. One or two other statements appeared in the Colonial prints at the time, but these gave a partial and rather incorrect view of the case, deprecating the plan of firing blank cartridge, without knowing the reason; and, be it remembered, the writers of these accounts from Beaufort were not

with Captain Ward at the moment of the occurrence. Sixty-three of the mutineers came on to Graham's Town, to renew their complaints to Captain Hogg, who had already represented their grievances. I am unable to say, whether they obtained redress, or not; probably not as soon as they anticipated; for, shortly afterwards, they again mutinied, when a detachment of the 40th was marched against them, and they were compelled to obey orders.

Mr. Beaver's conduct was humane and judicious in this affair. Colonel Richardson did wisely in accepting his proffered services, instead of risking men's lives in a fray; and Mr. Calderwood's ready assistance was praiseworthy and valuable.

Unfortunately, a Serjeant of the 91st, when near the wooden bridge, on the other side of the town, fired at one of the Swellendam Native Infantry, and wounded him, but not severely. This piece of folly was interlarded with the account of the mutiny, by which the public would infer that it was committed with the knowledge and in the presence of the officer. It is always difficult to obtain the truth, even from impartial people;

and how much more so from those who are guided by partyism,—in thoughts, words, and deeds!

During the period of the truce between the British Government and the Kaffirs, it was quite reviving to see the arrivals of stores and mule-waggons.

Seven Field Officers were also imported from England, though on their arrival there was some difficulty in finding employment for them. Even now, it is not easy to specify their appointments, with the exception of Lieutenant-Colonel Nicolls, who is Commandant of Beaufort; Major Wetenhall, late 10th Regiment, of Waterloo Bay; and Major O'Grady, late 2nd Regiment of Foot, to the command of the Levies in Graham's Town. Colonels Mackinnon, Napier, and Montresor are employed with the General's division, and Major Storks, late 38th Regiment, is with the 2nd division, under Colonel Somerset.

The great misfortune hitherto attendant on the war had been the impoverished state of the Commissariat; but now, while we were gaining time and making fresh preparations for a renewal of hostilities, the enemy were growing hungry. Their women were their foragers for roots, and

these poor creatures had carried powder and provision for them from one stronghold to another for many months.

We might have taken example by some of the enemy's arrangements. Wherever these savages found it impracticable to take away the whole of the cattle they had stolen, they killed what they must otherwise have left to fall into our hands; and, cutting it up into strips, hung it about the bush, in the densest thickets, to dry, thus providing for their friends, who were acquainted with these (probably long-established) primitive larders. Meat thus dried and hung up is called *biltongue*, and is by no means bad, when grated. Thousands of cattle captured by the troops died on the return march towards Waterloo Bay, for want of pasturage, whereas much provision might have been stored up, had the oxen been killed in good time, salted, and packed in barrels. Both salt and barrels might have been brought in small coasters from Algoa Bay.

Much sickness began to prevail among the troops in October, owing to bad provisions, fatigue, and heavy rains, and many soldiers died in consequence.

The remains of Captain Sandes, Cape Mounted Rifles, were at last discovered on the Debe flats, near the side of the road leading to Fort Willshire, by a party of his own regiment, who were patrolling in that neighbourhood. A letter was found in the pocket of his jacket, and his eye-glass lay near him; by these, and his dress, he was identified. Here Mr. Macdonald, a young Ensign of the Cape Corps, caused a grave to be dug by the soldiers, with their swords:

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,"

at that melancholy burial, in the solitary plains of Africa, and though it may be little thought of beyond the suffering friends and relations of that poor murdered man, the circumstances of his death, fighting alone and desperately as he did through hordes of savages in their first moments of ferocious excitement, must ever, when spoken of, awaken the sympathy and regret of his countrymen. The discovery of his remains was the only consolation left to his unfortunate widow, who only awaited this to leave the land which had brought her so much misery. It would have been intrusive to have troubled her with empty condolences, but there

were those who felt deeply for her, and longed to assure her of their sympathy.

Lieutenant Lewes, of the 27th Regiment, met his death by accident, falling from his horse against the tressel-boom of a waggon. He lingered only a short time afterwards, and lies buried near the Camp at Fort Cox*, mourned by all his brother officers, who were sincerely attached to him, and regretted by all who were acquainted with his honest-heartedness and kindly disposition.

It is not possible for me to give a detail of all that now gives employment to the Colonial press. One week the Governor is blamed for apparently conceding too much to the Kaffirs; the next, discussions arise as to the fitness of Mr. Calderwood, a Missionary, to hold the appointment of Resident Agent for the British Government among the Gaika tribes. Some consider that by accepting this office he abjures his sacred calling. I have only to observe that no one appears able, or willing, to point out a fitter man than Mr. Calderwood for the important office he is to fill; and, as to his being

* Not far from Fort Willshire. This camp is now broken up, the Reserve Battalion 91st having reinforced the garrison at Block Drift. December 24, 1846.

a party man, many men unwilling to enter into partyism at all, are often compelled to arm themselves with the weapons of argument in self-defence. In the present state of affairs, it is unfair to set forth an unqualified judgment regarding Mr. Calderwood's capabilities for his new appointment at Block Drift. This place has been lately named "Fort Hare" by Sir Peregrine Maitland, "in remembrance of Colonel Hare's distinguished services in the British Army."

Great irritation against the authorities still exists on the part of some members of the Burgher forces, lately under the command of Sir A. Stockenstrom; but the complaints they set forth are seldom worthy of notice. Many grievances of which they complain have been suffered by the soldiery, and have been the result of circumstances; for instance, one man expresses great ire at being put in the neighbourhood of a barrack with his men,—*he* shared the same fate that an officer and a detachment of soldiers would have done in times like these. Again, he speaks of the rations issued as being of a bad description: no meat could be good at the period alluded to, in consequence of want of pasturage, and the troops at Fort Peddie were

occasionally rationed for days on nothing but biscuit, mouldy from damp.

Time would be wasted in contradicting statements which, though intended to do mischief, carry no weight with them, and which, from their falsity and exaggeration, only serve to prove that the credit of the parties they are intended to uphold must be at a very low ebb when such means are resorted to for its support. No one can suppose, however, that these statements are approved of, or encouraged, by Sir Andries.

Stock's people, in passing by Newtondale, formerly a mission station, twelve miles from Fort Peddie, were hospitably sheltered and fed there by a party guarding that spot. This kindness to the repentant chief was repaid by his walking off at dawn with what cattle his people could drive away! At Fort Hare, Macomo began his usual career of drunkenness, maltreating his wives, and, in a fit of passion, striking one of his children dead out of its mother's arms! At times, he is in a perfectly frantic state, riding wildly about the neighbourhood of the General's camp, in an old uniform. The last time I saw him was at a moment of peace. The band of the 7th was playing

some choice pieces, and Macomo, in a blue coat and brass buttons, trousers with a broad red stripe, and a well-burnished dragoon helmet, stood by, calmly listening, with equal attention, to a set of lively polkas, and next to a glorious air from "Lucrezia Borgia." Music has the most soothing effect on a Kaffir. The savage, Umhala, has been known to shed tears, and retire from observation, on hearing the band of a regiment playing in Graham's Town.

Much dissatisfaction is expressed at the handing over to the Kaffirs cattle which have been captured by the troops. The Kaffirs receiving such cattle are those who come into the General's camp to register their names as British subjects. On going through this form, and presenting six assegais—many of them made for the purpose—they receive a ticket from the Resident Agent, as a guarantee, and are presented with a certain number of cattle. Before obtaining this, they are obliged to register the number of cattle they possess; but very few of them would be sincere enough to state the real quantity they have; indeed, many have been convicted of giving in false statements, and, during the period of peace-making, some Kaffirs, regis-

tered as British subjects, have been afterwards found armed, and with cattle supposed to be stolen from the neighbourhood of Fort Beaufort.

I merely state these facts as they have been related to me by some of those engaged in capturing the cattle with much exertion, though, it must be confessed, without much personal danger. These have seen the spoil of the morning returned, in the evening, into the hands of the savages, whose professions of good conduct are as unworthy of credence as ever, and who only declare themselves "under our feet," as long as it suits their convenience to say so. Now that the fighting is over, I confess I should like to see a foray. I have witnessed the march of a Commando, but in this there is little excitement. The sound of the trumpet among the wild mountains in Africa, the "upsaddling" from a state of calm repose—the "assembling"—the steady forward movement—the gradual hum of voices on the look-out—the first sight of cattle quietly grazing in some wooded kloof—the dusky forms that are seen creeping away, bewitching the cattle on—the extending the cavalry, who spread themselves out in all directions, and dash at full speed, in parties of two and

three, towards the thieves and their prey—must make a picture of no ordinary interest. Then, the hunt through the bush—the flying up and down short cuts, to intercept the enemy, or drive him into an open plain—more resembles the hunting some wild animal than anything else; while, in the distance, the Kaffir scouts and videttes, who dot the hill-sides, are seen skimming along the mountain ridges, with news of the fray, to their friends.

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It is not fair to form decided opinions on a system yet in its infancy. The circumstance of a Missionary accepting a diplomatic office will give rise to a host of disputes between various sectarians. The question may be asked, Could a more eligible person than Mr. Calderwood be found to fill the situation? But in England, the appointment of a clergyman of the Established Church to the office of even a justice of the peace has been a frequent ground of complaint against our Church by the seceders from it.

November 25th.—We have had melancholy proof of the sickness in the field in the death of

Captain Knight, 7th Dragoon Guards. Although he went into the field in good health, the cold and privation he endured on service in a few weeks laid him on his death-bed, with disease of the liver. In his military career, he was most fortunate, obtaining his commission as Cornet in the 7th in 1841, and his troop, by the death of Captain Bambrick, killed in action at Burn's Hill, on the 16th of April, 1846.

We met Captain Knight's funeral in the streets of Graham's Town to-day. The party consisted of but few troops; and the Hottentot soldiers of the Cape Corps, in their bush dress, green jackets, and leather trousers, with havresacs slung across their shoulders, ready for the field, gave a service-like appearance to the procession, creating melancholy emotions, apart from the principal object of the mournful cavalcade. The charger, which had carried his master through the actions in the Amatolas, moved on, unconscious of its sad trappings, and the dirge that wailed through the lately blockaded streets was in strange contrast with the echoes that had formerly filled them from the rifles on the hills.

The 6th Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel

Michel, presents so youthful an appearance, that some of the recruits look anything but suited to the service here. Two hundred of them have never yet been taught to handle a musket. Such a country as this is very disheartening to a zealous Commanding Officer, who finds his men and officers scattered in all directions, with no prospect of seeing them in a body till he lands in England. The Rifle Brigade have taken the coloured population by surprise, as hitherto all soldiers from England have been *Roed batjes*—red jackets. They have named the Rifle Brigade the "English Cape Corps."

As the enemy begins to succumb, and to mingle with the people in our camps, we hear various details connected with the war for which we were not prepared. It is now said that the Gaikas, under Sandilla, seriously meditated an onslaught on our handful of troops, under Colonel Hare, at Block Drift, on the 26th of January last. These are the particulars, as related by the Kaffirs. Besides the three thousand warriors drawn up in front of Colonel Hare's force of scarcely three hundred men, there were immense numbers collected on the hill-sides, and in the ravines.

Women were there, too, watching for the signal, which was to be the waving of a kaross by a chief. It is stated, also, that, as soon as this signal was given, the scout on the point of a hill attempted to obey it, as he had been desired,—namely, by firing off his piece; but three times it missed fire, and he gave it up. No response followed the raising the tiger-skin banner, and the result was the breaking-up of the conference, and the safe return of the troops to quarters. It is most probable the armed scout was deterred by superstitious motives from trying a fourth time to give the signal of destruction. Had the Gaikas risen *en masse*, as was intended, what a fearful slaughter there would have been at the moment, and how terrible would have been the effect on this devoted Colony!

The day that meeting took place, my little girl and I were travelling with a small party, on horseback, through the bush, not far from Block Drift. Captain Bambrick had accompanied us part of the way on the first day's journey: it was the last time I ever saw him. As we wound along a splendid road, lately made between Post Victoria and Botha's Post, a distance of nine miles, I

looked up the mountain sides, clothed with euphorbia, mimosa, and innumerable shrubs, and observed that probably those silent thickets were tenanted by human beings, who could watch our progress unobserved. We had no fear. "The word had not been given to kill;" and, though we were not aware of this expression on the part of the Kaffirs, we had every reason to believe they would never fire the first shot. I am sometimes doubtful as to the truth of the premeditated onslaught at Block Drift. They did not fire the first shot in the Amatola Mountains, and I never shall be shaken in the opinion that, if we had marched to "chastise" them with a proper force, they never would have made a decided stand.

The account of one death in the ranks of the 91st Regiment, on the first day's action in the Amatolas, affected me sincerely when I heard it. A soldier, who was much exhausted with the march up the mountain, was allowed to mount the horse of an officer's servant, and was shot dead soon after. The melancholy task of informing his younger brother—a bugler, attached to the grenadier company—of his loss, fell to the

lot of the Captain of that company. The poor fellow was shocked at the intelligence; but, at the moment he heard it, the enemy were pressing on; the grenadiers were ordered to advance in skirmishing order, the cavalry were coming up in support, and it was necessary to sound the bugle to extend. The officer, feeling for the young soldier, bid him calm his emotion, if possible, at such a moment: he obeyed as well as he could; and, after various attempts to sound his instrument, did so at last, with tears running down his face in showers. What thoughts of home and of parents' faces, and sorrowing voices, were passing through that poor fellow's heart at the moment of excitement and danger! What memories of early times, when he and his brother had played as children together*!

* January 1st, 1847.—I have just heard of another cruel death at the hands of the savages. A soldier of the 91st, who was too much exhausted to ascend the Amatolas on the 16th, sat down by the way side. At night, when the roll was called poor Ewell was missing. The Kaffirs now admit that they took him through the bush to a spot where some of their Chiefs were assembled with many warriors. Here they tied their victim to a stake, and literally flayed him alive; the little children being permitted to assist in tormenting him. Oh, "pastoral and peaceful people!" The Kaffirs also say that they imagined the grenadiers of the

15th December.—Another movement is to take place over the Kei, into Kreli's country. At the commencement of hostilities, a body of Fingoes were located, to the amount of three thousand, east of the Kei. These soon found that Kreli was in league with the tribes near the Colony, from the circumstance, that many of his best men were creeping towards it. Large droves of fine colonial cattle were passed over into the forests of the Bashee. The resident agent and the members of the missionary department, with five hundred Fingoes, took refuge with the Amapondas, farther east, where they must have suffered great privations. What must be the sufferings of the women and children in such difficult straits! The women are most to be pitied, since their misery arises from anxiety of mind, and this is worse to bear than a host of physical evils. Two thousand five hundred Fingoes remained with their families and cattle in the district of Kreli, who has certainly displayed great tact in avoiding all open collision

91st could not be killed, as the balls appeared to glance harmlessly past them. Mr. Cochrane, however, was wounded three times on the last day.

with our dependents. Faku, it will be remembered, is the terrible Zoolah Chief, who spares neither women nor children, but who, with his tribe of warriors, drives all before him at the point of a short assegai. With this weapon, these people close upon their enemy, and stab him. The Fingoes in Kreli's neighbourhood have been permitted to keep their ground and cattle; Kreli would not choose to meddle with them, because they are our allies, while Faku had probably some dread of the good musket in their hands, a weapon ill suited to the Zoolah spear. Faku's tribe, it is said, resemble the Mantatees in their cannibal propensities, only indulged, however, after an unsuccessful foray in search of plunder, or provision. The Mantatees are a tribe farther north than the Zoolahs. It has been determined to march into Kreli's Country, in consequence of the confession of some of our newly-registered black subjects, that they had cattle secreted among his people, and under his protection. Thus, in spite of Kreli's specious word to Sir Andries Stockenstrom, and the treaty made by the latter with the chief, Kreli has been the receiver-general of the enemy's plunder. The

27th have been ordered from the head-quarter division at Fort Hare, to join Colonel Somerset —No. 2 division—and advance towards the Kei. Whether they will cross it, appears very uncertain. It is perfectly well-known now, that, besides the Gaikas, Pato, Umhala, Sonto, Seyolo, &c., have made Kreli's Country their depôt for stolen colonial cattle.

Sutu, the mother of Sandilla, has made her appearance at Fort Hare, wishing to surrender herself, and to make intercession for her son. To this latter request, the General has replied, he does not war with women, and can enter into no negotiations with them. Sutu is an aged woman, of a size that would befit the wife of a Daniel Lambert. She is very infirm, and would gladly have given herself up long ago, but was not permitted by Sandilla to have any communication with the English authorities. This young Gaika tyrant was once on the point of roasting his mother alive! and she was only saved from this fearful doom by British interference.

Colonel Somerset has made two successful forays across the Keiskama; and, besides re-cap-

turing some fine colonial cattle, has brought the T'Slambies to implore for peace. After the first expedition, Umhala, Noanube, and Seyolo, presented themselves with their abject and deceptive protestations at his camp on the Chalmuna river. He may listen to these protestations, but never believes them.

In the second expedition, from which he returned not many days ago, four hundred head of cattle were taken, and the notorious Chief, Pato, narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the troops, but concealed himself in a cave. He has since sent in to beg that he may give himself up, if permitted to do so. The Government will be puzzled how to act towards him; he has been our most treacherous, troublesome, and determined enemy, and should never be permitted to enrol his name on the list of British subjects, but should be hunted from the land. I cannot help thinking a hulk would be an appropriate place for some of these wretches, and no doubt some good men would be found to volunteer their missionary labours in such a habitation. Here there would be neither the temptation nor the power to steal, and sailors and soldiers might

take their turn of detachment at this new species of outpost. The Fingoes would make very efficient guards over their natural enemy. Transportation to Roben Island—the miniature Norfolk Island of the Cape of Good Hope—would be too good for Kaffirs, and to hang or shoot them, would be contrary to the regulations touching black prisoners of war.

In the first foray two of the Cape Corps were killed, through their own imprudence. They stopped to drink milk in a Kaffir hut, where there were some women. The latter slipped away, and gave warning to some men concealed in a kloof near the kraal, who, on learning that but two were to be opposed, came upon them at once, and murdered them both. One poor Hottentot, in his dying moments, brought down his Kaffir foe.

In the second expedition, on the 24th and 25th November, the Rifle Brigade proved a most efficient force.

17th December.—We learn that Sandilla has at last surrendered himself at Fort Hare, bringing in about forty head of cattle, and several muskets and carbines taken from the waggons at Burn's

Hill, on the 17th of April. It is considered that the six ready-made assegais, presented to the Governor in token of submission, are but poor substitutes for even one musket. The assegais are easily made; quantities of iron, from the burned waggons, may yet be picked up in the neighbourhood of Burn's Hill, and between Trumpeter's Drift and Fort Peddie. The musket cannot readily be replaced. It is to be hoped that the Governor will remain firm in his demand for the cattle to the amount of twenty thousand head. Umtikaka, the Tambookie Chief, has also rendered his submission. Unhappily, the Kaffirs are at present making peace on their own terms. The war is a mere question of cattle; he who secures it is the victor. The Kaffir as yet has certainly had the best of it. As yet all is chaos in the Colony. The Kaffirs are rapidly laying down their allotted number of assegais, the troops are patrolling, and the enemy's banditti are bearing off cattle and horses with their usual impudence and ingenuity.

The only matter in which the enemy has really given in, is in the surrender of the two prisoners demanded by Colonel Hare in February and

refused by Sandilla. One was the axe-stealer; the other the murderer of the Hottentot. These are now lodged in gaol. Another prisoner, who accompanied them, died the night he entered his prison; and, some time afterwards, the Kaffirs, affecting to suspect poison, requested permission to examine the body, which was accordingly exhumed; but was too much decomposed to allow of their forming any opinion on the subject.

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CHAPTER IV.

ACCUSATION MADE AGAINST THE COLONISTS—THE BELLE OF THE CAMP—SURRENDER OF UMHALA—EMANCIPATION OF THE FINGOES, NATIONS ENSLAVED BY THE KAFFIRS—NEGRO DANCES—CHARACTER OF THE DIFFERENT RACES OF SOUTHERN AFRICA—UNWILLINGNESS OF LIBERATED SLAVES TO RETURN TO THEIR COUNTRY—JAN TZATZOE, A CHRISTIAN KAFFIR, FORMERLY EXHIBITED IN ENGLAND—VALUE OF THE CAMEL AT THE CAPE—THE DUTCH BURGHERS—MALAY MUSIC, AND WAR-SONG—APPOINTMENT OF SIR HENRY POTTINGER—MURDER OF BRITISH OFFICERS.

THE expedition across the Kei was still the theme of expectation during the month of December, 1846. Sir Andrew Stockenstrom's command of the Burgher Forces had been deputed to Captain Sutton, Cape Mounted Rifles, who will proceed across the Kei in the intended foray.

This is certainly an extraordinary warfare. The enemy are coming into our camps eighty at

a time, enrolling themselves as British subjects, and obtaining cattle, which they assert to be their own, and even horses; while we are marching troops into Kaffirland, seizing plunder and meeting with little open resistance, but running the chance of being murdered, as the Cape Corps soldiers were, in the hut. It is certainly very difficult to understand.

The attention of the public has been lately called to an article in the Leeds Mercury, asserting that "the present war has been forced upon the British Government by the settlers." Now, this assertion of a "correspondent of undoubted veracity," that "the colonists have tormented the Governor into this war," and that they "thirst for Kaffir blood," is vicious in its purpose, and utterly opposed to truth. The colonists have lived in alarm and uncertainty for ten years. Waste of time and property have never been considered, and many lives have been sacrificed on both sides in consequence of the aggressions of the border tribes on the unprotected farmers! No other nation than England would have permitted her settlers to bear the insults and depredations suffered by British emigrants

at the hands of these heathen robbers, who have been permitted to arm themselves and to make every preparation for war during a period of three years, and this in the ceded territory between Kaffirland and the Colony. Those who assert that the present Kaffir war has not been forced upon the British Government by the Kaffirs, are the enemies of their countrymen, and no friends to the heathen. We have too long attempted to civilize him by indulgent measures, and have not even established such laws for the security of the industrious settlers against the aggressions of these barbarous thieves, as would be considered necessary defences against any civilized Christian neighbours, whose characters and customs are opposed to our own. Sir Peregrine Maitland is the last man to allow "a people thirsting for blood" to torment him into "deeds of violence;" and, had not the colonists an implicit reliance on his justice, they might fear, from the present aspect of affairs, that his humanity might cause him to relax in his demands on the Kaffirs for compensation for cattle. They are at present, indeed, subdued by terror at the sight of our reinforcements, but are far from being humbled,

or convinced: their humility is feigned, their apparent conviction and submission are exhibited in the sulkiest moods. I much doubt their system of non-resistance lasting beyond the season for gathering in their corn. However, as Talleyrand said of the Bourbons' return, "C'est le commencement du fin." Matters now must be brought to a close, not speedily and perhaps not satisfactorily. Already the colonists say, "We shall have another war ten years hence." The military hoping to leave the Colony, rejoice in the prospect of home; those lately come out wear rueful countenances,—visions of solitary outposts, of commandos, of no society, of continued discomfort, disgust the young soldiers just arrived, and promise no good will in the performance of their duties.

At Fort Hare, they are endeavouring to drive away ennui by hack races, or any kind of amusement which easily presents itself. The listlessness of a camp life is too often complained of to need comment. In this Colony it is worse than ever, since books are obtained with difficulty, and the heat and glare render the tent habitations very trying to the patience as well as

to the constitution. The sight especially suffers, and several officers and men have been rendered incapable of duty from inflammation of the eyes.

Sandilla swore "the white man should not drink of the Tyumie waters. He must cast an evil eye on the bathers therein." Macomo's eldest daughter is the belle of the camp; she is one of nature's coquettes, and attitudinizes, exhibits her teeth, affects bashfulness, or mirth, as suits the taste of her admirers, and is as great an adept in the art of mute flirtation as any beauty at Almack's, or Ascot.

December 8th.—We hear that Umhala has come into Colonel Somerset's camp, offering to give us three hundred head of cattle, and bring with him two hundred and fifty of his people, tendering his submission to Captain Maclean, late 27th Regiment, and now the Agent between the British Government and the T'Slambie tribes. His adhesion is accepted on the understanding that he can never be recognized as a chief, but merely as a Kaffir; that the British are not anxious for peace, unless arranged satisfactorily and honourably, that if he wishes for war he had better avow it honestly than propose terms which

he may intend to violate, and that he had better now make his decision without duplicity. In reply to this, Umhala remarked that "the war had lasted too long, since the crops of the Kaffirs were suffering in consequence of delay." Very cool! "His arms and those of his people had been left on the plains of the Gwanga! He had but two alternatives. One was to place himself at the Governor's disposal, the other to be dependent on Kreli. He found he could depend upon the honour of the British! whereas he could not place confidence in any Chief of his own land!" &c.

After he and his people had been duly registered, they all moved over the Buffalo, and are to remain there until matters shall be more definitively settled.

Umhala's alternatives remind one of the choice of David, who preferred "falling into the hands of God rather than men." The cunning Kaffir knows that, by submitting to the British authorities, he yields to the humane influences of Christianity, whereas by giving himself and his people up to Kreli's tender mercies they would, to use Umhala's terms, "become the slaves (Fingoes) of the Amagalekas," or as some call them, the Ama Hintza

tribe. The terrible Zoolahs also would assail them.

The position of the Fingoes for many years, under their hard task-masters the Kaffirs, reminds one forcibly of the Israelites under the Egyptians. Sir James Alexander, in his sketches, gives an animated description of the redemption of these unhappy slaves from their miserable bondage by Sir Benjamin D'Urban*.

There is a report, from very tolerable authority, that Pato has come in contact with

* "On the 7th of May," says Sir James, "I witnessed a most interesting sight, and one which causes this day to be one of immense importance in the annals of South Africa. It was no less than the flight of the Fingo nation, seventeen thousand in number, from Amakose bondage; guarded by British troops, and on their way across the Kei, to find a new country under British protection."—See Sketches in Western Africa for the rest of this description, vol. ii., chap. 23.

I have already touched upon the idle state of the Fingoes, who do nothing for the country which has rescued them from a slavery of the most miserable character. They have fought well during this war; but this has generally been in defence of their own cattle, or with the hope of remuneration. The garrison at Fort Peddie was originally placed there for the protection of the Fingoes, who would in no way render their services to their protectors, and whose time was chiefly passed in basking in the sun. The women tilled the ground, the children herded the cattle, and the men hunted—when hungry.

Kreli, and that both are disputing about the cattle. It is not unlikely that Kreli has coaxed, or at least tacitly encouraged Pato into his country, with a promise of protection after passing over the Kei. Kreli may even make a merit of giving up the treacherous Pato. These, however, are merely my own surmises. One thing must be apparent to every one who has the honour of our country at heart—Pato should never be admitted to terms by our Government; he should be hunted from our borders, and made to take his chance among the other tribes eastward of the Colony. To enrol him as a British subject would be a disgrace to the name of one.

I must not forget to mention that on Umhala's leaving the camp, after registering his name, it was ascertained that he and his people had abstracted several of the trek oxen belonging to the Government! What honourable subjects are these!

The Rifle Brigade has been found a most efficient force on the frontier of South Africa; the proof of this may lead to an augmentation of the Cape Corps. But here difficulties arise connected with the British principle of false economy. The Hottentots are unwilling to enlist, and this circumstance

arises, not only from the smallness of the pension allotted to the Hottentot soldier, in every way the most useful member of the service on the frontier, but from the great difficulties in obtaining the payment of the miserable pension granted him after many years' service.

One hundred of the Rifle Brigade are to be mounted. The General finds it expedient to dispense with the burgher forces, who will be permitted to return to their homes in February. The corps of liberated Africans, who have been chiefly employed on escort duty, have been asked if any of them will volunteer for the Cape Corps, but not even the promise of a horse and the appointments of a soldier, will tempt them to enlist. Some say, they would not mind returning to the frontier to serve, after having seen their families near Cape Town, but they object to the green jacket. Scarlet would be a greater temptation. These poor redeemed slaves display their joy at the prospect of a release from service, in dancing and singing. Unlike the war dances of the Kaffirs and the Fingoes, theirs are slow and quiet, and regulated in their time by a small drum, or tom-tom, and another curious instrument of wood

and wire, a rude imitation of the lute; indescribable, however, in appearance and sound, but requiring to be regularly tuned before using, like any other stringed instrument. While they move, or rather slide along the ground within a circle, they sing a monotonous air, containing only three or four notes.

When I touched on the subject of the burial of a Malay some time since, I did not mention the custom of turning the face of a corpse towards Mecca, the Malays being strict Mahommedans. I should not have thought, perhaps, of inquiring about it, but that the question was asked me. I learn that the Malays are scrupulous with regard to this, regulating the arrangement by a compass, and making a strict allowance for the variation.

One peculiarity of Africa has been singularly striking, during the continuance of this wretched war. I allude to the variety, constantly presented, of the coloured tribes. First, comes the stalwart Kaffir, with his powerful form and air of calm dignity, beneath which is concealed the deepest cunning, the meanest principles. Some call the Kaffir brave. He is a liar, a thief, and a beggar, ready only to fight in ambush; and although, to use

the common expression, he "dies game," his calmness is the result of sullenness. Are such qualities consistent with bravery of character? Next to the Kaffir ranks the Fingo, differing from the Kaffir much as the Irish do from the English, being more mercurial, and less methodical. After these, may be named the Kat River Hottentots and the Griquas, half-castes between Dutch and English. The Hottentots, whom I have already described, are little appreciated, or even known in other countries. This war has proved that they make the most efficient soldiers for the service in which they have been engaged. The little stunted Bushmen, too, the real Aborigines of the land, have assisted us with their poisoned arrows, and are a keen-witted race. Their talent for mimicry is well-known, a proof of their quickness of observation. The Malay may be considered naturalized in the Cape Town districts. The Africanders, a cast between the Malays and Europeans, with apparently a dash of Indian blood among them, are a remarkably handsome race; the women would make fine studies for Murillo's beauties. Their hair is their chief ornament, and is of the deepest black. They

take great pains in arranging it, and twist it up quite classically at the back of the head, fastening the shining mass of jet with a gilt arrow, or a miniature spear.

The Zoolahs, or Zooluhs, I have already spoken of. These are to the east, beginning some way beyond Kreli's Country, and reaching to Natal. Their great chief, Panda, is in constant communication with that dependency, which, although under the government of the Cape, is within the immediate rule of an able, intelligent, clear-headed Lieutenant-Governor, Martin West, Esq.

Finally, we may name the West Coast Negroes, the liberated Africans, who have been trained, in a short space of time, into tolerable discipline. They have lately been brought to the Cape from St. Helena, the latter place having been established as a depôt for these poor creatures, when rescued from their sea-prison by our vessels of war off the coast. None of them are ever willing to return to their own country, where they are liable to be seized, and made objects of traffic between their own people and the European slave-dealers.

December 28.—As I write, this eventful year is closing in. The curtain is gradually falling on the scenes of the last nine months.

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It is thought that this expedition over the Kei will be the last, and perhaps Kreli may make a merit of necessity, and give up Pato and his plunder. This latter, however, is only my own idea. Colonel Somerset will follow up the enemy, as far as he is permitted to do so. At this period, while Kreli's people are only waiting to reap their corn, it seems to me that it would have a good effect to threaten the Chief with a march through his country in search of cattle, unless he exerts himself to restore what we know is either there, or has passed through it.

The resources of the Colony are open. We have troops, supplies, and some fresh horses. The Graham's Town Journal of the 19th of December, has some remarks on the efficacy of sending a vessel to the mouth of the Umzimvooboo, in Amapondaland. "In one month," says the writer of this article, "the British flag may be floating at the mouth of the Umzimvooboo."

This river lies about midway between Graham's

Town and Port Natal, being rather nearer to the latter place.

While Colonel Somerset's division is in preparation for another forward movement, the Government Agents are busy in registering black British subjects. The Kaffirs see that it is to their interest to make peace for the present. They will apparently submit to any terms we may dictate, but no matter what promises they may make, or what guarantee for future good behaviour they may give, their promises are written upon sand, and their bond is insecure, because void of all honour. Thieves and liars they will remain, until some system is established to overcome their heathen customs, and subdue their vicious natures. Whether the proposed system be available for these purposes, can only be judged of by the result.

Sir John Malcolm, in his Central India, says there is no other way of converting heathens than by beginning with children; the prejudices of the old ones are too strong to be eradicated. Sir James Alexander makes a remark to the same effect, and in no country can there be greater proof of it than in this.

I yesterday happened to open "The Report of the Directors to the Fifty-first General Meeting of the London Missionary Society, on the 15th of May, 1845," and in a notice from King William's Town, find these words in conclusion: "Jan Tzatzoe and the other native assistant have made extensive journeys through the year, for the purpose of diffusing the name of Christ and the knowledge of His salvation." My first impulse was to laugh, knowing that Jan Tzatzoe, the propagator of Christianity in 1845, has been foremost in the mischief of 1846; but it is melancholy to think how we have been imposed upon. The very writer of the report probably considered Jan Tzatzoe in earnest. It is hard to accuse others of deliberate mis-statements, unless their motives are fully proved. Jan Tzatzoe has also had the advantage of religious instruction in England, having been exhibited there as a Christian Kaffir a few years ago!

The cattle re-captured from the enemy, is not considered one-third of what has been stolen from the colonists. This is the general impression. Others again make certain allowances for much colonial cattle having died in Kaffirland,

that could not have survived the drought everywhere. Missing or dead, the Kaffirs stole them, and many lives have been sacrificed in defence of property no longer forthcoming.

It is now very evident, from the official reports, that, as the troops advance further into Kaffirland, the Kaffirs are again creeping into the Colony. Some of these thieves are known to have been enrolled as British subjects. What a prospect of delay presents itself to those regiments detained on this miserable service! The 90th, 91st, and 27th are entering on their twelfth year of foreign service!

December 29th.—Intelligence has been received from Colonel Somerset's division, which is moving along the sea-coast. He has captured two hundred and sixty head of cattle from the T'Slambies. Sir Peregrine Maitland had come up with the second division, and would cross the Kei at Warden's Post on the 31st of December. Colonel Somerset would proceed by the mouth of the Kei, and the two divisions would meet at Butterworth, the missionary station between the river and Kreli's kraal. The whole country is said to be teeming with cattle. There have been

some encounters between the Burgher patrols and the cattle-stealers. A Hottentot Burgher was shot last week at Kaffir Drift. It is more than probable, the thieves had been registered as British subjects!

More mule-waggons have passed up the hills to-day, with provisions for the troops. How invaluable would be the camel in this country! Some object to the use of it, in consequence of the moist state of the country after severe rains; but the slow-moving oxen, with the heavy waggons, are often detained for weeks. The camel, by its swift pace and strength for burden, would soon make up for time lost by casualties. The latter animal, too, would always thrive on the food from the bush, and would have less need of water than the ox. I heard a man of well-known intelligence and keen observation remark how useful elephants might be made in such warfare; the bush would afford them provision, and a howdah, filled with armed men, and placed on an elephant's back, would make a splendid portable battery for the low jungle of Africa.

The troops cross the various rivers in boats, which they carry with them. There must be some-

thing very imposing in the sight of an armed force, varying in numbers from two to four thousand men, moving along these vast wilds by moonlight; but choosing such paths as shall screen them from the spies, who lie in wait to bear intelligence back to the enemy, and give warning of the approach. In these wilds will be found much grander scenery than in the colonial districts. Here the grass is richer, the trees are of a superior height, the rivers clearer, the mountain slopes more abundantly clothed, sometimes with vast forests, and the valleys are more fertile. It seems to me that England always keeps to herself the least valuable part of what she toils to gain. Is this from a principle of false generosity, or from want of foresight? Here the Hottentots, Kaffirs, and Fingoes dwell amid the finest pasturage, and in the most healthy part of the country.

More rumours are afloat of an outbreak among the Boers beyond the Orange River. We may yet have trouble in arranging matters between them and the Griquas, and there is a question as to the necessity of sending troops northwards. Certain it is the Dutch Burghers have evinced a great spirit of discontent during the whole of the

war; and being now dismissed, with the exception of those under Captain Sutton, on the Kei expedition, have gone back to grumble over their pipes at home. Their vrows, who have immense influence over them, will take every pains to foster this discontent, which may lead to annoyance and expense to the British Government.

December 31st.—New Year's Eve! Home! Home! Where are the happy faces I have seen gathered round the cheerful hearth long years ago? How often, as I look back on past years, am I reminded of Mrs. Hemans' "Graves of a household!" We are sundered—scattered far and wide. One who returned to us, after long years of absence in the service of his country, found his grave at last in Canada. Another moulders on the rock of St. Helena, snatched away in the bloom of life by the ruthless hand of consumption. One has been called by duty to the shores of the Mediterranean; another has returned to England, debilitated by the climate of the West Indies; and even the sisters from that "household hearth," to which I turn with sad remembrance, are, with two exceptions, suffering from the vicissitudes of a military life. Vicissitudes, trials, privations!—these

are indeed to be found in Africa, and in the space of four years I have suffered from the horrors of shipwreck and of war.

A strange wild sound of music comes up across the green from the barracks, and the moon is just old enough to shed her tender light upon a group of Malays, who, in their picturesque dresses, are marching to the measured beat of a drum of their own making, and the sounds of several rude flutes, clarionets, and horns, shaped hurriedly from the bamboo, but emitting not unpleasant music, in most perfect time. This is the peculiar feature in the talent for harmony displayed by the Hottentots and Malays: no matter how rude the instrument, or how poor the voice, tune and time are perfect. The old Irish air of "Garryowen" has a strange effect played by this untutored band, their rude instruments assisted by voices of many kinds, from the deepest bass to the highest soprano. And now their war-song!—what a fine wind-up, with its curious combinations that sound scientific, and yet have no musical grammar in them! It is over, and the air is still again. There is the tramp of their feet over the parade-ground, and—oh, poesy! oh, heroism!—they have changed their solemn

tread for a quick march, and their stirring war-song for the lively Polka!

* * * * *

There is as much trouble here as ever, and less excitement. The registered subjects of British Kaffraria have taken to robbing orchards, while idling in search of plunder, coolly acknowledging their purpose, producing their registration tickets, and offering as a reason—for it cannot be called an excuse—that "the English have taken their cattle from them, and they want them back again."

As my narrative of events connected with the Kaffir war has proceeded, I have endeavoured as far as possible to avoid all repetition. These events have been jotted down as necessary links in the great chain on which hangs so much of vital importance to England as an honourable and even a commercial nation. The close of the year induces me to begin a fresh chapter of events in 1847. May that year produce better results than we can expect from the present aspect of affairs! Much will depend on this expedition over the Kei. Colonel Somerset is determined on possessing himself of cattle, which he knows to be the only

practical mode of bringing the T'Slambie tribes to submission.

At Fort Hare, the registration system proceeds as usual. Macomo, in a fit of wilfulness, took his departure from thence a few days ago, with a single follower; and, being traced to Fort Armstrong, not far from the Tarka Post, has been detained there. A letter from a Commanding Officer of a large division on the Kei says, "There is still much work before us; the patrol is back, bringing in about four thousand five hundred head of cattle. Colonel Somerset, and a party of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, are gone on towards Butterworth. One of the Rifle Brigade is killed, and another wounded, in crossing the Kei Drift; about fifty Kaffirs are killed. The camp will break up to-morrow, and next day cross the Kei, and join Colonel Somerset. The natives are determined to show fight. They walked away with three span of oxen this morning; however, they were hotly pursued, and all but five have been re-captured. They were in numbers, challenging our people to come on," &c.

The General had had a fall, from his horse putting his foot in a hole; but no bad consequences ensued.

I have given the above extract in proof of the still troubled state of Kaffirland; and, even as I write, letters from England congratulate me on the subjugation of the Kaffirs, who are "understood to be much humbled!"

January 1st, 1847.—This day brings the unexpected intelligence of Sir Henry Pottinger's appointment to the Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope. The Home Authorities have doubtless seen how impossible it is for a man of Sir Peregrine Maitland's great age to undergo even the physical toil attendant upon a government of so vast a tract of country; and, when it is also considered that, in consequence of the distance of Cape Town from the frontier, Sir Peregrine was prevented from appearing on the scene till the conclusion of the first great act of the war, every one will be sensible of the immense difficulties he has had to contend with in undoing the mischievous web which he had no hand in weaving. Every one is assured that Sir Peregrine Maitland has acted honourably, conscientiously, and disinterestedly throughout the war; and, in leaving the frontier of South Africa, he bears with him the acknowledgments of the colonists, whom he has

done his best to serve, and the earnest respect of the troops, whose toils and privations he has patiently shared, and to whom he has been an example of British courage, perseverance, and true nobility of principle.

January 18th.—I deeply regret to add the mournful news of the murder of three officers and four soldiers, by Kaffirs, on the banks of the Kei. The names of the officers are Captain Gibson, Rifle Brigade, Dr. Howell, of the same corps, and the Honourable Mr. Chetwynd, 73rd Regiment. The particulars will be given hereafter.

CHAPTER V.

STOICISM OF THE KAFFIR, AND THICKNESS OF HIS SKIN—MISTAKEN DIPLOMACY—FALL OF CAPTAIN GIBSON, DR. HOWELL, AND THE HONOURABLE MR. CHETWYND—GOOD EFFECT OF THE CAPE CLIMATE ON DEBILITATED CONSTITUTIONS—CATTLE-SHOW IN KAFFIRLAND—PET OXEN—SUFFERINGS OF THE SETTLERS—SIR HARRY AND LADY SMITH—COURT-MARTIAL ON CAPTAIN COLIN CAMPBELL.

ANOTHER year has opened its pages in the the book of life, and the record of the Kaffir war promises nothing in the shape of peace. Our enemy, instead of being subdued, appears more obstinate than ever, and deeply intent on every device that can thwart our purpose and forward his own.

When the Kaffirs first began to make concessions, I was of opinion that they were willing to

submit to any terms at the moment, in order to gain time to plant and reap. The result has been what every one experienced in the Kaffir character ought to have anticipated. We have dealt too mercifully with the treacherous and cruel foe; cruel he is by nature; witness his brutality even among those of his own colour, nay, his own blood. Some say he is not cowardly; it is certain he meets death at the last moment calmly, and he has a peculiar pride in bearing pain and annoyance at all times with apparent indifference. A Kaffir will not raise his hand to remove a fly from his face; and, as he rubs his skin with clay and grease to protect it from the effects of the sun, these attract the flies, and I have known a savage sit for hours in the sun with his cheeks and brow covered by these tormenting and fidgetty insects, without attempting to remove them. It must be allowed, though, that a Kaffir skin more resembles the hide of some powerful animal than the skin of a human being. In the early part of this war, some person procured the entire skin of a Kaffir, and had it braded in the same way that leather is first prepared for tanning. I am told that the texture is at least three times

the thickness of a white man's, and I see no reason for doubting the assertion.

The Kaffir has neither generosity nor gratitude, which are invariably the attributes of a brave nature; he will not meet his adversary openly, unless he has the advantage immensely in numbers, as in Captain Sandes's case. When there are some thousands, to one helpless or unarmed man, they will annihilate him without mercy. The Kaffir has no genuine pride, for he will submit to any personal degradation to obtain his ends; in short, he is an ignoble foe, and we gain no more credit, or profit, in fighting such an enemy than if we were endeavouring to circumvent an army of baboons. While the mother country is expending millions, with scarcely any future prospect of return, the Kaffir warriors move from kloof to kloof, from drift to drift, with their provisions in their pouches, or deposited at certain distances in the bush, while their women contrive to support themselves in the neighbourhood of the British camp, making occasional excursions to see their relatives in the field, to furnish them with useful intelligence and gunpowder. Where the latter is obtained is, professedly, a mystery! The resources

of the Colony present temptations to those who have long lived by trading in the country beyond the Kei; and, although provisions have not been forwarded along the coast, small vessels have made their way to the mouths of the rivers between Waterloo Bay and Natal. A report, founded on good grounds, is abroad, that the Kaffir women have lately been employed in conveying ammunition to their friends—by means of pack-oxen, from Algoa Bay to the interior of Kaffirland, right through the Colony. This is by no means improbable, when the territory is so vast, and the population scattered, and comparatively small.

There is little doubt that the Resident Agent at Block Drift now sees the uselessness of endeavouring to carry out the late arrangements of Government with regard to "British Kaffraria." How he ever supposed such measures could succeed must remain a puzzle to all acquainted with the Kaffir's nature! "I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ," is an appeal which the South African savage, in his present state, cannot be brought to understand.

From the overthrow of Sir Benjamin D'Urban's measures in 1836, measures which could have been carried out at the cost of about two thousand a year, a million of money has been expended within the last year to little purpose. By the determination to economize with regard to Natal some few years ago, a Government is of necessity formed, costing upwards of eight thousand per annum. By the same economy, in not appointing a magistrate beyond the Orange river, an expedition costing more than two hundred thousand pounds had to be sent beyond Colesberg in 1845, and finally, a magistrate is appointed. By this wretched policy of false economy, England has not only been compelled to expend nearly two millions of money—and the Kaffir war not yet over, but has alienated the affections of a great number of her subjects, sowing the seeds of discord for ever between the Dutch and British settlers,—has elicited the contempt of the savage she professes to bring under Christian rule, and shed much human blood*.

* In the year 1838, I had the honour of making the acquaintance of His Royal Highness Prince William Henry of Orange,

Every one feels the truth of the above statements, and every one is disheartened. Those who have been in the field from the first are utterly disgusted; those who have come hither animated with that spirit of zeal for the service, so inseparable from the nature of the British soldier, are bitterly disappointed, and take up their arms reluctantly, seeing that neither honour to themselves nor benefit to their fellow-countrymen is to be obtained by a warfare so wretched, so toilsome, and so full of privations and danger.

January 6th.—We have the old story from the field; the troops have been patrolling, and have rescued two thousand head of cattle from the T'Slambies. The 6th, under the command of Colonel Michell, have had their share in this

who was on his voyage home in the Bellona frigate from Java, *viâ* St. Helena. He dwelt with great pleasure on the circumstance of several Dutch families having travelled many miles from the interior of Africa to meet him at Cape Town, when he touched there. Aged men and women, who had scarcely moved out of their farm sitting-room for years, hastened to meet a Prince from their own beloved Fatherland. Had we conciliated the Dutch settlers in this country, they would have been true allies and peaceful neighbours.

foray. Much sickness continues to prevail. The cunning Pato has again succeeded in eluding pursuit, although Colonel Somerset hemmed him in. The gallant Colonel, while moving through a mist with a party of troops, came suddenly on his enemy. The surprise of seeing Pato's panther-like face, as the gloom cleared for an instant, elicited an exclamation from Colonel Somerset, as he drew his pistol from his holster, and Pato escaped into the bush ere the shot could take effect. At the time the despatches were written, only part of the troops had crossed the Kei, and our private letters mention that the rivers were rising fast. Those who were on the eastern bank, had only a few days' provisions with them, and they may be cut off from all communication with the troops on this side for two or three weeks.

News from England.—Orders have been received to this effect:—the 27th, 90th, and 91st Regiments are to embark for England immediately, if they can possibly be spared. The 90th are to march to Graham's Town at once, and onward to the coast. I despair of our removal with the 91st. Sir Henry Pottinger is daily ex-

pected. The 27th and 91st Regiments will no doubt be detained till his arrival, and what his movements may be it is impossible to know. After a warfare of ten months, we seem as far from peace as ever; and, as I predicted, the enemy having talked the authorities into quietude while he planted, is now reaping the fruits of—his imposition.

A few words from a letter which I have received from the field, written by an officer of long service, and dated the 17th and 19th January, tell more than I could do in many pages:—"You have heard of our misfortunes," says the writer; "we are in a sad condition, and God only knows how we are to get out of it." From the scene of action has also been forwarded the miserable account of the death of Captain Gibson and Dr. Howell, of the Rifle Brigade, and the Hon. Mr. Chetwynd, 73rd Regiment. They lost their lives in the following manner:—

They belonged to a party sent to guard a drift at the Kei, and, having been some days without meat where they were, a patrol went in search of some, and, seeing cattle at a distance, those

mounted, namely, the three Officers above mentioned, and four provisional Hottentots, went in advance, leaving the infantry, about forty men, some way behind them; they had secured some cattle, and were returning, when a horde of Kaffirs rushed from a neighbouring kloof and overpowered the party, killing the Officers and two of the Hottentots. The infantry were too far away to be of any assistance. On reaching the spot where they expected to find the Officers, not a trace of them was to be seen, nor were the bodies found for two days after the event. The three murdered Officers died nobly. They made a stand at once on the approach of the treacherous enemy from his lair. Dr. Howell's horse fell wounded at the first fire, and the others, determined not to desert him, fought by his side till the ammunition was expended. The remaining Hottentots gave information, after their escape through the bush, of the scene of strife, and the bodies were sought for. There were at first some rumours of mutilation, but there is scarcely a doubt now of their having been shot dead at once. Mr.

Chetwynd received a ball through his heart, and Captain Gibson had no less than six gun-shot wounds.

Ten miles beyond the Kei, these brave spirits now lie at rest. Beside a spot called Shaw's Fountain, they were buried by their sorrowing comrades. Far from the habitations of the white man are these simple graves; no monument marks the burial-ground in the mighty wilderness, but the memory of these gallant spirits is embalmed in the breasts of their fellow soldiers, and their lonely abiding places in the far desert will be henceforth hallowed spots in an enemy's country.

The act by which they fell a sacrifice to savage treachery was an imprudent one, but they were "strangers in the land," and could not readily understand the nature of the decoy. It is a well-known trick of the Kaffirs to show cattle at the edge of the bush, and lie in wait.

On the 12th of January, Sir Peregrine Maitland arrived at Graham's Town, from the frontier, on his way to Cape Town, bringing with him the intelligence, that two thousand head of fine cattle

had been captured across the Kei by Colonel Somerset's division; this was a second re-capture in less than a fortnight, and under considerable difficulties. But the grand capture of six thousand head was made afterwards, and the letter from the Kei alluded to above, states that, on the 17th of January, Colonel Somerset crossed the Kei at the imminent peril of his life, but that the patrol, with all the cattle, were unable to ford the stream, which was still rising with such force that nothing could stand against the torrent. All provision and supplies were cut off, and the troops had nothing but a few mealies (Indian corn) to subsist on. Three men had been drowned on the morning of the 15th: Serjeant-Major Ritchie, 7th Dragoon Guards, and two of the Cape Corps: and Mr. Allen, Assistant-Surgeon of the Cape Corps, was only saved by disengaging himself from his horse and swimming ashore.

The general order published in the Graham's Town Journal of the 16th of January, on Sir Peregrine Maitland leaving the frontier, is of too general a nature to be of any interest. The

command of the troops has now devolved on Colonel Somerset, until the arrival of General Berkeley.

The efficiency of Colonel Somerset for such a command has been fully proved during this long and harassing war. Had he fallen in the onset, who could have led the troops across the Kei? Who is there so perfectly acquainted with the nature of the enemy and of his country? The Gaikas were the first "up." The T'Slambies have proved, and still prove, the most difficult to subdue.

The general order of the 16th, speaks of Pato "having been driven across the Kei with defeat and loss;" it is hoped also, that "the safety of the Colony is secured."

The troops in the division towards the Kei were as badly off for clothes as they were for provisions. Great delays occur in these expeditions at this period of the year, in consequence of the rapidity with which the rivers rise.

On the 19th of January, the force made its way across the Kei, with eight thousand head of cattle captured in Kreli's country. The Kaffirs

hung upon the rear, disputing each drift and passage with the troops. In crossing the Kei, a Serjeant of the 6th, and a private of the Cape Mounted Rifles, were shot by the enemy.

Having re-captured so much cattle, Colonel Somerset now determined to fall back towards the Colony.

On the 19th, Colonel Somerset issued an order warning those in command of posts and divisions, to be as vigilant as ever in their observations of the enemy's movements, as hostilities had not ceased.

Meanwhile, sickness still prevailed among the troops in the field, and is still increasing. Rheumatism, camp-fever, and dysentery, reduce the subjects of them to a deplorable state of debility, and it is melancholy to see young men, who have been scarcely three months in the Colony, brought to positive decrepitude from these sufferings. Some have gone home with their constitutions injured for life, and the etiquette prevailing in the medical department is most unfortunate for invalids, who may linger for weeks, while formal official documents pass from

Surgeon to Surgeon, or between Commanding Officers.

The 91st are under orders to proceed from Fort Peddie to Graham's Town, for the purpose of preparing for embarkation for home. I shall make no preparations for the voyage, as in this country, a countermand invariably follows an order.

February 6th.—I sometimes lay by my papers in utter disgust. The letters I receive from the different divisions all tell the same story of cattle-lifting, murder, sickness, and privation. How any one could listen for a moment to the enemy's protestations, that "he would not fight again," that he "would lie down and let the Umlunghi kill him at the door of his hut," that he was "under our feet," and "the Governor's Fingo," I cannot imagine. I foresaw trouble after the planting-season was over. If we had not the heart to shoot the Kaffirs into subjection, they might have been starved into humility. The Gaikas are again discontented, Sandilla and Pato interchanging messages, at least so it is said on good authority, and the registration tickets are

scattered to the winds. Such paper bonds are not for the untamed Kaffir.

The disastrous detention of the Thunderbolt steamer delays the arrival of Her Majesty's Commissioner, Sir Henry Pottinger, and Lieutenant-General Berkeley, the Commander of the Forces. The Thunderbolt, in rounding Cape Recife, on the 3rd of February, struck upon a sunken rock, sprung a leak, and it is feared will go to pieces with the first south-easter. The disappointment of the 90th, who were waiting at Algoa Bay for this vessel to convey them to Cape Town for final embarkation, may be well imagined. The old soldiers who stood eagerly watching her approach, set up a universal shout as they saw her coming round. What must have been their feelings when they beheld her run right ashore!

All that can be said concerning this disastrous occurrence is, that it is fortunate the Thunderbolt was not bound from Algoa Bay with the 90th Regiment on board.

The appearance of the 90th on leaving the Colony is so totally different to what it presented

on its arrival here, that it goes far to prove the good effect of the Cape climate on constitutions debilitated by Indian service. Under every disadvantage of fatigue, privation, and a residence under canvas during an African summer, with the thermometer at times 157 in the open air, the 90th, on their march from Graham's Town to the coast, presented a perfect picture of a regiment of British veterans.

We saw them in our evening ride on the 5th of February, as they toiled up a steep hill before us with their long line of waggons and dusky waggon-drivers. How cheerful they looked! I envied them as I turned my horse's head back to the land of banishment and anxiety! I could not help uttering the words, "Happy 90th, God speed you!" aloud, as the last waggon passed us, and an old soldier, with a bronzed cheek and grey-hair, saluted our party, by way of "Thank you for your good will!" How little they anticipated their disappointment at Algoa Bay!

It is not long since we rode a few miles on the Fort Beaufort road to see the cattle that had been captured by Colonel Somerset's division across the Kei. We reached the bivouac just as the

sun was declining. The cattle, seven thousand in number, were gathered into a dense mass, and surrounded by their guards. I never see a poor patient-looking Cape ox, that I do not think of the strife continually existing here for the sake of its race. The mass of cattle was a Smithfield show; but the tents round it—the huts contrived to hold one person—being a few bushes and a piece of tattered canvas, the fires where the Hottentots and their vrouws cooked their suppers, the piled muskets, the picquets and scouts turning out for the night, and the pack-oxen, apart from their fellows, and so tame as to be pets and playmates of the boys who watched them, presented an extraordinary sight, particularly in that strange light between the setting of the sun and the reign of the moon. This crowd of cattle had been brought into the Colony with great speed and security, by the levy in command of Captain Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards; and, as was anticipated, the enemy followed them, in various parties, through the different passes between Kaffirland and our own territory. Fortunately, Captain Hogg and his people had been too swift and careful in their movements to be circumvented even

by Kaffirs, and the cattle was distributed to the farmers without delay.

We took another ride one day, which created sad sensations. Above the Drostdy barracks, on the western side of Graham's Town, is a succession of hills and undulating plains. We chose our path along the open ground, being a vast irregular space, evidently very fertile, for the turf was gay with beautiful wild flowers. Gigantic mountains, piled one above the other, formed the background of this noble amphitheatre. Here and there a hill was clothed in patches of deep green, and on its summit waved a few small trees, but there was no dense bush, and two or three farms dotted the plains, many miles in extent.

"These farms have probably been secure from the Kaffirs during the war," said I.

We reached one of them. Although it had escaped the brand of the savage, it looked desolate. The owners had only returned within a few days. They had not deserted it till the last moment; their cattle had been stolen and their herds wounded, their land was untilled, and the little watercourse was choked with rubbish. We passed on to the farm a short distance beyond it.

The settlers, a man and his wife, perfectly English in appearance, but pale and harassed, stood surveying their miserable homestead. This, too, from its open position, had escaped the brand; but the windows were shattered, the door swung on imperfect hinges, the steps were broken and grass grew between them; the little garden was laid waste; and, as if in mockery, a scarlet geranium streamed garishly over the crumbling embankment; rank weeds filled the place of other plants under the broken boughs of the apricot trees, and a few poor articles of furniture which had been borne away to Graham's Town, on the family flitting, stood in the open air, awaiting more strength than the exhausted mistress of the place could command. Her husband had been trying to bring a piece of ground into some sort of cultivation, but it was heavy work; the long droughts had parched the earth, and the mimosa fence was scattered over the face of the patch, which had once yielded vegetables.

We asked them if they, too, had lost their cattle? The man smiled, as he said, "Yes;" he seemed amused at our supposing it could have escaped the hands of the robber. The woman

sighed, and answered that two of her herds had been killed, and her son had had a narrow escape of being shot. "We did not like to stay after that, Ma'am," said she, "and we have been many months in Graham's Town. I'm sure I don't think we are safe now, in spite of all the fresh soldiers we've got in the country," she continued, casting a frightened glance towards the gloomy mountains behind the homestead, "but we are ruined, and things can't be much worse, so we may as well take our chance."

Here was a picture of emigration, and within five miles of a garrison town!

Sir George Berkeley, a Lieutenant-General by the last brevet, is appointed to take command of the troops on the frontier. Much surprise and disappointment are expressed by troops and colonists at Colonel Somerset not being promoted to the rank of Major-General. With so large a force, there appears a necessity for two General Officers, independently of the Governor.

The colonists, who are the best judges of the benefits conferred on them by Colonel Somerset's exertions in their behalf, have come forward to bestow a solid testimony of their gratitude to-

wards him, by setting on foot a subscription for the purchase of a piece of plate, setting forth that "The inhabitants of Albany, impressed with the great service rendered them by Colonel Somerset during the Kaffir war, by his rapid march from Block Drift into Lower Albany and other parts of the district, thereby relieving the inhabitants from imminent danger, and in some cases from almost certain destruction, from the wrathful hands of an invading enemy, and further for his services rendered to the Colony in general by his great exertions in the field, it is proposed to present him with a piece of plate, as a mark of their esteem and gratitude."

The march alluded to, of such importance to the safety and the lives of the unfortunate settlers, was "made on his own responsibility." By this "forced march, Colonel Somerset saved Theopolis, Farmerfield, Salem, Bathurst, and other places in Lower Albany, from probable destruction."—Graham's Town Journal, February 13th, 1847.

A great deal more follows on the subject of Colonel Somerset's exertions "during the whole course of the present warfare, having been fore-

most whenever there was danger to encounter, or difficulty to surmount."

The truth of this assertion has, I trust, been fully proved in the narrative I have here placed before the public.

On the departure of his Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland from the frontier, the troops fell back from the Kei to the Buffalo, where Colonel Van Der Meulen has assumed the command of a division, consisting of four companies of the Rifle Brigade, besides his own regiment, the 73rd, two guns, seventy Cape Corps, a squadron of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and a chequered group of Provisionals. This division is encamped amid the ruins of what once promised to be a flourishing town, named by Sir Harry Smith, King William's Town; the site thereof having been taken possession of by him in the name of William IV., in 1835. It was subsequently abandoned.

Here, then, among these memorials of the last war, which was but the precursor of this, the troops are building huts and bowers for themselves. The heat is intolerable. The walls of Sir Harry Smith's abode are still standing, and the old garden contains some excellent fruit trees, planted

probably under the direction of Lady Smith, the interesting Spanish heroine of some charming sketches of the Peninsula, and once the favourite of the African frontier. Lady Smith, of kindly memory, would live in the hearts of those who knew her, even were she not connected with one of the heroes of the late conquests in India.

Those who have lately returned from the Kei, and borne the brunt of the last three months' work, consider that we are 'as far removed from peace as when we commenced hostilities, now eleven months ago! Of course, the line of policy to be adopted by Sir Henry Pottinger is a mystery until he arrives. Fort Peddie has been strengthened, and is now the head-quarters of the 6th Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Michel. Besides the 6th, Colonel Michel has at his disposal a troop of Dragoons, a party of the Cape Corps, and some companies of the Rifle Brigade.

The 91st are scattered far and wide at outposts and bivouacs. The light company, under Captain Savage, are in Colonel Michel's district, patrolling between Post Victoria (abandoned and resumed within eight months) and Fort Peddie. The Grenadiers, under Captain Ward, are on

their march to the neighbourhood of Hell's Point, to intercept cattle-lifters. The levies have been dismissed, or dispersed of their own accord; the flank companies of Her Majesty's 91st are employed in their stead!

The Beaufort Division is under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone, 27th Regiment, and consists of the 45th Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine; the reserve battalion 91st, under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell; 7th Dragoon Guards, under Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, and a Burgher Force, under Major Sutton, Cape Mounted Rifles.

These are all engaged more or less in the usual way, while the Gaikas no doubt laugh at our hospitals filled with sick from the effects of a life passed for many months under canvas; while the sun that scorches the troops ripens the corn we have permitted the treacherous Kaffir to plant.

I have elsewhere stated that the Chief, Macomo, had killed one of his children in a fit of rage, increased by intoxication. Some contradict this, but the statements vary so much that there is no getting at the real truth. I have been told

of it by persons encamped with the division at the time it is said to have occurred. I can quite understand why there is a difficulty in obtaining the truth; for it is clearly known that many calamitous events were carefully concealed from Sir Peregrine Maitland, lest, from his great age and the vicissitudes and fatigue to which he was constantly exposed, any increased anxiety should prove injurious to his health of mind, or body. I am at least certain that Macomo is quite capable of such an atrocity as the one before mentioned; in proof of this, I have only to refer my readers to the maltreatment of one of his wives, which I have elsewhere described.

The result of the court-martial on Captain Colin Campbell, 91st Regiment, has at length been published. Had this document not appeared already in the public prints, I should have foreborne to give it. The charges were as follows :—

1st. For conduct unbecoming an officer on the morning of the 21st of May, 1846, when in command of a detachment of troops escorting waggons from Trumpeter's Drift to Fort Peddie ceded territory, Cape of Good Hope, in not supporting Lieutenant Dixon, 91st Regiment,

nor making himself personally acquainted with the situation of that officer during about two hours that he, Lieutenant Dixon, continually engaged with the enemy with the advanced guard under his orders, on the occasion set forth in this charge.

2nd. For having shamefully abandoned, on the morning of the 21st of May, a certain number of waggons containing public stores and supplies of which he had charge, for the purpose of escorting to Fort Peddie.

The Court found the prisoner guilty of part of the first charge, and the *whole of the second charge*, and sentenced him to be cashiered from Her Majesty's service, but "felt themselves called upon strongly to recommend him to Her Majesty's most gracious clemency, it appearing that he made two attempts to reach the front after the attack on the waggons had commenced; and, it seeming there was no want of personal courage, the Court attributed his having so hastily abandoned the waggons to want of judgment, the novelty of the position in which he found himself placed in charge of a convoy of forty-three waggons through a dense bush," &c., &c.

Upon a consideration of the whole proceedings in this case, it appeared to Her Majesty that, neither the finding on either charge, nor the sentence, should be approved, or confirmed, and consequently Captain Colin Campbell was "permitted to return to his duty, with such an admonition as the Commander-in-Chief might think fit to give him."

The said admonition is rather too long for insertion, and the concluding paragraph is the sum total of the Duke of Wellington's opinion, namely, —"It does not appear that Captain Campbell did anything to show his capacity for the command in which he was engaged."

(Signed) J. A. CLOETE,
Lieutenant-Colonel, D.Q.M.G.

It is much to be regretted that the Commander-in-Chief on any station so remote from England as the Cape, has not the power of deciding on a court-martial at once. In consequence of eight months' delay, Captain Campbell's services were lost to his regiment, and the duty therefore fell heavily on the only two Captains serving with the first battalion of the 91st Regiment.

February 16th, 1847.—Sir Henry Pottinger left Cape Town in the President, flagship, Admiral Dacres, for the frontier, on the 10th instant, and is daily expected in Graham's Town.

CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE OF SIR PEREGRINE MAITLAND—PLANS OF SIR HENRY POTTINGER—THE REGISTRATION SYSTEM—LOCUSTS IN KAFFRARIA—WHITE ANTS—RISING OF RIVERS IN AFRICA—WIZARDS AND WITCHCRAFT AMONG THE KAFFIR TRIBES—THE CHIEF, SANDILLA—THE ABORIGINES OF KAFFIRLAND—SETTLEMENTS OF THE DUTCH—THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE pithy motto of "Deeds, not words," is fraught with sound sense: nevertheless, words uttered with calmness and decision, to a suffering community, carry comfort to the hearts of men, if, by their import, they simply prove that the sufferer's cause is understood.

On the 22nd of February, 1847, an address was presented to Sir Henry Pottinger on his

landing at Algoa Bay, by the inhabitants of Port Elizabeth, to which he replied in a manner that evinced his determination to meet the difficulties before him unflinchingly; and his very admission that "these difficulties appeared somewhat greater than he had anticipated," must increase rather than diminish the confidence of the Colonists in their new Governor and protector. His Excellency, in his reply, also takes an opportunity of impressing on Her Majesty's subjects generally, "of whatever colour, class, or description, throughout this Colony, the necessity that still must be held to exist for their being prepared in case of emergency to stand forth to protect their lives and their property, and those dearer than either."

"It appears to me," says Sir Henry, "that in this Colony, beyond all other parts of the globe which I have visited, the inhabitants ought, however strong the Government under which they live, to be always united and ready to oppose marauders and foreign aggression; and, although I sincerely trust that no occasion will arise for my calling for your services for this object, yet I

indulge the fullest confidence that, should it unfortunately prove otherwise, you will one and all promptly respond to the call."

And thus the new Governor of the Cape of Good Hope admits, first, that there are unexpected difficulties in the great work before him; secondly, that it is necessary the colonists should assist him in carrying out that work; and finally pledges himself to this effect, that "no zeal, or exertion, whether bodily or mental, shall be wanting on his part towards effecting the objects of his appointment in a manner that shall be satisfactory to his Sovereign and his country; that is, by securing the permanent and attendant advancement and prosperity of this Colony, and likewise tending to the ultimate civilization and well-being of the border tribes, who have unhappily hitherto proved its greatest bane."

Zeal, resolution, firmness of purpose, and unsparing bodily and mental exertion, these attributes will soon make themselves manifest to the Kaffirs themselves, who are keen judges of character; they will hereby discover, that one

possessed of these qualifications, will make himself master of his subject, and judge for himself in all its details.

Hitherto, the calamitous state of the Colony has never met with the slightest sympathy, or consideration at home, but Sir Henry Pottinger has been made fully acquainted with it. His views, therefore, are clear, and, as large powers are placed in his hands, they are unshackled. In the mean time, the Kaffirs will make themselves fully acquainted with his intentions, they will weigh every word that he utters, for they have abundant means of information of all that passes, and they will, to use a sporting phrase, calculate the odds for and against them to a nicety, before the troops take the field again. They are even now getting the advantage of us during the interregnum between the retirement of Sir Peregrine Maitland, and Sir Henry Pottinger's assumption of the reins of Government. At this period of the year, such a delay is of the utmost importance to them, as it enables them to reap their corn.

Whilst Sir Henry Pottinger was receiving and replying to the addresses of the inhabitants of Algoa Bay, Sir Peregrine Maitland, his family, and suite, were embarking at Cape Town for England. Every demonstration of respect towards the ex-Governor and Lady Sarah Maitland, was displayed by the inhabitants, who pressed forward to offer a kind farewell. I am sure, had I been Governor of the Cape of Good Hope during the past year, and under its attendant circumstances, I should have uttered a prayer of thankfulness as I quitted the shores of so ill-fated a Colony. The very elements, as I have shown, set themselves in array against Sir Peregrine Maitland's exertions during the period he was in the field. He began by contending with the droughts, and he ended his career amid torrents of rain, terrific thunderstorms, and rivers rising and sweeping onward with such force as to be perilous in passage.

May the loud hurrahs which resounded through the manned yards of the good ship Wellesley, in salutation to Sir Peregrine Maitland as he

approached her, prove a hearty welcome to future peace to him for ever!

On the 24th of February, the guns from the battery above the Drostdy Barracks announced the arrival of Sir George Berkeley, K.C.B., the newly-appointed Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces on the South African frontier; and, on the 27th, another salute told of Sir Henry Pottinger's approach to the present immediate seat of Government, Graham's Town.

Sir Henry Pottinger's name alone, inspired the inhabitants with joy, enthusiasm, and confidence. The colonists understood their cause to be appreciated, when such a man was selected to redress their wrongs, and to represent the truth. The circumstance of his being accompanied by a General Officer, who would relieve his Excellency of all military duties, proved, that at last the Home Government was awake to the deep responsibilities of his office, and the necessity of separating the civil from the military department.

The 27th of February! This day eleven years

the 91st Regiment landed at St. Helena; and, after such a period of service, here they are, divided into two battalions, the first one a mere skeleton, about 250 strong, with the prospect of another campaign before it; the 2nd, with little chance of reaching home for eight or nine years more, although some of those who still serve in it, have been abroad eleven years. It may here be remarked, that while some officers, who have already served abroad for these eleven years, have vainly applied for leave of absence, there are those at home who have received the pay of their country for eighteen years' service in the 91st, and who, during that period, have spent two peaceful years with their regiment abroad.

We are told of General Hoche, the celebrated Commander of the French revolutionary armies, that the first thing he attempted to obtain, was the confidence of his troops; as, to him, a General appeared invincible as soon as this point was gained, and the obedience which naturally followed, was far preferable to force. Sir Henry Pottinger has evidently been guided

by this principle, in his proclamation dated, "Graham's Town, 3rd of March," in which he sets forth, that "Although it might be advisable to re-establish martial law, yet, being averse to trench even for a limited period on the civil rights of the people, he resolves, in preference to the adoption of such a measure, to rely on the well-tried loyalty, high feeling, and courage of all Her Majesty's good and faithful subjects throughout this Colony, and to call on them, in case of necessity, for their aid, in assisting Her Majesty's forces; wishing them to attend at the place of rendezvous fully and well armed, but as lightly equipped as possible, and unattended by waggons and other incumbrances. His Excellency also announces, that such frontier volunteers shall on no account be detained from their homes and families more than one month, and that it shall be his earnest study to make it as much shorter as possible*."

I do not consider it a digression to touch upon such points as shall afford the public a full

* Abstract of Sir Henry Pottinger's Proclamation.

opportunity of judging of the position in which the former Governor and the present Lord High Commissioner stand with regard to the Colony.

Thus, my readers, in learning the disasters by which Sir Peregrine Maitland was baffled, cannot fail to form a fair estimate of his patience, perseverance, and personal courage, and any opinion expressed relative to Sir Henry Pottinger's plans or views, would be as useless as presumptuous. The very tone of his proclamation, and of his replies to the various addresses presented to him, is the best proof that he perfectly understands the nature of the work in which he is engaged, and of the *matériel* placed in his hands to bring that work to a satisfactory conclusion. One circumstance is decidedly favourable to Sir Henry Pottinger—he will be able to profit by past events.

It is said that the present Governor proposes to carry out Sir Benjamin D'Urban's plans. What a triumph to Sir Benjamin, whose removal from the Government of the Cape of Good Hope was the result of those plans!

Were it not for its attendant lamentable consequences, the registration system would afford a constant fund of amusement. A farmer misses his cattle, sheep, and horses, or his garden is trampled down, or stripped of its produce. He represents the case to the officer of the line, or the burgher in command of the nearest post, or bivouac. A patrol is ordered; the spoor is traced, and the men enter the thick bush, creeping on their hands and knees. They first come on the ashes of a fire, and the *débris* of a meal; the eyes of a savage scout gleam through a screen of mimosa thorns, and then disappear; there is a rush through the bush, a Kaffir exclamation of "Ma-wo!" a stray shot or two from the enemy, fired with deadly intent, but unsuccessfully generally, from the very desire to take unerring aim, a volley from the patrol, then a chase to no purpose; for, shortly after, the savages utter a yell of defiance from some distant or impracticable pass, or more frequently vanish in silence, leaving, perhaps, the traces of blood, the Kaffirs possessing extraordinary vitality, and rivalling, though

in a different sense, that celebrated British Corps, the "Die Hards." The deserted bivouac of the enemy is then examined, and the booty that presents itself as a reward of toil and courage, consists of the bones of an ox, the remnant of a roasted goat, or sheep, some trophies from Burn's Hill, in the shape of an artillery powder-bag, part of a leather belt, a few stray assegais*, perchance a good hair-trigger gun, some filthy karosses, and a registration ticket or two, setting forth how Cana, or Weni, or Tuti, No. 300, or 3000, &c., had "surrendered himself at Fort Hare, or Fort Peddie, on such a day, 1847." The said style of surrender, by the way, having been followed up on some occasions by a gift of cattle re-captured by the troops on the very morning perhaps that it was presented to the said Cana, Weni, Tuti, &c., &c.

* The arms (!) surrendered in return for registration tickets, are now ascertained to be the assegais of the Kaffir children, with the exception of a few with Birmingham and Sheffield blades; the Kaffirs preferring their own manufacture for *use*, for which ample material was left them on the spot where the waggons were burned at Burn's Hill and Trumpeter's Drift.

In February last, an officer, being bivouacked in British Kaffraria, went out with a patrol, and finding the spoor of Kaffirs with cattle, traced it as far as the ruins of Fort Willshire. While he halted with his party, the keen-eyed Cape Corps soon espied some fifteen head of cattle on the other side of a drift, and crossing over re-captured them, the thieves plunging into the bush without firing a shot. They were taken back to the camp, and two days afterwards two Kaffir women made their appearance, bringing a message from the Chief, Souto, that the cattle in question were his. The officer in command desired the ladies to send Souto to him to prove this. Some days afterwards, two men presented themselves with their registration tickets, claiming the booty as Souto's, who "had submitted to the British Government." Of course, the officer did not give up his capture on such evidence, remarking that, had the cattle not been stolen, the men who were discovered driving it off, would not have run away, and no attention was paid to the message of that trusty and well-beloved ally of the British Government, the thief, Souto!

On the 25th of February, the Grenadiers of the 91st Regiment having been detained many days on the eastern side of the Fish River, in consequence of its being impassable from its swollen state, the soldiers adopted a peculiar mode of getting the baggage-waggons across this gulph of dark and sluggish waters. Availing themselves of a short period when the drift became navigable, these patient and experienced soldiers took the waggons to pieces, and embarked them piecemeal with their cargoes in the clumsy craft which forms the sole means of conveyance across this barrier between ourselves and our principal enemies, the T'Slambie tribes. To us, this drift constantly presents an insurmountable difficulty, waggons and passengers being at times detained three weeks awaiting the fall of the muddy stream. For our thievish neighbour, it affords every advantage, except when he cannot drive cattle across, and then he calmly lies in wait, and feeds himself on the farmers' land, till the stream has exhausted its fury, and some snug drift is passable for Kaffirs, not for troops.

Truly, I have seen nothing but difficulties attending the emigrants of this country, ever since our arrival on the frontier in March, 1843. By-the-bye, this day four years, 17th March, we were ourselves detained on the colonial side of the Fish River at Trumpeter's Drift, and had all the advantages of song and dance till tattoo, among the admirers of St. Patrick, within the four loopholed walls of an African outpost. The first two years of our sojourn here, the locusts devastated the land. The prophet, Joel, describes this dreadful visitation as "Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains," "Like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble," as a "strong people set in battle array;" and any one who has ridden through a cloud of locusts, must admit the description to be as true as it is sublime. On one occasion, at Fort Peddie, the cloud, flickering between us and the missionary station, half a mile distant, dazzled our eyes, and veiled the buildings from our sight; at last it rose, presenting its effects in some acres of barren stubble, which the sun had lit up in all the beauty of bright green a few hours before. Verily, "the heavens" seemed "to tremble," and

the sky was darkened by this "great army," which passed on "every one on his ways," neither "breaking their ranks" nor "thrusting one another." So, they swept on, occupying a certain space between the heavens and the earth, and neither swerving from his path, extending the mighty phalanx, or pausing in the course: the noise of their wings realizing the idea of a "flaming blast," and their whole appearance typifying God's terrible threat of a "besom of destruction."

"They shall walk every one in his path!" Nothing turns them from it. And, if the traveller endeavour to force his way through them with unwonted rapidity, he is sure to suffer. I have ridden for miles at a sharp gallop through these legions, endeavouring to beat them off with my whip, but all to no purpose! nothing turns them aside, and the poor horses bend down their heads as against an advancing storm, and make their way as best they can, snorting and writhing under the infliction of several sharp blows on the face and eyes, which their riders endeavour to evade with as little success. One draws a long breath after escaping from a charge of locusts! and,

looking round you, you exclaim with the prophet, "The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness, yea, and nothing shall escape them!"

The white ants are another plague—books, dresses, carpets, &c., all fall a prey to their voracity in a few days; the very houses give way before them; and, when they are on a march, never swerving from their path, some thousands in number, the earth has the appearance of being covered with ashes. Twice, then, I have seen the land subjected to this curse; and last year the droughts proved perhaps a worse misfortune. Here again the prophet's words were applicable: "How do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed because they have no pasture, yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate!"

And this year the rivers appear to rise with more than their wonted uncertainty. This is another of the wonderful sights of Africa. At one moment, the bed of the river presents little but a surface of mud; a distant murmur is heard, then a roar; nearer, yet nearer, and a wall of water is visible up the stream. On, on,—not foaming, nor leaping, nor glancing in the bright

sun,—like a cheerful, honest English torrent,—but with a slow sluggish movement, the wall advances, swelling in its career, and gradually filling the great chasm with a dull and sluggish volume of lead-coloured fluid; while the cattle stand trembling and gazing on the brink of this African Styx, their Fingo herdsman making no bad representation of "Charon grim!"

To all new comers, it is an exceeding puzzle that floating rafts have not long since this been constructed here. When a large force lately moved across the river, a boat followed in a waggon, to assist the division in crossing the rivers: but in this country every one by degrees grows uncaring, and the only object of those who are banished to a Colony so lost from mismanagement, is to get away from it as fast as possible.

The bridge over the Fish River, at Fort Brown, has been six years at least in progress, and there is but little chance of its being finished for some years to come; as the masons and mechanics employed in its erection have been principally soldiers.

King William's Town will rise again from its ashes on the banks of the Buffalo River; and, had Sir Benjamin D'Urban's plans been carried

out, this would have been for the last ten years a post of great importance in checking the inroads of the savages, but even now Pato's messages are as insolent as ever, and last month his people, who are located some five and twenty miles from King William's Town, plundered the neighbourhood of a large camp there of its cattle, and murdered the herds, who were found mutilated and pierced with many assegais*.

Pato's last message to Colonel Somerset might be admired for its coolness, if the intentions implied in it were serious in all their bearings. His

* Even in their hunting-expeditions, the Kaffirs exhibit a peculiarity which goes far to prove that the sight of blood renders them unnaturally ferocious. At the death of a jackal, a buck, or any large game which they have run down, each hunter presses on to give a last stab at the victim, even after death. I observed this also among the Fingoes in the war-dance, I have already described. Captain Harris alludes to it in his "Sporting Expedition in Africa," when he so graphically describes the death of a young eland. "The savages came up," says he, "and in spite of my remonstrances, proceeded with cold-blooded ferocity to stab the unfortunate animal, stirring up the blood, and shouting with barbarous exultation as it issued from each newly-inflicted wound." I may here observe, that in our rides we have occasionally encountered a Kaffir hunting-party, leaping, shouting, and each one struggling to be foremost, since he who first bears intelligence of success to the kraal is the hero of the day's sport.

ambassadress, a Kaffir woman, came into Graham's Town lately, to tell Colonel Somerset that Pato desired to meet him*, and that speedily, as his (the Chief's) tobacco-pouch was worn out, and he only waited for his enemy's skin wherewith to make a new one! There is no doubt that Pato would readily appropriate the said skin of his persevering foe to the purpose required, but as to meeting Colonel Somerset, that is "quite another thing."

Witchcraft is working its mischief in Kaffirland, accompanied with the most revolting ceremonies. After the first affair on the Amatolas, Sandilla presented Umyeki, one of his numerous fathers-in-law, with a trophy of victory. The skull, skin, and right-hand of our unfortunate friend, Captain Bambrick, 7th Dragoon Guards, were considered by the young Gaika Chief as worthy offerings to this celebrated witch-doctor, or worker of spells. These wizards outrival the Chiefs in power, and have hitherto carried on their incantations with a success that baffles both missionary and military exertions.

* The Kaffir *soubriquet* for Colonel Somerset implies, in their language, a peculiar species of hawk, famous for its keen sight and its activity.

The wizard, Umyeki, then gathers round him a vast assemblage of his fellow-savages; and, after going through the usual harlequinade attendant on these mysteries of Kaffirland, he exhibits a decoction, a mixture of herbs with Sandilla's trophies, and as this boils and foams over on the fire he has prepared according to form, under it, he dips a stick into it, stirs it up, and then pointing the magic wand in the direction of our outposts, camps, bivouacs, and leaguers, he decrees as he thinks fit, sickness to one, fear to another, and so on; and thus by persuading his deluded and superstitious countrymen that he paralyzes the colonial forces, the Kaffirs acquire fresh courage, and persevere in their aggressions. A clever painter has seized on this for a subject, which promises to make a fine picture. The demon look of the wizard, the curiosity depicted in the faces of the spectators, the terror of others who turn aside, or shrink away, with faces half-averted, are all well portrayed. Such a scene can only be imagined by people who are accustomed to the study of the Kaffir countenance.

Those who witnessed Sandilla's first offer of *amende* to the British Government described it as

singularly impressive, and are touched with some feelings of compassion for the restless Gaika. The image presented is a mournful one. Sandilla, at the age of twenty-four, hitherto Lord Paramount of the Amakosas, including Gaikas, T'Slambies, and many smaller tribes, sits moodily on the mountain-ridge, awaiting an answer to the conciliatory message wrung from him by force of British arms; and, surveying in silence the territory he has forfeited,—lands extending as far as the eye can reach. Mountains and deep valleys, green pastures, and sheltering bush—the home of the savage, all threaded by the Tyumie stream—those waters, of which he once vowed "the white man should never drink,"—on its fertile banks, the tents of the English now stand in proud array. The echoes round that vast space give back the bugle call, the fife's shrill notes, the drum's dull rolling sound, where once was heard the hunter's shout, the jackal's cry, the peevish whine of the wolf, the mocking laugh of the hyena, and but lately the wild whoop of the Gaika warriors. Silently sits that young chief upon the mountain edge, but not alone—to *him*, at least, his people are *true*. A Chieftain's power is absolute, but, alas!

it is only applicable to mischievous purposes. His vassals watch him, and a proud sorrow is depicted in their countenances as they gaze on him, turning from time to time their fierce and scowling eyes on the British Commissioner. In strong contrast to this, Sir Peregrine Maitland, with his Staff, rides slowly by—his calm features totally unmoved, as he hands a written decree to his delegate, and passes on. With their arms folded, and yet with every nerve on the alert, and hands ready to seize the short destructive assegais at their feet*, the warriors of the Amatola, unsubdued in spirit, haughtily await the *word* of the "White-headed Chief of the children of the foam," to which Sandilla vouchsafes no reply. Apart, a young Gaika, Kauti, (Sandilla's brother) speaks words of bitter scorn. Eye and hand sweep round the glorious territory, and at each pause in his vehement harangue, a low and solemn sound, like the distant roar of many waters, rolls through the circle of his auditors. No notice of what is passing is vouchsafed by the Amakosa Chief. At last, drawing his robe of tiger skin around his withered limb, he moves slowly and, in spite of his lameness, with dignity, from the

* These are used when compelled to close with the enemy.

council-ground, and is soon lost in the deep recesses of the "bush."

All this, I say, presents a mournful image to the mind, and many a romance has been formed on poorer incidents; but we must remember that, notwithstanding the broad assertion of our mock philanthropists at home, that we are not justified in taking the land from the Kaffir, "the land of his fathers," the country is only his by might—no more his than ours, he having driven the aborigines from the dwelling-place God originally led them into. Where are these poor Bushmen, now? Far up the country, among the steep recesses of the mountains, where they form a link between the animals of the wilderness and human nature. Thither civilization may follow them when the land of their forefathers shall be under British rule!

The two great evils in Kaffirland,—chieftainship and witchcraft,—can only fall into disuetude by degrees. One would imagine that a promise of some thousand head of cattle would induce an independent chief, like *Kreli*, to give up Pato and Umyeki, the two great movers of mischief at this moment; but it is said, on the one hand, that it

would be unworthy of a great nation like England to offer anything that might be construed into even the semblance of a bribe; and, on the other, that no Kaffir chief would accept the reward. Such a promise could hardly be considered in the light of a bribe. The Duke of Wellington, in a dispatch dated July 8th, 1800, says, "to offer a public reward by proclamation for a man's life, and to have it taken away, are very different things: the one is to be done; the other, in my opinion, cannot by an officer at the head of troops*." There is undoubtedly a superstitious reverence attached to the name of chief, in Kaffirland: an oath "by the bones of a chief" is of the most solemn nature; but a mass of cattle paraded before Kreli would be a wonderful temptation. Pato has broken faith with us in every way, deceiving us to the last, and still protracting the war: it seems, therefore, a matter of stern necessity to take steps for securing him. We cannot catch him, and he will not, as Buonaparte did, "throw himself on the generosity of the British nation," after breaking his agreement to remain at Elba.

It may here be remarked that the Zoolu tribes,

* "Maxims and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington."

near Natal, now punish witchcraft among themselves with death. Umwangela, a chief, lately ordered a Zoolu wizard to be destroyed by one of the tribe, named Nomgulu; both the chief and his subject were seized by the British authorities, and tried for murder. Umwangela's defence was, "I was dead; I had lost my family by the wizard, and determined to have his life in return." Nomgulu pleaded that he was "only the dog of Umwangela; that witchcraft was a crime punishable by death." Umwangela and his "dog" were found guilty of murder on the British territory, and sentenced to death; but it is supposed this sentence will be commuted. The witnesses, who discovered the prisoners, arrested them when returning from bathing, it being the custom of the Zoolus to wash, after an execution.

Part of the 1st battalion 45th Regiment, stationed at Natal, have lately been engaged in hostile operations against a chief named Fodo, who had assembled his warriors near the Umzunculu River, and carried off a quantity of cattle, killing some of the peaceful inhabitants of the Ambaca tribe. On the 27th of January, the troops, consisting of some Artillery, Cape Corps, and a party of the 45th, in

all not three hundred, encamped on the banks of the Umzunculu. They were accompanied by some natives subject to our Government. The country was too rugged for the Artillery rockets to be of much use, and the bush aided Fodo's escape. Some five hundred head of cattle were re-captured from the enemy, and five prisoners were secured. The Lieutenant-Governor has wisely offered a reward for the apprehension of Fodo and his colleague, Nomdabulu.

I have touched on the subject of this skirmish in the district of Natal, because, although that district is under a Lieutenant-Governor of its own, it is closely connected, commercially, politically, and in a domestic way, with these south-western territories, and also because our troops have been engaged there.

As a set-off to such hostilities, there are some hopes that the Dutch will pause in their career beyond Natal. A few words about their settlements in that part of Africa will not be irrelevant to my subject, inasmuch as, from the extension of our possessions towards Natal, we are fast approaching the line of demarcation they would wish to establish.

About two hundred miles north-west of the Portuguese settlement at Delagoa Bay, a town has arisen, called by the emigrant Boers Orichstadt, after its founder Orich, one of the first who *trekked* in a spirit of discontent against the English. The natives of the country round Orichstadt are a branch of the Baraputses, but are called by the Dutch *knob-neus*, or knob-noses, from that feature being tattooed after the fashion of a string of beads. With these natives they have lately made an expedition against some of the Zoolu race, to rescue cattle. This commando lasted one day, and was successful, many Zoolus being killed, and the cattle taken from them. Throughout South Africa, the cry is still "Cattle! Cattle! Cattle!"

A sort of trade in ivory has been established between Orichstadt and Delagoa Bay, but the chief obstacle is the intervening low swampy country, which is so unhealthy that both men and oxen frequently sicken, and die on the journey. The natives near the bay navigate the river Maponta in canoes. These are a half-caste race, employed by their masters, the Portuguese, to purchase ivory in the interior.

The fort at the bay is not the residence of the

Governor-General of the Portuguese on the east coast of Africa. He resides at Mozambique, and the officer commanding the troops at the fortress has absolute rule over all the natives within the small district, among whom are a few European settlers, living in wretched dwellings near the native huts. The fort is useless as a defence, being built of mud, and the interior is a mere stock-yard for the Lieutenant-Governor, who traffics in ivory with the vessels which touch here. There is also some suspicion of a trade in slaves.

Near Delagoa Bay is a tract of country, called Zembia. Here Captain Owen, R.N., once proposed to occupy a position for watching the slavers on the coast. A mission was also established here, and progressed favourably for two years; but England, giving up her right in Zembia to Portugal, the unfortunate natives, who had gathered round "the Teacher," were soon disposed of to the slavers. The Dutch are also suspected of being connected with this melancholy trade. Let us hope that the future state of their adopted country will be such as to induce them to return to it. The droughts which depastured this part

of Africa last year, did equal mischief at Orichstadt, and there has been much consequent distress. It is the assurance of this which has arrested the travelling Boers from advancing further to the north-east with their families.

March 24th.—The troops again take the field this day. Pato's message to the Government is conciliatory, based on the usual grounds—a scheme to gain time until the corn is gathered in. The Governor's reply is, that "Pato must surrender himself unconditionally."

Sir Henry Pottinger and his suite have pitched their marquees at Fort Peddie, in the immediate neighbourhood of the T'Slambie tribes. It is possible his Excellency will find more difficulty in dealing with these savages than with His Celestial Majesty the Emperor of China. Active operations are now being carried on under Sir George Berkeley and Colonel Somerset in the T'Slambie country; and, in the mean time, the key to Kaffirland is to be made use of, at last: the Buffalo mouth is to be opened at once; and, for the present, the haughty spirit of the Gaikas seems at rest.

CHAPTER VII.

MARTIAL LAW—OPENING OF THE SECOND CAMPAIGN—CATTLE-STEALING—STATE OF THE KAFFIR TRIBES—PROSPECTS FOR EMIGRANTS—PROHIBITION OF TRADE WITH THE NATIVES—SNUFF-SWALLOWING—THE FASHIONS IN KAFFRARIA—KAFFIR CUNNING, AND IMPERTINENCE—FINDING THE HATCHET—SYMPATHY OF THE COLONISTS WITH THE DISTRESSED IRISH—ENGLISH VICTIMS TO THE KAFFIRS—ENORMOUS AND UNAVAILING EXPENSES OF THE WAR.

THE opening of the mouth of the Buffalo River, for the transmission of stores seaward to Kaffirland, will, I trust, prove the usefulness of this key to the seat of war and turmoil. With what breathless eagerness will the first boat be watched careering through the foam, which at times separates, as a veil, the stream from the ocean! Intent as we, poor exiles, are upon every movement that

affects the progress of operations, languishing for home, as well as interested in the welfare of the Colony, we gaze earnestly on each convoy of waggons wending its slow, uncertain way up the hill "hard by," on its way to the front. On the 22nd of March, we paused in our evening walk to observe the train of twenty-six waggons, *en route* for the Buffalo mouth. What an example of African locomotion it presented! Some of these contained ammunition, and it struck me that the nature of their contents might have been concealed rather than manifested by their funereal coverings of black canvass. The foremost in the train suddenly stopped. Had a steam-engine led the van, it would have panted, and puffed, and tugged in vain, along such a pathway. The transport for soldiers' necessaries in this country is so small that this waggon had been loaded beyond the capabilities of so cumbrous a machine, and it stuck fast; none of the others, therefore, could move along the narrow road. In vain, the driver slashed his long whip,—the echoes only mocked it! In vain, he shouted "Bosjeman!" "Abeveldt!" "England!" to his oxen; in vain, the Hottentot *forelouper* screamed, and leaped,

and scolded "Ireland" and "Scotland." He might as well have attempted to move those two ancient kingdoms from their foundations, as the oxen named after them: they only tossed their heads at him and their tails at the driver, as if in pure scorn. They were weary, and chose to rest! The despairing escort, foreseeing delay, used frantic exertions to push the huge vehicle from behind, and the drivers in the rear took advantage of the blockade to light their pipes and smoke them with their usual imperturbability. The shrill voices of the vrouws, who accompany their husbands on all occasions, to make their coffee, light their fires, and broil their carbonatje, formed a chorus, in very high treble and very low Dutch, to the unmusical medley.

At length, there was an attempt at an advance; but, as the leaders would only move up the face of the hill on one side, or down the slope on the other, very little ground was got over; and, soon after sunset, the opening between the hills was illuminated by the fires of the encampment formed there.

The author of "Eothen" remarks that "in

passing through the desert you will find your Arabs wanting to start at all sorts of times: they like, for instance, to be off at one in the morning, and to rest during the whole afternoon: you must not give way to their wishes, in this respect." In this Colony, you have the same difficulty with your waggon-drivers, or conductors; and, for want of a proper system, there arise constant disputes between the traveller and the waggoner, in which, if there be faults on both sides, the latter always has the best of it. He gains his point, and dawdles as much as he pleases. It would be well for all parties, if some definite regulations on the subject were drawn up.

Some cases were brought, during the month of April, 1847, before Mr. Justice Musgrave, at the Circuit Court of Graham's Town, arising out of complaints made by waggon-drivers against the military for flogging them and other settlers, for acts committed of a nature considered injurious to the Service, direct disobedience of orders, insubordination, &c., during the existence of martial law. Some of the colonists go so far as to pronounce martial law illegal, except in cases of

rebellion*. The Ordinance passed by Sir Henry Pottinger with a view to indemnify the late Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, and those under him, for acts "done, directed, and authorized by them" under the said law, is considered by some inconclusive, and the great question has at last resolved itself into the simple one, "What is the meaning of martial law?" The cases alluded to have been referred by the Judge to the decision of the Supreme Court. In the meantime, a bitterness of spirit prevails between the civilians and the military authorities, from the circumstance of this law being imperfectly defined.

I have touched lightly but necessarily on this point, because, from the excitement that has arisen, the trouble that has been entailed on the authorities, the just idea of the people that their rights and liberties are involved in the issue, the equally important question of the military authorities as to how far their power extends, and the necessity of establishing a system of discipline conducive to

* As many of the Kaffirs found in arms against us were amenable to British laws, being employed as servants in the Colony, may not their aggressions be termed rebellion?

the safety of the Colony, as well as to the honour of the Service, I consider that, whatever the decision may be, it will henceforth be received as a precedent. At this moment, when the interests of England should be more closely united than ever with her Colonies, a full and clear definition of martial law is called for by all parties, military and civil.

In the mean time, having, as a soldier's wife, gained the benefit of experience, and therefore a certain right to offer, at least, an idea to those who are at a loss for any other precedent, or advice, in a Colony convulsed as this is by border-wars, I beg to say, I am of opinion that any officer in command of a body of troops in the field, whether regular or irregular, should consider the latter and all camp followers of all ranks, receiving Government pay and rations, and employed as Government servants, as amenable to military discipline, and should punish them for any crimes committed strictly according to the Articles of War. All cases unconnected with the duties of the Service, should be left to be decided by the civil authorities, when martial law should cease to be in force.

The second campaign has fairly commenced; Pato is yet unconquered. Three companies of the 73rd have marched from King William's Town for the Buffalo Mouth, and have been relieved by the same number of the 45th, from Fort Havre. Colonel Buller, Rifle Brigade, is commanding the field-force at King William's Town, Colonel Vander Meulen, 73rd, at the mouth of the Buffalo, where Lieutenant Jervois, R.E., is employed in selecting the site, and making preparations for building a military post for three hundred men. Colonel Johnstone, 27th Regiment, is Commandant at Fort Hare; the Gaikas in the neighbourhood are under our feet, and will remain so as long as we keep them down. Our troops are lying close to the crops of the Paikas. The great Chief, Macomo, has been wandering about the town of Fort Beaufort in a state of frenzy, from intoxication, having made the canteen his head-quarters. The only wife, out of ten, who has clung to him in his fallen fortunes, complains, at last, of the injuries he has inflicted upon her, by blows, as well as with a sharp instrument; and his child, whom he has in some whim named "Magistrate," has narrowly escaped the fate of

the poor little creature at Fort Hare, which, if not murdered at once by him, died from the effects of his savage treatment.

The intelligence received from the Buffalo Mouth on the 4th of April, was that Major Smith, 73rd, had been wounded by the enemy in ambush near the camp, when visiting the sentries; and two Burghers and a Fingo shot. There is the usual detail of cattle being stolen and re-captured, with casualties on both sides pretty equal, waggons fired at, and a successful chase by Captain Armstrong, Cape Mounted Rifles, after a Kaffir lad, whom he rode down, but who would give no satisfactory information, although he was endeavouring to communicate with some mounted Kaffirs, swimming their horses across the Keiskama. Colonel Somerset, in his dispatch, suggests "the expediency of establishing a cavalry post on the east bank of the Keiskama, to intercept marauding parties, who are constantly passing out of the Colony with cattle." Sir Henry Pottinger has decided on having shot all such captured cattle as cannot be removed without encumbering the troops, or delaying them in their operations.

Colonel Somerset's plan, of dotting the Colony with troops, has been the means of protecting it materially from Kaffir thieves. An old Dutch settler's cattle were lately driven, by a band of these robbers, right into Commatje's post, on the Fish River; this proves that they were hurried or intercepted in their march; or, what is equally probable, that they had come from a distance. One lot of cattle was re-captured in the neighbourhood of Double Drift, another post of the Fish River; the Kaffir thief was first observed reclining under a bush, calmly comtemplating his precious booty. Occasionally, we are without milk, in consequence of the milkman's cows having vanished in the night, within three miles of Graham's Town. Such losses, however, not unfrequently occur from carelessness on the part of the owners, or herds; the cattle stray to the edge of the bush, and there are always Kaffirs lying in wait to lift it.

When I read the miserable accounts from Ireland of its past year's woe, and the wretched prospect for the next, I long to hear of ships making their way to Algoa Bay, with emigrants from that country. Some have arrived within the

last few weeks, and employment and provision have been met with at once. Under another system, affording protection to the settler, this country will offer a refuge to the starving population of Ireland. Well might Sir Henry Pottinger be struck with the capabilities and resources of this fine Colony, as he travelled through it; Here is a vast and fertile space, comparatively free, at this moment, from the murderous heathen. The latter has been driven beyond the Buffalo; he is hungry, angry, unsettled; his chief is a wanderer between the British territory and his doubtful friend, Kreli; his tribe is broken up into subdivisions—all with unsettled purpose, save stealing; he has no real resting-place.

An industrious population, located in sections, would be the best protection for the country, and a well-organized militia, or police force, might be formed from those who are likely to die of cold and famine at home. Until such locations can be established, more troops will be required; the country we have added to our possessions must be held by might; and to do this, a living wall, bristling with arms, is necessary.

The village of Bathurst, in the district of Lower

Albany, may be said to defend itself to its best ability. This pretty settlement has risen and flourished under the patient labour of emigrants, sent thither in 1820, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Duke of Newcastle. The labourer, the mechanic, the unthriving tradesman, the servant without work, may not only find employment, but are absolutely wanted here. The former may plant his three, and sometimes four, crops of potatoes in the year, to say nothing of other produce, and manifold resources of gain and comfort. It is singular that, while our fellow-creatures in Great Britain, in 1847, were suffering from the failure of their crops, the gardens of corn, pumpkin, &c., in Kaffirland, are more than usually productive.

The miserable mechanics from our crowded manufacturing districts may here earn six shillings a-day with ease; the ruined tradesman of England, with a gaol staring him in the face, will meet with a welcome here, where opposition in trade is required, to promote industry, honesty, and civility; and the youths of Ireland, instead of arming themselves for rebellious purposes, may, in this Colony, serve their Queen honourably, by protecting their

fellow-creatures from the aggressions of the savage, and laying the foundations of peace, comfort, and prosperity, throughout this hitherto distracted dependency of England, and even beyond its borders.

Nothing tells the state of the settlers more than their appearance and employments. They have, comparatively, no cattle to herd, and endeavour to earn a subsistence by carrying their poultry and vegetables from house to house, for sale. You hear the rattle of a musket, flung down on your garden-ground, and behold, a weather-beaten, careworn man, with a young boy, or a Hottentot child, who asks you to purchase a sickly turkey, a few consumptive-looking chickens, some Cape gooseberries, garden-seeds, &c. These are from the country; the tradesmen and merchants, although suffering from losses, are enabled to make up for them by asking great profits on their goods.

An ordinance, dated the 11th of March, 1847, has been published by Sir Henry Pottinger, appointing R. Burgess, Esq., Commissioner of Claims, "to examine into all claims for compensation for losses" connected with the existing war.

Like all Sir Henry's proclamations, the tone of this is decided and frank, and provides against all chances of injustice to the colonists, as well as all fraud against the Government by evil-disposed persons. This tone of candour and firmness is peculiar to his Excellency's ordinances: in promising the settlers redress, he plainly demands in return, truth, and a conformance to the regulations he has laid down for their benefit, and the guidance of those employed by him in remedying the evils consequent on the late irruption. In admitting their claims to compensation, he takes steps to prevent all exaggerated or false statements, and all reports not founded on fact, and calculated to spread alarm unnecessarily; while, at the same time, he strictly enjoins vigilance, caution, and unity of purpose. But the last ordinance of the Lord High Commissioner is most important, and will doubtless have a great effect on the Kaffirs, especially at this season, the opening of the South African winter. All traffic is forbidden "between Her Majesty's subjects (whether residing within or without the boundaries of the Colony) and the different Kaffir tribes who are still in arms, or have been recently so against

Her Majesty's paramount authority and dignity." Instructions to this effect were given to Mr. Calderwood (Commissioner for the Gaika tribes) on the 25th of March, 1847, but "that no persons may plead ignorance of, or want of information with respect to the said notice," Sir Henry Pottinger again announces that "any of Her Majesty's subjects who may attempt, under whatever plea or pretence, to evade it, will do so at their peril, and will be held to be in treasonable intercourse with Her Majesty's enemies."

The withdrawal of the traders from Kaffirland will worry the enemy considerably. The Kaffir is miserable without tobacco; men, women, and children indulge in smoking to an extraordinary degree; and, as the winter advances, they will feel the loss more and more. Snuff is another luxury with which they have become fairly infatuated—they will even eat it, frequently swallowing it in the shape of a ball; and the English blanket is now one of the necessaries of life. They carry their love of ornament to such an excess, that they have certain fancies relative to their beads, which have as much sway over the fancies of the sable belles of Kaffirland, as any fiat, or

caprice, from the divan of a Parisian modiste, or the penetralia of a Mayfair beauty. One year, the leathern boddice of a Tambookie bride is *parsemented* with beads of a dead white; another season, the T'Slambie girls will quarrel for a monopoly of bright blue, and the Gaikas set up an opposition in necklaces of mock garnet and amber. Birmingham buttons ornament the skin cloaks of the women of Kaffraria, and brass bangles, from our manufactories, conceal the symmetry of their arms, which are models for sculpture.

Although our British traders may suffer individually, for a time, by this cessation from their traffic, the most respectable of them acknowledge that they see the necessity of it, and anticipate advantageous results hereafter. The great object of this measure is to prevent, or rather check, the sale of gunpowder. It is by these means that the Kaffirs have been enabled for years to collect it, and it is still to be feared that there are many men among the "pale faces," wicked enough to traffic, not only in the articles named above, but in arms and ammunition. Magazines have long been stored with the latter; and, as the traveller passed through a village of Kaffir huts, he little

imagined that two or three of these rude edifices, standing side by side, were unceasingly and jealously watched by as many idle-looking savages, whose listless air well concealed the importance of their real occupation.

Our enemies will soon learn that we are determined on tiring them out; that we will not only reduce them to subjection, but leave nothing undone to keep them so. They will be made to understand that we are not merely "fighting for a hatchet!" During the operations of the troops, under the command of General (late Colonel) Hare, against the Gaika tribes, the enemy, when beyond the range of our musketry, would call out, from the ridges of the hill, "Well, Umlunghi, have you found the hatchet yet?" In January, a Kaffir woman's body being discovered near the camp at Fort Hare, horribly mutilated, the legs and arms amputated, some of her countrymen stated that, a stolen hatchet having been found in her possession, they had determined to make an example of her, lest an additional cause should arise for the continuance of the war. Had this been legally investigated, and proved against the perpetrators of the deed, they would have

suffered for the atrocity; but, although the story wants official confirmation, it is believed by most of those who were in camp at the time.

A long line of posts is to be immediately established along the Buffalo. The General, Sir George Berkeley, had a narrow escape on the 31st of March, being fired at by the enemy from behind a bush, the ball passing at no great distance from him. He is encamped at the mouth of the Buffalo, awaiting the arrival of ships with stores and provisions. No field operations can take place until the question is decided as to the practicability of landing cargo there; the surf is at times tremendous, but the place is allowed to be equal to Waterloo Bay, if not safer.

In the mean time, patrols are scouring the bush in the neighbourhood of Pato's gardens, near the Buffalo; and, although shots are occasionally fired into the camps, they are too uncertain to be often effective. As usual, the enemy is scarcely ever seen; he fires from his cover of rocks, and thus, his own loss is concealed. Stock, and Nonnube, profess to be friends, and to protect certain passes, but Colonel Somerset will recom-

mend caution in this respect, as, from his own experience, he knows they are not to be trusted.

The bodies of the two burghers, Blakemore and Pister, have been discovered, mutilated with the usual ferocity*.

The Pekin has brought us letters and papers from England. In all we read of the distress in Ireland and the Highlands. Oh that we had some of these starving people here to till the ground now lying waste! Amid the sorrow and privation that have surrounded us, we have still found numerous members of the community, colonists and soldiers of all degrees, subscribing towards the relief of our unfortunate country in its hour of need; and the Rev. W. Shaw, in his public appeal to the charitable sympathies and assistance of his Wesleyan brethren of the eastern province, calls upon them to "disregard the distinctions of creed and church," and to remember only that the destitute for whom he pleads, "are their neighbours in a more emphatic sense than

* In before alluding to this appalling process of mutilation, I mentioned the circumstance of a Kaffir's body being skinned, and I have ascertained from indisputable authority that the skin of a savage was also sold in strips, in exchange for brandy, by an American employed in one of the levies.

any other people can be." The spirit of charity seems a golden link, uniting the heads of all persuasions in the Colony, for the accomplishment of a noble purpose.

I have touched on the want of attention to the interests of our own Established Church in this Colony; and, with every wish to be just and impartial, have alluded to certain good accruing from the exertions of some of the missionaries sent hither by different societies. In dwelling on the necessity of emigration, as a refuge and amelioration for the condition of the Irish, especially, I have called to mind circumstances under which I have known great solicitude expressed by them, when separated from all communication with their priest. The Roman Catholic clergyman, who left this last year, was unremitting in his duties towards his flock. Sunshine, or storm, Father Murphy and his black horse, each identified with the other, were seen wending their way, at a sharp pace, towards the humble cottages of Irish emigrants, or the hospital, where lay some poor Catholic, who "could not die" until he obtained comfort from his pastor. His successor, the Rev. Mr. Devereux, is rapidly gaining the esteem and

confidence of his people, by his unremitting attention and exertions. It is, indeed, honourable to the Colony to witness the readiness with which all unite in the great purpose of forwarding relief to the poor stricken creatures at home.

April 13th.—News from the Front! Sir Henry Pottinger has received an order from the Home Government to augment the regiment of Cape Mounted Riflemen to twelve companies, thus adding a battalion to that efficient corps. It is said by those who know the Colony well, that there will be a difficulty in raising recuits for this regiment, from the circumstance of the force being paid as infantry, although it is essentially a cavalry corps; and thus the pay of men and officers is quite inadequate to their services and expenses. Sir Henry Pottinger, however, is not the man to hesitate in such a matter, where the safety of the Colony is at stake; setting aside the justice due to old soldiers, he will at once see the necessity of promising a fair reward for future good service.

I shall look with great anxiety on the progress of recruiting for the Cape Corps, having long since earnestly dwelt on the advantages to be

derived from such a measure. It is worthy of remark that, when an order was given in London, in 1842, to raise a certain number of boys for the Cape Mounted Riflemen, it was carried out in less than two days, without the slightest difficulty. The Hottentots here will not be so easily obtained, at least until better pay is promised.

Another victim has fallen a sacrifice, not to the bullet or the assegai, but to the bodily hardships and anxiety of mind undergone during the war. The Colony has lost a friend by the death of Mr. Mitford Bowker. For several years, he held the appointment of Resident Agent to the T'Slambie tribes; but, after his retirement from this office, which his independent spirit alone prevented his retaining, he became a sheep-farmer, and, for ten years, suffered from the depredations of the savage. He was one of those brave settlers who stood by his homestead till "the word had been given to kill," remaining on his farm, with his family, till the last moment. Forming a little encampment near a kloof, he and his brave brothers, with a small body of steady friends, were attacked by the enemy, whom they kept in check, losing one of their number, of the

name of Webb, Mr. Bowker himself being struck by a ball. At last, from the smallness of the force, they were compelled to break up their encampment; and then, Mr. Bowker, although long and decidedly opposed to the policy of Sir Andries Stockenstrom, accepted the appointment of Commandant of part of the force under the latter officer. Worn out in body and mind, and ruined in fortune, he finally sought shelter under a brother's roof, and died at the age of forty-five, leaving a wife and children, with the good name their father bore as their sole inheritance.

In a sketch which I have read of his life, he is spoken of as belonging to the aristocracy of England, "being related to Lord Redesdale" through his mother's family. Mrs. Bowker's eight sons may be considered among the props of the Colony, and to their mother they owe an education which has enabled them to fill the position of British settlers with credit; and, it might have been, with eminent success. From a stirring mother of a numerous and thriving family, assisting all in their industrious occupations, and cheerfully sharing their toils, anxieties, and difficulties, I hear it stated by her intimate

acquaintances that Mrs. Bowker has become a broken-hearted woman. What a reward, after more than twenty years' patience, perseverance, and good example! As an honourable close to the outline I have quoted of Mr. Mitford Bowker's life, I have to add that he was not merely "a relation of Lord Redesdale's," but of our own dear English Miss Mitford—God bless her!

In the record of a war, where troops and settlers are united in the field, and where each among the latter has a stake at issue beyond mere worldly fame, the settler claims an equal place with the soldier, and honourable mention when he deserves it. Alas! within the last twelve months how many have "died and made no sign," who, with hearts crushed under the weight of sorrow and anxiety, and toil-worn and dispirited, have sat down at last, awaiting their release from present misery, in dull, absolute despair! "Ha!" exclaimed the Kaffir scouts one day from the hills, "ha! ha! Umlunghi, we will put the cold hand upon you!" Truly, they have kept their word, in more ways than one. Those who fell in the first engagements have escaped a year's anguish, and much "hope deferred." Let us trust that those

who die now, like Mr. Bowker, leaving his widow and children mourning for him on his desolate land, may at least close their eyes on the dawning of a bright horizon.

I must not omit to mention the death of another settler, Mr. Philip Norton, holding the temporary rank of Captain in the Graham's Town Hottentot Levy*. Here we have the same record of misery, the same tale of slow fever induced by the fatigue, exposure, and privations incidental to the state of this frontier at the present juncture. Driven from his home, a year ago, by the rush of the Kaffirs, his premises were fired, his flocks

* He was nephew to Mr. Norden, who fell at the head of the Graham's Town Yeomanry. The revival of this name reminds me of an omission which I should regret, but for this opportunity of repairing it. Mr. Norden was only in temporary command of the Yeomanry, at the time he fell so gallantly; the Commanding Officer, Colonel Lowen, being incapacitated by illness from heading the corps which he had obtained permission to organize shortly before this crisis. Colonel Lowen had retired from the Cape Corps on the full pay of a Major, after a service in this Colony of twenty-three years. He had previously served in the Royal Corsican Rangers, and was present at the battle of Maida, and captures of Ischia and Procida. His hopes of heading the corps he had been anxious to render serviceable to the Colony, were frustrated by death, and his last hours were embittered by the disappointment.

were scattered, and he was obliged to take up arms in the common defence. At the age of seven-and-twenty, this young man, who commenced his career with every prospect of success, dies the victim of the late disastrous war, leaving a young widow and four little children to mourn in vain the "mistaken measures of the Government." This is an every-day tale now, and a very discouraging one for emigration; nevertheless, the latter measure is the only one that can at once be entertained with any satisfactory hope of success. In the words of a curious work published in 1800, "the immediate consequence of this measure is of no less importance than happily providing for a numerous and distressed population; and, at the same time, laying the foundation of a commerce with the parent state, which cannot, perhaps, be appreciated too highly."

While writing on this subject, my attention is called to the official returns of emigrants introduced into the Colony by the arrival of the Gilbert Henderson, in 1847. After enumerating the capacities, trades, &c., of the emigrants, of whom there are two hundred, the Gazette remarks that "One hundred and fifty-five of them were

provided for at Cape Town, between the 2nd and 12th of February, and the remaining forty-five, who proceeded on in the vessel to Port Elizabeth, were provided for there between the 23rd of February and the 29th of March." Thus, not one of them advanced beyond the coast; and it is in the interior that their services are most called for.

April 18th.—With regard to the state of the war at this moment, we may still be said to be acting merely on the defensive; we are holding what we have, and, though a forward movement over the Kei is again spoken of, such an undertaking is out of the question. The new posts along the Buffalo line require all the troops we have there, to guard the stores, ammunition, &c. In spite of all the vigilance of the Colonists, and the numerous levies scattered about the settlements, the enemy continues to harass them, although constantly baffled in his attempts to steal the cattle. Many a poor herd falls the sacrifice to these aggressions; and, a few nights since, a Kaffir had the hardihood to advance within fifty yards of the sentry of the 91st, on duty at the gates of Commatje's Barrack, an

outpost near a noted drift on the Great Fish River. Lieutenant Stein turned out, with the men under his command, but nothing was to be seen; the sentry had been shot at, had returned the fire, and the scout had vanished.

It is rumoured that more troops have been sent for, and the 35th and 12th Regiments are actually named as the expected reinforcements. The first year of war has passed away, and the ruined Colonists have but one ground for rest; they have nothing more to lose. The prospects before them are anything but cheering, and the Lord High Commissioner finds himself surrounded by difficulties he perhaps little anticipated. There is a talk of locating, systematizing, and experimentalizing, but nothing is accomplished of a satisfactory nature, and the expenses, although not equal to those six months ago, namely, *eighty thousand pounds* (*at least*) *per month!* are still enormous, and unavailing.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF GENERAL HARE—CHIEFTAINSHIP—CAPTURE OF MARAUDERS — KAFFIR POLICE — CAPABILITIES OF THE COLONY—THE BURGHERS, AND THE VICTUALLING DEPARTMENT—EXPULSION OF A KAFFIR CHIEF—THE FINGO NATION—KAFFIRS AT HOME—PROSPECTS OF THE COLONY.

APRIL 20th, 1847.—To-day is the anniversary of our sad intelligence from the Amatolas, with its list of killed and wounded. It is a singular fact that the Kaffirs themselves dislike to be questioned concerning the remains of poor Captain Bambrick, but have no hesitation in speaking of other sufferers.

Within the year, we have heard of the death of the late Lieutenant-Governor of the Eastern Province of the Cape of Good Hope. Major-

General Hare died on board the Essex, four days after leaving this country for England. He, indeed, may be considered as one of the principal victims of the war. Long ere the irruption burst forth, he should have been at home. In 1845, finding his health declining, he expressed a desire to be relieved from the duties of his appointment, and it is most deeply to be deplored that his wishes were not complied with at once. When he was called to the field, all ideas of self were laid aside; and who shall say what the gallant soldier suffered, in mind and body, at the very moment the cheers of encouragement burst from his lips? Whatever may be said of his political career, when Lieutenant-Governor, the difficulties he had to contend with would, if explained, be sufficient excuse for many errors set down as wilful. He is dead! and it is a pleasure to recall his many excellent qualities. If he was not the man for South Africa, let it be remembered that, during the most eventful period of his government, he was here against his will, and that, having led his old corps against the ungrateful Gaikas, whom it had been his chief fault to trust and treat too kindly—when,

I say, he had headed the 27th once more, with honour to himself and them, he left the field, debilitated from fatigue and anxiety; and it was not till the mountains of that land in which he had suffered so much had faded from his sight, that "he turned his face to the wall," in the cheerless cabin of the restless ship, and died of a broken heart: for such, in fact, his disease may be pronounced.

One of the last anecdotes recorded of him, though trifling, is one of the many proofs of his kind nature. When about to leave Fort Beaufort for the field, and engaged in giving over the command of the Northern District to Captain Ward, 91st Regiment, his attention was diverted from the arrangements for defence to a little child who passed him by, looking up smilingly in his face. Bastions, forts, bridges, picquet houses, &c., faded from the mind of the single-hearted soldier; the child's smile was returned, and the kind eyes followed her retreating footsteps till she passed out of sight. The attention of the officer engaged with Colonel Hare was the more particularly recalled to this little incident, by his Commander returning gravely and offi-

cially to the solemn charge he was handing over, namely, the defence of a large garrison town, with scarcely any garrison to protect it. It may be added that Mrs. Hare was one of the inhabitants left to the mercy of the invaders, who, however, never came beyond the outskirts of the place; and Colonel Hare was pleased to express himself highly satisfied with the arrangements made by Captain Ward. Neither cattle nor horses were lost in the immediate neighbourhood of Fort Beaufort, during the period of that officer's command, nor did the enemy venture to fulfil their threat of invasion.

The Kaffirs now entertain a notion, that Sir Peregrine Maitland was recalled, in January, in consequence of his exhibiting too much severity towards them. This cannot be their own idea.

The registration system is dying a natural death: at least, such an inference may be drawn from the order lately given to officers, not to inquire for their tickets of Kaffirs who may be found driving cattle. Many months ago, a party of the 27th Regiment, suspecting that some cattle found in a kraal was stolen, demanded the necessary credentials, when a Kaffir coolly offered as such,

a leaf from a soldier's pocket ledger, picked up, perhaps, after the burning of the waggons at Burn's Hill.

The immediate border of the Colony is subject to the usual depredations: the friendly (?) Chiefs making the old excuse, that they "are sitting still, but that they cannot control their people." This question of chieftainship is most perplexing. In the dispatches from New Zealand, in Lady Sale's Journal, (page 26,) and many other works relative to our position with savage nations, we have precisely the same difficulties set before us.

The post established at Waterloo Bay, now under the command of Captain Savage, 91st Regiment, has lately been the favourite haunt of these thieving wretches, in consequence of the number of waggons collected there, waiting for supplies. A clear front offers a great temptation to these cattle-lifters; and, on the 22nd of April. Lieutenant Butler, 7th Dragoon Guards, had a smart gallop after the enemy. On the 21st, sixty waggon-oxen were whistled away through the bush: the Dragoons pursued them; but, sighting them at dark, could not come up with them in time to attack the thieves. From the scanty force

we have, compared with the land we have taken, sufficient guards cannot be given for the cattle in the pasture-grounds, sometimes a mile from the posts, and, by the time the herds,—if not shot,—can give notice of the loss, the Kaffirs, with half-an-hour's start, can generally elude their pursuers. But, on the 22nd of April, the Dragoons, only ten in number, were in the saddle in a few minutes; yet, notwithstanding this, they had a ride of fifteen miles before they came up with their game, having traced the spoor along the sea coast. The robbers were caught at the mouth of the Beka River, where Lieutenant Butler cut them off. The cattle were re-taken, and three of the enemy killed. Only four had been employed in the marauding expedition, though, doubtless, there was a horde in the bush. The fourth fell to Mr. Butler's lot to despatch; and he, having ridden down the savage, struck him on the head with his sabre, which broke at the hilt; and the Kaffir, clinging to the officer's stirrups, and imploring mercy, Mr. Butler gave him his life, and took him on, as a prisoner, to Waterloo Bay, with some guns and a number of assegais. Unfortunately, in his transit from

Waterloo Bay to Fort Peddie, being tied by one hand to a waggon, he soon slipped the *reim**, and escaped, to tell the tale to his friends, who would make good use of his information. The camp here is in a bad position; very near the bush, and the facility with which brandy can be obtained by the soldiers is unfortunate, especially for a very young regiment like the 6th. Intelligence has been received of the murder of a man of this regiment at Waterloo Bay, very near the camp; but, although Kaffirs are suspected, nothing certain has transpired. On the evening of the 30th of April, the cries of the unhappy man were heard in the bush by his comrades, the guard turned out instantly, and went to the rescue: there lay the victim, stabbed in many places, and quite dead.

Colonel Somerset lately recommended that a guard of cavalry should be placed at the ebb and

* "Reims" are strips of bullock-hide used as thongs, and constantly carried in this country, by experienced travellers, for repairing broken girths, &c., and so on. One day, when out riding, my stirrup-leather broke, and the Orderly of the Cape Corps was about to receive a sharp reproof from the Officer who accompanied me, for not having a reim, when he pulled some hairs out of his horse's tail, which served the purpose at once.

flow-drift near the mouth of the Keiskama, this river lying between the Great Fish and Buffalo Rivers, to intercept marauders; but there are no cavalry to send thither; and, at this juncture, we hear of troubles with the Griquas and Boers, near the Orange River. Captain Warden, Cape Mounted Rifles, has applied for troops, and Lieutenant Plestow, 7th Dragoon Guards, has marched to the Modda River, with thirty men of his regiment.

Lieutenant Davis, late Adjutant of the 90th Light Infantry, having been appointed Superintendent of Native Police, has succeeded in drilling and organizing a very efficient force, consisting chiefly of tame Kaffirs. The experiment of arming so treacherous a race seems fraught with danger. During our residence at Fort Peddie in 1833–4, we were frequently struck with the folly of keeping a force to "protect the Fingoes," who were permitted—the men, at least—to lead a life of idleness. The women, poor creatures, tilled the ground, carried water, cut wood, ground the corn,—in short, did all the heavy work; and the little boys and old men herded the cattle; while the young men, unless called out on a *commando*,

for a few weeks or days in a year, spent their time in hunting, dancing, eating, and sleeping, and, not unfrequently, in lifting their neighbour's cattle. It was at this period that Captain Ward, 91st Regiment, deprecating so weak a system, proposed to the Lieutenant-Governor to have these Fingoes organized, armed, and drilled as regular troops, by British non-commissioned officers; but Colonel Hare neither then nor afterwards dreamed of the mine which was about to explode beneath his feet, and the suggestion was not seriously considered by his Honour.

When we read of the distress of our own country, and of the wretched earnings of our mechanics, we are disgusted at the idea of these same Fingoes striking work (as Coolies) at Waterloo Bay, being dissatisfied with the pay of two shillings a day. As their services are necessary in landing cargo, their demand of three shillings a-day has been acceded to, and they have consented to work, when it suits them! for they take occasional holidays, for dancing and eating. At Algoa Bay, the Fingoes are often paid six shillings a day for working as Coolies.

What a settlement for the starving Highlanders

the Amatola Mountains would be! And what employment offers itself along the coast for the active Irish! If the Amatolas were devoted partially to agriculture, instead of pasturage, or to sheep-farming, with a view to the exportation of wool, there would be comparatively no temptation for the Kaffir, and a New Erin might rise, upon the eastern shore of this fertile country. Its very productiveness renders agriculture an uncertain speculation, in consequence of the small population: here again, emigration provides the remedy. It is to be hoped that the Royal Society will send hither intelligent and truthful individuals, who would make none but just reports of the capabilities of the Colony. Coffee, sugar, and innumerable other articles might be raised here; flax, particularly, would be successful; and the discovery of coal at Natal, leads scientific men to infer that it is to be found elsewhere. At the Kowie, it is pretty well ascertained to be in existence. We learn from Natal, that the military there are intent on farming, the productive soil tempting many to purchase land, with the intention of settling. We might thin our dark mines of England, by sending men to South Africa, to work the treasures of her

earth. It is, however, of the utmost importance, that the Emigration Societies should be particular as to the class of people selected to colonize this territory. If the aim be, to clear Great Britain of her overwhelming population, let not her Colonies be selected as the safety-valve of her gaols.

April 27th.—Sir Andries Stockenstrom's offer of bringing a Burgher force in the field has been accepted, but as yet only twenty-one men has responded to his call. The Boers *in the* Winterberg districts, northwards, are not disposed to take the field again, and plainly say they will not do so if they can help it; nevertheless, if compelled to serve, they state that they prefer Sir Andries as a Commandant to any other man; because, during the first field-operations, his Commissariat was well stored. It cannot be doubted that this looking to his provisions before he took the field, was a most important and politic measure on the part of the Commandant-General. He never allowed expense to be a matter of consideration; and, as supplies became dearer and scarcer as the war progressed, this early storage at great cost would probably have amounted to no more, in the end, than that of the forces under other Commanders,

had a proper system been observed in the issue of provisions. It is a well-attested fact, that, while the regular troops were for days without meat, the Burghers had beef *à discrétion*, or rather, beyond discretion. An ox was killed, and hung up, from which the men cut a slice when they would; and the meal, or flour, allowed them being more than they required, they occasionally disposed of it to the soldiery. The other irregular forces were, however, subject to the same privations as the Queen's troops.

Captain Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards, has succeeded in raising another levy of about two hundred Hottentots from the lower districts, and they are expected at Waterloo Bay on the 10th of May. Lieutenant Forsyth, R.N., is relieved from his duties as a harbour-master at this bay by Lieutenant Connolly, R.N. Lieutenant Forsyth was appointed to this office at the Buffalo mouth, 30th of April. The long-looked-for vessel, the Frederick Huth, has at last reached the Buffalo in safety, after a month's voyage from Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay. She was seen three weeks since off the Buffalo, and was driven back to Waterloo Bay. At last, she was again sighted eight or ten miles

from her place of destination: a mist came on, and it was doubtful whether she could make her way over the bar. At length, the curtain of vapour, which hung between Colonel Vander Meulen's camp and the ocean, was lifted up, and there at last lay the welcome ship at anchor. The landing of the cargo is progressing favourably, which is at this moment of great advantage to the troops, their provisions being at a very low ebb.

All is still chaos with regard to the diplomacy to be entered upon between the Kaffirs and the British authorities. The idea of diplomacy at all seems ridiculous, and yet the honour of the British nation must not be tarnished in its dealings with a race whose notions of honour are totally opposed to its own. The expenses are still frightful, and his Excellency is taking steps to lighten them. His measures in this matter are not approved by all, and the refusal of rations to the families of men employed in the levies has called forth a cry of dissatisfaction. To form a correct scale of the general expenses would scarcely be possible, but one or two items will give an idea of them. I am credibly informed that the cost of waggon hire alone is £170,000 a-year, and the pay of the

provisionals (independently of rations) £50,000 a-year!

In the present complicated state of these expenses, the Lord High Commissioner will have much trouble in unravelling the web of difficulties with which he is surrounded. True, he fancied he had brought war to a close ere he left the frontier; but the death-cries beyond the Kei, on the 12th of January, mocked the hopes of peace in the proclamation of the 13th day of that month. A war it certainly cannot now be called; for, since last August, the British troops have been employed on the defensive against a banditti.

The recruiting for the Cape Mounted Rifles has not been so unsuccessful as was anticipated by those who knew the Hottentots' position in this country. They are too well off to seek work. The same melancholy system of false philanthropy has been followed with this acute race, as has been the bane of all the coloured population here; and the very streets are daily infested with parties of them, sitting idle or intoxicated, even on the steps of the places of worship.

The first step taken by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henry Young, has been to send the Chief,

Umgeki, out of Graham's Town. The cost of maintaining friendly Kaffirs and prisoners of war here is most unsatisfactory. Umgeki's procession is as curious as amusing. Having been faithful to the British Government for twelve months, (that is to say, so cowardly as to be rejected by his own tribe as Chief!) he, and his numerous wives, children, and attendants, have been lodged and fed at the Government expense; the loud and savage orgies of this precious community occasionally disturbing the inhabitants of Graham's Town residing near the Court-house, below which they were held! Umgeki and his suite are allowed two waggons for their transit to Fort Peddie*, and the only thing wanting to complete this interesting cavalcade is an escort of British soldiers! The prisoners of war, thirty in number, are still entertained in the gaol, occasionally condescending to work for sixpence a-day. They sometimes attempt and effect their escape when employed in the streets.

May 10th.—Further particulars have been received of the murder of the soldier of the 6th. Those on the spot, and most capable of judging,

* In moving with a field-force *one waggon* is allowed for *ten officers'* camp equipage and stores.

are of opinion that this horrrible deed has been committed by Fingoes. It seems that, on the unhappy man's cries being heard, the guard rushed to his assistance. A little pool of blood was observed near the spot where he had fallen, and he had been dragged some sixty yards along the road. A gun-shot wound in the body, and an assegai stab in the heart, had silenced his cries speedily. The *spoor* of three or four men was traced towards Peddie; and, as the murdered man had some tobacco about him, and an empty case, with a hatchet beside it, lay near him, it is supposed, that, having gone to fetch some stolen and secreted tobacco from the bush, he was waylaid by Fingoes and murdered, for the sake of the plunder. As no cattle were near the place, it is not likely that Kaffirs would be lurking there.

I give the above detail, (and there might be many more,) with a view to prove the folly of permitting the coloured inhabitants of South Africa so much licence. The Fingoes are a brave nation, more industrious than the Kaffirs; but, under the present system of false indulgence, we are only encouraging them in indolence and vice; and, when too late, we shall find them very

troublesome, and, perhaps, dangerous allies; whereas, by proper management, they may become valuable assistants, in peace, or war.

An ordinance has been published by Sir Henry Pottinger, too long to quote at any length, but the real object of it may be traced in the thirty-second and last articles, which is as follows :—

"His Excellency considers the time has arrived when the feelings and ideas of all classes should, if possible, be recalled to habits of peace, and an attempt be made to restore by degrees the totally disorganized state of society, consequent on the war. His Excellency's object, in addition to those primary ones, is to introduce a system of regularity and responsibility in the different branches of the Service under his guidance, without impairing the efficiency of the means at his disposal for protecting the Colony, and he relies with full confidence on the zealous co-operation of all whose duty it is to assist in giving effect to the plans he has in view."

By this ordinance, the greater part of the levies has been broken up, and they will be re-organized, *if possible*. The reckless expenditure, and the confused state of these scattered bodies, have

called for His Excellency's "serious consideration," and his object evidently is to examine and condense the materials or "means at his disposal," for the protection of the Colony, and having reduced them from their present state of chaos to some sort of order, to go to work afresh —*if he can.*

The following clauses are indicative of the disordered state of these "irregular forces." "From the returns, it would appear that there are three Corps of Hottentots and Fingoes belonging to the Cradock division, but that they have never been regularly organized, that some of the officers have never been paid at all, that some of the men are absent without leave, and that the whole are discontented."—(Clause 13.)

In allusion to a body called the Irregular Horse, clause the 15th remarks that "no trace can be found of any authority for the maintenance of such a body, and the Governor is unacquainted with the duties it has to perform," &c. This said body of Irregular Horse were, I am assured, organized by Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, on the authority of Sir Peregrine Maitland; these men have been of great service at Block Drift in

carrying despatches, and in many ways doing the duty of Dragoons.

The 28th clause observes, that "the only cases in which rations in future will be allowed to the wives and families—that is, to *one wife* and three children—of men serving in the local and provisional levies, will be where men have entered for actual service beyond the frontier," &c.

These clauses prove that there have been abuses and neglect.

Various plans are in abeyance; but, in the mean time, the harass to the troops is most trying and unsatisfactory. Let no man, who is a soldier at heart, ever anticipate credit, or satisfaction, by a service in this ill-starred country! If he be in command of a regiment, he will seldom see his men, or officers; they will be scattered far and wide, frequently beyond his reach and rule: if he be a Captain, or Subaltern, he may make up his mind to solitary confinement at an outpost for months, or unceasing wanderings with waggons, cattle, and soldiers heartily sick of a field destitute of laurels.

Detachments are again changing quarters. Those who have been many months under

canvass are ordered to hut themselves, an order in some localities rather difficult to carry into effect; and all active operations are deferred till August. Certain arrangements are being made for the establishment of Kaffirs between the Keiskama and Buffalo Rivers, and the latest intelligence from the latter is that upwards of a hundred oxen have been carried off from the neighbourhood of the camp, the thieves being suspected as being employed by "friendly Kaffirs."

Sir Andries Stockenstrom has retired again to his property at Maastrom. The Burghers, whom he hoped to bring into the field, have been deaf to his call, and the chief hope now remaining is, that the farmers, who are unwilling to encounter the miseries of South African field-duties, may set to work in good earnest in the agricultural districts; and, by their vigilance, maintain their ground against the savage and treacherous enemy, who is still too readily trusted.

It is but fair to remark, that, had there been a prospect of an expedition across the Kei, there would have been less difficulty in raising a Burgher force; the objection on the part of the farmers

was to serve indefinitely, with no prospect of active service.

Nominally, we are yet at war: the Colony may yet be considered besieged—the troops can only act on the defensive. The source of mischief is every day more readily traced to the supineness of the Home Government, in not attending to the cry of the colonists at first; and in persisting in their false system with the coloured population. The employment of Kaffir servants now is a dangerous experiment; not likely, however, to be tried extensively, or without caution, by the farmers. It is said, and I have no doubt of the truth, that Sandilla rejoices in adding recruits to the Kaffir Police Force:—they are his spies.

After all the opprobrium bestowed on Colonel Hare, for not "at once attacking the Kaffirs in their native fastnesses," with some thirteen hundred men, what will be said now, when nothing is done with five additional regiments, besides the native levies? We have, it is true, broken up the combination of the war party — Colonel Somerset did this, at the Gwanga, in June, 1847; —but they are clearly the gainers by the war. The earth is before them where to choose, and

the mass of cattle taken from the Colony will never be restored. The unconquered Pato sits on the east bank of the Bashee, and laughs at us. It is very provoking to admit it, but such is the fact.

Colonel Hare's chief error lay in not demanding more troops from home, and representing the danger of the Colony. But, had he done so, would his representations have met with any attention from England? Blind she was, and deaf, till the war-cry roused her, and even this would have had, perhaps, little effect, if her treasury had not been compelled to open her strong box! That called her to "attention" at last. Colonel Hare probably felt the same anxiety as every one else does who serves in this Colony. All are intent on getting away from it—creditably if they can! but, at any rate, to get away. He was spared to head his regiment once more; having done that, his constitution failed from over-excitement and harass, and, dying, he added one to the long list of Cape martyrs!

The only plan now appears to be, to take possession of the country; to locate, by degrees. Still, the space and the population are incom-

patible; and, although we may hold the land, we cannot secure the property. Accounts dated the 18th of May, inform us that "the news is small, the Kaffirs are carrying off cattle, patrols are lying along the drifts to intercept them," &c.

We have an instance to-day, the 19th of May, of our enemy's perseverance and determination, in the report from a patrol in search of stolen cattle. A private of the Rifle Brigade, having lost his way in the bush, heard Kaffirs approaching the spot where he lay *perdu;* thanks to his green jacket, he was enabled to watch the movements of the savages, without decided danger to himself. They approached a kloof, in which one of their number awaited them. The Rifleman saw them handing their arms to the Kaffirs in the ravine, who concealed them in some nook selected for the purpose. Watching his opportunity, the soldier effected his journey back to the camp; and, on giving his information, Lieutenant Macdonald, and a party of the Cape Mounted Rifles, were sent out to search the spot, for the muskets and ammunition hidden. From this, it may be inferred that there are many similar depôts of arms in the bush.

The Lord High Commissioner is intent on curtailing the expenses attendant on the war, and on bringing the Colony and the newly-added territory to some sort of order. Inspections take place, and bands re-assemble; and now, soldiers who, last year, were starving in the field, are politely reminded that their soup may not be served and seasoned to their liking. All are weary of the war, each longs for home, and each feels, day by day, the truth of the term applied by the Kaffirs to the British troops during the three days' engagement in the Amatolas, namely, that we are "like mice in a calabash." There is no breaking the weary chain that holds us here, and Sir Henry Pottinger himself has suffered already in health, from continuous attention to business. He finds that he has come too late to be of immediate service to this beautiful but ruined Colony.

As an Englishwoman, I grieve that I can give no record of success by British arms. I must, however, premise, that no other country but England would have treated a savage foe with such lenity, forbearance, and humanity as we have done. Had we not been guided by these truly

British attributes, we might have conquered our unworthy enemy by annihilating him. By God's help, and by severe sacrifices and privation on the part of the troops, we shall be enabled to establish our rights to the hunting-ground of the idle, thieving Kaffir; and, when we have done this, we may hope to bring him under wholesome restraint. He is a noble animal, and in these two words his present character may be summed up. We may, by proper measures, make him something better, then, but not till these measures are carried out, we may civilize him. To see him brought to reason at once would be to fulfil before its time the prophecy of Isaiah, that "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid." I almost think we shall see all this come to pass before "there shall be peace in Kaffirland."

The troops are lying on their arms for the winter, while our friends, the registered Kaffirs, are helping themselves to the colonial cattle, whenever opportunity offers. I pray Heaven that I may shortly have to record our anticipated departure from the frontier of Kaffirland. And, when a truce of some ten years shall have passed

away, should another and a louder cry from the Amatolas awake the Colonists to their perils by brand and assegai, may I know little of it! God forbid that I, or any one I love, should be on the spot during "The next Kaffir War!"

CHAPTER IX.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER OF SANDILLA, COMMANDER OF THE KAFFIR FORCES—COST OF THE WAR—KAFFIR SOLDIERS IN THE BRITISH SERVICE—BRITISH TACTIQUE AMONG THE NATIVES—TRADITION RESPECTING THE SUBJUGATION OF KAFFRARIA—THE NEW CAMPAIGN—SANDILLA PROCLAIMED A REBEL—TREATMENT OF WOMEN BY THE KAFFIRS—THE ENEMY ATTACKED IN HIS FASTNESSES—MARTIAL LAW IN THE COLONY.

THE recent surrender of Sandilla, at length promises the dawn of peace, and the circumstance of a paramount Chief voluntarily becoming a prisoner, on the simple assurance that his life will be spared, is unprecedented in the annals of Kaffirland. He risks the chance of loss of liberty for life. A liar himself by nature, he can scarcely comprehend the sacred nature of the white man's

promise, and must have been driven to the utmost extremity, and deserted, in a great measure, by his people, ere he took so decided a step on what, to him, were probably uncertain grounds. Chief after Chief refused him his assistance, or countenance. They had found out the fallacy of his short-sighted promises; they had at last begun to feel the power of the British arms; their women and children had already suffered severely from the miseries of war; and, to add to this, they were but subservient Chiefs to the rash Gaika. To them the stake was not of such importance. They, therefore, "sat still," showing themselves from day to day to the Civil Commissioner of their tribe, Mr. Calderwood; their "people" were doubtless wandering about, "seeking whom they might devour." Umhala, of the T'Slambies, looked on from his pleasant location, professing to be under British rule; and, when some stolen cattle were traced to his kraal, he "knew nothing of it," of course. "Subtle as the serpent," the Kaffir has the peculiar knack of appearing "harmless as the dove."

Enough has been said to enlighten all impartial readers on the subject of Kaffir character. We

are told that the Kaffir war excites but little interest in England. Let us see what her people will say when they ascertain that the expenses of this war amount to nearly three millions of money! A small voice sometimes makes itself heard in trying to impress on the public mind that the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope has been badly managed, and that the consequent expenses will be "nearly one million," but even this small voice is little heeded by some, and is laughed at by others.

In China, eight hundred guns were spiked, with little trouble, in a short time, and without the loss of a man! The game seemed hardly worth bringing down; but then, the advantages arising from conquering an opulent and educated nation seem incalculable when compared with the subjection of savages! He is a wise man who, as he fills his purse at one end, takes care that a single stitch shall not give way at the other; but, as fast as England makes money by one conquest, she fritters it away in mismanaging another, that might repay her fourfold.

Sandilla came into Graham's Town, as a captive, on Sunday, the 25th of October, 1847.

Closely guarded by a body of Cape Mounted Riflemen and 7th Dragoon Guards, under Captain Bisset and Lieutenant Petre, and attended by the Councillors, and his own brother, Autá (a young man of great talents and energy, and his chief warrior), he rode through the streets, just as the church doors opened to send forth the Christian observers of the Sabbath. Bare-headed, and with downcast eyes, his withered limb hanging below his kaross, marking him as the restless Gaika,—he who had issued his "word" from the mountain-side, over his wide-spread and beautiful territory, now passed on a prisoner, followed by a few Hottentot boys!

How little could that wild creature comprehend the feelings of white men, as they watched him on his way! There was, of course, great satisfaction at seeing him thus secured; but all anger would have been as much thrown away on him as on the wild beast which it is necessary to cage. The cavalcade moved slowly through the streets, the Drostdy barrack-ground is reached, the soldiers on guard at last behold the man whom they

have so long sought—the door of a large empty store is thrown open, and, in another moment, the fallen Chief sits down, in that dim space, with his followers. The free air and the bright sun make but little way through the narrow loop-holes, and the shape and aspect of his prison must offer a wretched contrast to the broad valleys and free mountain paths which the ill-advised and misguided Lord of the Amakosas has forfeited.

Some observe that difficulties are likely to present themselves to the authorities in punishing Sandilla, after the surrender of the latter, who relies on the long-tried kindness of the white man. Napoleon "threw himself on the honour and generosity of the British nation,"—England banished him, without any real consideration for his personal comforts in his exile. Sandilla, a savage, without education, or principle, is not a responsible being, like Napoleon, but the consequences of trusting to him would be, in their way, equally fatal.

It was the useful green-jackets, the untiring Rifle Brigade, who worried Sandilla out of his hiding-place among the mountains. But, my

narrative must go back to the month of June, having closed my last chapter in May. The troops, it may be remembered, were then about to hut themselves for the first months of the winter season, which, in this climate, is so uncertain as to render all calculations relative to military movements useless.

Our enemy took advantage of this temporary cessation of hostilities to burn all the grass, from the Buffalo to the Kei, and to take his usual pastime in cattle-stealing. Happily, the Colony was tolerably well guarded, and the boundary vigilantly watched; the colonists, too, had not only much less cattle to lose, but took the precaution of drawing nearer the towns, with their families and property.

At this time, we learned from English papers that the subject of emigration, "as a relief from the alarming destitution of the United Kingdom," was discussed in various societies, and it was proved, that, between the months of January and March, 1847, nine thousand natives of Ireland had sailed from Liverpool to America! An English paper also stated that, in consequence of the influx of emigrants in America, the streets of

Boston were filled with beggars. Let us hope that some of our poor may, some day, find safe refuge here.

Dr. Croly remarks, in his "Three Cycles of Revelation," that "in all lands where the earth throws up unsolicited abundance, the powers and principles of the human mind either stagnate, or take fire. Life fluctuates between gross indulgence and dreary inaction, and man degenerates into the savage." In South Africa, this "unsolicited abundance" of the land is the bane of the Kaffir, while the white man, who will work, starves at home.

Sir Henry Pottinger's chief object on his arrival in this Colony was the curtailment of expenses, but the measure was of necessity slow, and to the most sanguine mind could not be satisfactory. The Colony, however, must hereafter be sensible of his great mental exertions and industry in endeavouring to extricate it from the web of mischief which had for years been gradually weaving round it.

Sandilla remained in the neighbourhood of Fort Hare during the pause in our operations. Where the twenty thousand head of cattle, and the arms,

demanded of him by Sir Peregrine Maitland last year are, is a question which, for the present, appears to be dropped. His messages were, as usual, cool and saucy. On the other side of the Buffalo River, Pato was coquetting with the authorities, now sending Jan Tzatzoe with a conciliatory message, and now making his simple-minded brother, Cobus Congo, an envoy to our camps with a flag of truce, and hollow protestations. At last, he consented to come in and surrender himself unconditionally, as was required by the Government; but this step was prevented by an *émeute* between our troops and Sandilla's immediate followers. Pato, of course, changed his mind, to wait the result of this affair, handed over the stolen cattle to the care of Kreli, beyond the Kei, and sat down quietly to observe our proceeding.

The affair in question, which took place on the 15th of June, was as follows:—

Some colonial property (goats and horses) were stolen by Kaffirs from the Kat river settlement; the spoor of these was traced to the territory of Sandilla, who, with every appearance of good faith, returned them to Fort Hare. But, although

he did this, he determined on turning the robbery to good account, and punished the thief by "eating him up," appropriating his cattle to his own royal purposes, thus taking the law into his own hands; and, finally, refusing to give up the thief to the patrol sent for him by our authorities. This patrol consisted of two troops of the 7th Dragoon Guards, two companies of the 45th regiment, small detachments of the Cape Corps, a Fingo levy, and eighty of the Kaffir police. These were deputed to demand the thief, and a fine of three head of cattle, from the Gaika Chief. The cunning Sandilla "knew nothing of the thief," the goats "had been found straying." The troops secured the Chief's cattle; but, on their return towards Fort Hare, were waylaid by the Kaffirs in great numbers. These called out "You have done well to come to the old graves," alluding to the battle at Burn's Hill, in April, 1846; and, following the troops nearly to Fort Hare, they succeeded in re-capturing almost all the cattle, exclaiming, as they retired with their prize, "By and by, you will learn wisdom, and not come again."

The failure of this expedition was most vexa-

tious, and it is asserted, by those who should know, that some want of caution was manifested in the advance on the Great Place of Sandilla. The rattle of accoutrements gave him warning of his danger, and he escaped into the bush, leaving his people to fight for his ill-gotten plunder. It is stated, and I believe with perfect truth, that Captain Buttler, 7th Dragoon Guards, absolutely covered the retreating Chief with his rifle, and could have shot him, had he not been forbidden, by a senior officer, to fire.

Lieutenant Davis, formerly Adjutant of the 90th Light Infantry, was in command of the Kaffir Police, so successfully organized by him, on this occasion. These men "fought bravely, and did good service against their countrymen," "a fact," says the Graham's Town Journal, "which only shows that, when self-interest is sufficiently influential, they will sacrifice those of their own blood with as little remorse as they will the colonists."

Were we to meet with any reverses, such men as these would not hesitate to return to their people, and their excuse for having joined us would probably be, that they had only staid

among the Umlunghi to "gain experience in the use of their arms, and now came to lay them at their father's feet!"

The Christian Kaffir, Kama, who has served us well during this war, against the Tambookies, remonstrated when called upon to fight against the Gaikas. He was willing, he said, to defend the white man's property and rights, and this he did with the remnant of his tribe, but he begged the Government would not insist on his attacking his own people in their haunts. Kama, and his little band, have not eaten the bread of idleness during the war; cattle have been rescued by them, positions defended, and safe escort to travellers afforded.

In the above-mentioned expedition against Sandilla, Lieutenant Russell, of the Kaffir Police, was killed, at the early age of twenty-three; eight or ten casualties, killed and wounded, occurred on our side, and several of the enemy are supposed to have fallen. This was the end of an affray with those people who, a few months since, professed penitence, and declared that they had no longer any arms to give up.

I confess I am at a loss to know why Sandilla

was permitted to remain among that said "place of the old graves," and more so at any Kaffirs being allowed to cultivate their crops so close to the Colony. The folly of considering any of the Gaikas "friendly" until they shall be subdued, has long been proved. Sandilla did not pay the fine demanded by Sir Peregrine Maitland, took no steps to do so beyond promising, and yet has been permitted to prowl about the vicinity of Fort Hare, and to pasture cattle which he chooses to call his.

The enemy has already profited by the experience he has gained in a war with Europeans. His improvement in tactics is manifest in his mode of guarding drifts and passes, sending out scouts, posting videttes, &c.; and the success of the Gaikas in the brush alluded to, made them more insolent to the authorities than they had been since their defeat at the Gwanga. They now declared that, for the future, "extermination" should be their watch-word: but, though this threat was naturally alarming to the colonists, it was but an empty boast. The outer lines were too well guarded for any numbers to pour in: the time, however, for active operations against them, was not yet come.

On Sir George Berkeley reaching Fort Hare, on the 22nd of June, Sandilla sent him a few cows as a peace-offering for his late offence, saying, that "the account was fairly balanced in the late affray with his people—two being killed on either side; and he therefore hoped nothing more would be said about it." One blessing pervaded the Colony at this time:—there was a prospect of great plenty; and, where the settlers could or dared to cultivate, the land promised an abundant return*.

A friend of mine thus describes Fort Armstrong, a military post garrisoned by a small detachment, near the Kat River settlement:—

"Fort Armstrong is a romantic-looking place, standing on a rugged and lofty peninsula formed by the Kat River, and overlooking many of the farms in that settlement. Some of these are well cultivated, but the far greater portion seemed to be lying fallow,—not like the clear fallows of England, but full of weeds, and the

* Since writing this chapter I have ridden upwards of two hundred and twenty miles through the country, and had an opportunity of observing the singular contrast afforded by the cultivation round the farms, with the devastated appearance of the buildings themselves. Some were levelled to the ground, and almost all more or less defaced or injured.

fields which had been cultivated were scarcely discernible."

The advantages of the opening of the Buffalo River, were particularly manifested in the facility with which three companies of the 90th Light Infantry, under Major Eld, were landed there from Cape Town. Many months ago, as I have elsewhere observed, we met them on their road homewards. Their first disappointment occurred at Algoa Bay, on seeing the Thunderbolt steamer wrecked before their eyes, instead of receiving them on board for Cape Town; and, after a detention there in the daily expectation of setting sail for England, they re-embarked for Kaffirland.

A tradition has been handed down among the Kaffirs, similar to a superstition entertained by the Burmese. To the latter, it had been foretold by their priests that, as soon as a vessel without sails, or rowers, should be seen in the Irawaddy River, Burmah would fall. The appearance of the Enterprise steamer in their river daunted their spirits, and contributed, in a great measure, to discourage the Burmese troops. The Kaffirs relate, that a prophecy exists among them to the effect, "that when sea-waggons shall make

their resting-places in the mouth of the Buffalo, Kaffirland shall *die.*"

The Rosamond steamer landed the troops and ordnance stores at the Buffalo mouth, on the 28th of July, in the space of two hours and a half, in perfect safety, and the 90th thus accomplished in little more than a fortnight, a journey, which, by the old route, could not have been performed under at least six weeks, and most probably two months.

It was ascertained that much cattle had been driven northwards into the Basouta country, between the Kraai and OrangeRivers. In this territory dwell many emigrants, and from them were formerly obtained supplies for troops and colonists. Under Sir Benjamin D'Urban's system, these lands were embraced within the limits of the colonial boundary; but, when his arrangements were set aside, the emigrants were left to the mercy of the neighbouring tribes. Massassa, the Tambookie, from whom Captain Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards, took five thousand head of cattle last year, and who declared himself almost beggared, passed his plunder through this territory towards the Basouta Chief, Moshesh, between whom and the disaffected

Dutch a trade in gunpowder has long been carried on. Moshesh professing neutrality, we cannot interfere with him, without a troublesome investigation, impracticable at present. The Griquas beyond Colesberg, taking advantage of our being beleaguered on all sides, have given indications of discontent; and, although a decided war may be brought to a close, the Governor of the Cape will have plenty of business on his hands for years to come.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, Sir George Berkeley, returned to Graham's Town, with his staff, on the 26th of June, from his reconnoitring trip, and it was determined to commence active operations against the whole of the Kaffir tribes in August, or September. In the mean time, Captain Hogg was busied in raising another levy; but his recruits, as well as those for the Cape Corps, were disposed to desert as soon as they had obtained the bounty with which they had been induced to enlist.

The efficient corps of Cape Mounted Riflemen has at last been augmented—a measure which should have been adopted five years ago.

Ordinance after ordinance issued from Sir Henry

Pottinger's hand, each evincing a deep interest in the momentous task before him, and untiring exertion in endeavouring to arrange the chaotic mass of business with which he was surrounded. The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henry Fox Young, traversed part of Lower Albany for the purpose of examining its resources. On visiting Port Frances, at the Kowie, he was saluted by some miniature artillery on Mr. Cock's property, and a report immediately spread through the frontier that Fort Beaufort was besieged by the enemy!

The 20th of August had been originally fixed for the march upon the Amatolas, but unavoidable delays occurred, which might have been disadvantageous, but that time was given for the grass to grow which the enemy had burned. The Cape Corps, with the addition of several young officers, left Graham's Town in high spirits at the prospect of "smelling powder," but the burghers were, in most instances, unwilling to take the field, notwithstanding the promise held out to them, that the cattle they might take should become their property. In almost every engagement, the Kaffirs had either evaded punishment for stealing cattle, or had borne it off in triumph. "And now," said

the burghers (Boers and Hottentots), "although we are promised the cattle we take, we run the chance of being compelled to give it up afterwards on the representation of some self-styled friendly Kaffirs, who will declare it to be theirs." This objection was but too well grounded. Captain Hogg, however, succeeded in persuading some of the malcontents to join his levy.

On the 29th of August, Sir Henry Pottinger published the following manifesto. Although it is rather a long document for quotation, it contains, in a condensed form, such a history of the troubles entailed on the Government and the Colony, not to speak of the expense, by the duplicity and repeated aggressions of Sandilla, that I should deem it injurious to the narrative to omit it, or substitute for it any version of my own.

"PROCLAMATION

"By His Excellency Major-General Sir Henry Pottinger, &c., &c.

"Whereas the Gaika Kaffir Chief, Sandilla, was in June last called upon by my authority, and in conformity with the engagements entered into by him, &c., &c., to deliver up a thief who had stolen thirteen goats from the Stockenstrom (Kat River) Settlement,

of whom Sandilla denied all knowledge at the moment, when it was positively ascertained, that, not only had he the culprit in his power, but that he had plundered him, and other innocent persons belonging to the same kraal, of the whole of their property, on the plea of punishing them for theft.

"And whereas I deemed it to be my duty to direct that Sandilla should be called upon to make atonement for the said breach of his engagements in not delivering up the thief, as well as for his subsequent measures, which, instead of checking plunder and theft along the Colonial border, were in my estimation eminently calculated to encourage excesses of that nature, &c., &c.

"And whereas Sandilla not only declined to make the atonement required of him, but sanctioned and encouraged his followers to repel by force of arms the detachment which had been sent to enforce my demand, by which violent proceeding two of Her Majesty's subjects were killed and several wounded, &c., &c.

"And whereas, to evince my deep anxiety to avoid a recommencement of hostilities, and to preserve and encourage feelings of good order and friendliness on both sides of the frontier, and amongst all classes of people, I lately directed it to be intimated to Sandilla (through the Commissioner of the Gaika tribes) that if he would, even at that moment, give in two hundred stand of arms, and seize and deliver up the thief who had been the cause of this discussion, I would pardon on the Queen's behalf all that had passed, and would allow matters to revert to their previous friendly foot-

ing, which intimation Sandilla has totally disregarded, and is further understood to have adopted steps to defend his country, and to set Her Majesty's authority at defiance.

"And whereas I, taking it into my deep and lengthened consideration, that such contumacious and headstrong behaviour cannot be longer overlooked without endangering the general peace and tranquillity of the whole Colony, and particularly both sides of the frontier, by disturbing the system which I have been for months past most anxiously and sedulously endeavouring to introduce and perfect; and, moreover, reflecting that where people dwell (as is the case with some of the Colonists and a part of the Gaika tribes) on either side of an imaginary line of demarcation, it is alone by mutual rigid adherence to their engagements, by the strictest observance of good faith, and by crime being speedily punished, that the success of the desired system can be possibly secured, or even anticipated; have determined me, in the Queen's name, and in virtue of the powers confided to me as Her Majesty's High Commissioner, to have recourse to the only method that now remains to call Sandilla to account for his contumacy, and to vindicate the offended dignity and honour of the British Government.

"I do therefore hereby proclaim the said Gaika Kaffir Chief, Sandilla, to be a REBEL, and denounce him as no longer under the protection of Her Majesty's Government; and I do further hereby invite and call on all classes and conditions of persons residing in this

Colony, to be aiding and abetting in carrying my intended measures against the said rebel Chief into effect, by assembling in Commandos, to be headed by leaders appointed by themselves, at Shiloh, on the —— day of the ensuing month of September, and thence to enter, supported by Her Majesty's regular troops, and the colonial native levies, the country of the said Sandilla."

The rest of the proclamation refers to captured cattle and other booty becoming "*bonâ fide* the property of the captors," promising that "no claim shall hereafter be made on the part of Government, or on any other pretence, for, on account of, or the restoration or relinquishment of cattle or property so captured."

This clause had no weight with the Colonists; inclined though they might be to put every faith in Sir Henry Pottinger's published promise, they dreaded losing the cattle so obtained, either by some quibble of the law, or some evasion of the Kaffirs.

The final clause relates to the neutral tribes, closing with these words:—

"I do strictly, solemnly, and unqualifiedly enjoin and command all persons bearing allegiance to Her Majesty, to refrain from molesting such neutral (or friendly) Kaffirs, and to consider the protection of

them and their lives and property to be a paramount duty.

"God save the Queen.

"Dated at Graham's Town, this 7th day of August, 1847.

"HENRY POTTINGER."

It was just the property question between colonists and self-styled friendly Kaffirs, which deterred the former from joining in the Commando.

This proclamation has become of more importance since the surrender of Sandilla, proving, as it does, his Excellency's arrangements for the well-being of both Kaffirs and colonists, his patience in his dealings with Sandilla, from a "deep anxiety to avoid a recommencement of hostilities," until driven to extremities; and his final decision that Sandilla, having "set Her Majesty's authority at defiance," he (his Excellency) had recourse to the only method now left him (in order to vindicate the offended dignity and honour of the British Government), which was, "in the Queen's name," to proclaim this contumacious Gaika Chief a REBEL.

Whether, therefore, Sir Henry Pottinger should

see fit to dispose of this troublesome savage himself, or leave the decision of his fate to his Excellency's successor, Major-General Sir Harry Smith, the above quoted proclamation sets forth, in perfectly distinct and honourable terms, what Sir Henry Pottinger's views and intentions (founded on a sense of duty to his sovereign, his country, and himself) are, with reference to the Kaffir Chief in question. The only question that may arise from the said proclamation is Sandilla's title to be considered as a Chief by Sir Henry Pottinger, in 1847, after Sir Peregrine Maitland's refusal to recognise him as such, at Block Drift, in 1846. These minutiæ only prove the difficulties arising from trifles, with which all Governors of the Cape are liable to be surrounded for some time.

So, now, this headstrong savage became a hunted outlaw. He who had vowed to drive the white man to the sea,—that white man who should not "taste of the Tyumie waters," had not now a resting-place for his head!

The remembrance of an interview I once had with Tola* occurs to me at this moment. It was

* Tola, Dodo, Eno, Moshesh (Moses), will be recognised as patriarchal names.

in a picturesque spot near Colonel Somerset's residence at Post Victoria, in the centre of a large bower, which had been constructed round some splendid trees. What had once been a fair pasture land for Tola's herds, was now worn with the tread of soldiers' feet; the stir of the camp filled the air which once breathed over a comparatively silent space, and not far from us a band played Irish tunes, to which Tola's Kaffir councillors and attendants listened with a grave silence, unmoved at the grotesque attitudes of Hottentot children. On a rustic bench sat Tola, with his kaross wound round him; his face resembled that of a wolf—the eyes glaring and the teeth projecting, and his hair, dressed with red clay, looked more like a knitted worsted wig than anything else. There were other ladies present besides myself, and also some officers. I asked Tola if he belonged to the war-party? He replied, it was only the young men of Kaffirland who were for war,—he loved peace. He is the freebooter of his tribe!

"Why," I asked, "are the young men permitted to raise their voices above the old ones?"

"The young men are numerous, and hold the assegai."

"Well, have the old men no power to restrain them from throwing it?" I inquired. "If so, Young Kaffirland will soon have the voice in council, and there will be little wisdom."

Tola sat in deep silence many minutes, and then observed, "It is true." He afterwards asked the interpreter how it was that white women spoke with the minds of men? A female offering any opinion at all was a source of astonishment to him. The Kaffir women are, however, remarkable for shrewdness; but this is seldom exercised but on great occasions, and then only by witch-doctresses, who profess also to have the gift of prophecy.

All this time that Tola was professing to deprecate war, he was filling his kraals with colonial cattle, sending out marauding parties (gypsies), and collecting ammunition.

An English paper states, "it is said that the attack on the escort in charge of a Kaffir prisoner, was absolutely planned, by Bothman and Tola, on the market-place at Fort Beaufort." That it was planned there, and carried into execution an hour or two afterwards, I know, and that Tola was the planner. Bothman is an inferior Chief, and quite

dropsical. We one day met him out riding: he begged us to raise our veils, which we did, laughing, and he acknowledged the courtesy by a sound between a bark and a sigh.

When the movement of the troops was anticipated by Sandilla, he named Macomo's son, Kona, as his successor, in the event of his death. Of Kona's wife, an anecdote, illustrative of her shrewdness, was told me by the Acting Quartermaster-General at Block Drift. During a foray made on a Kaffir kraal in that neighbourhood, the enemy fired on our troops, and managed, ere the fire was returned, to screen themselves behind some of their women. Among these was Kona's wife. Some days afterwards, she presented herself to Captain Scott, 91st Regiment, Acting Quarter-General, saying, that Colonel Hare had desired her to ask him for rations, in consequence of her previous suffering and distress. As a token of the truth of her statement, she produced a biscuit which Colonel Hare had given her, desiring her, she said, to show it to Captain Scott, in proof of her assertion. Rations were issued to her, and she enjoyed them till Colonel Hare counter-ordered them, never having mentioned the subject to her:

he had merely given her a biscuit when he met her, as she complained of hunger!

We were not sorry to hear that the women of Kaffirland began to dread an invasion of their kraals, and threatened to strike work. They were tired of the war, they said. Although they have no voice, their assistance in the Ordnance and Commissariat departments is invaluable. Poor wretches! no wonder they dread another year of privation and toil.

An order from England in July, that such soldiers of the 27th, 90th, and 91st Regiments as chose to accept their discharges and settle in this country, on certain grants of land, were to state their wishes to the Government. The 91st, like cautious Scotchmen, are not so ready to listen to this offer as the Inniskilleners, who are for taking their chance of labour, peace, or war, in this well-nigh ruined Colony.

Pato changed his mind about visiting King William's Town, and sent a message to Captain Maclean, the Commissioner for the T'Slambie tribes, that "he was sick."

In September, all became anxious for the march of the British troops upon the Amatolas. Various

reports were afloat, some of them probably having originated among the Kaffirs themselves. Sandilla was said to be assembling his warriors; Pato and Kreli were to combine their forces; and many other similar rumours, not to be relied on, but sufficiently alarming to the inhabitants of isolated farms, were circulated.

Sir George Berkeley left Graham's Town for the front; Colonel Somerset marshalled his people along the Buffalo line; and, on the 17th of September, the army was fairly set in motion, with its face towards one great rallying-point, the mountains of the Amatola, which were to be entered at three given points, viz., by the Burgher and Native levies, under Major Sutton, Cape Mounted Riflemen, and Captain Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards, from Shiloh, upon the upper part of the Amatola; Colonel Somerset, with the Cape Mounted Rifles, from King William's Town; and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, with reserve battalion 91st Regiment, a strong detachment of the 45th, and some Burghers, from Fort Hare. I subjoin, as much more graphic than any description of mine, the following account of the "gathering" of the reserve battalion 91st, at Fort Beaufort, on the

morning of their march to Fort Hare, where they were to take up their position previously to their movements on the enemy's territories. The extract is from "a letter addressed by a young soldier to his friend."

"The Colonel (Campbell) and our men left this on the 17th, and, after scouring every hole and corner in the Amatolas, succeeded, I believe, in killing some fourteen Kaffirs. Colonel Campbell took the pipes with him, gaily decorated with ribbons and a flag. The drums played them out with 'The Campbells are coming.' They were all in good spirits; and, as they passed the barracks from the main square, the men who were left behind commenced cheering them, and they returned it with a *will*. I don't think there was one left that would not gladly have gone to the field at that moment, especially under such a Commander as Colonel Campbell. After searching the kloofs, the division ascended the hill, where the Kaffirs were so *civil* to us at *first;* and, not seeing the enemy, they had a dance at the top, the pipes playing a national tune, to which ——— danced the Highland Fling, just to begin the performance*."

* Since the above was written, I have learned the following anecdote:—During the advance of the enemy on Block Drift, at the beginning of the war, and when this post was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel (then Major Campbell), he took up a position on the top of the school-house, rifle in hand; four men were em-

After eighteen months' warfare, with so harassing and treacherous a foe, it was something to see men start again with such spirit for their work.

"To effect anything with barbarians," says an able writer, "war must be short and decisive, as delay gives them a mean idea of their enemy."

Sir George Berkeley made good use of the unavoidable postponement of the march upon the enemy. The camps were well stored with provisions and ammunition, supplies were laid in for

ployed in loading his arms for him, and he brought down two of the enemy successively in a few minutes. When a third fell dead, a soldier of the reserve battalion 91st Regiment, could restrain himself no longer; forgetting Colonel Campbell's rank as an officer, in his delight at his prowess as a soldier, the man slapped his Commanding Officer in the back with a shout of delight, and the exclamation "Weel done, Sodger!" Was not such a compliment worth all the praise of an elaborate despatch?

The selection of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell—the junior Lieutenant-Colonel on the frontier—to command a column, in the last attack on the Amatolas, is a compliment he well merited, independently of the judiciousness of the measure. How many disasters have fallen on this Colony from the want of foresight and judgment in placing people in situations for which they were incapacitated! Sir Henry Pottinger's government has been marked by serious attention to this important matter.

a hundred days, and everything was made ready for military movements, when the time should arrive for them. To this Colony such foresight was quite new; the Kaffirs themselves were puzzled, and sat apparently still, watching us. Thieving went on, but the Colony escaped another irruption, owing to the boundaries being well garrisoned.

The Commander-in-Chief having waited till the great machine was prepared to work, set it in motion, and, on the 20th of September, each division was at the post appointed for co-operating with the others. All was well arranged, and Sir George Berkeley gave good evidence of his generalship, in his determination not to make an advance without a large force, well-provisioned, and unencumbered with baggage. There were three grand divisions; these encamped on their allotted ground, and from their camps sent forth their patrols into the mountain passes, without waggons, and in the lightest marching order. In a word, Sir George Berkeley profited by the experience of past misfortunes entailed by those who had striven to work without proper materials.

While each party was pausing, another war, of anything but a civil nature, was going on between the Settlers and the Government, in the shape of of a pending action against Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay, 1st battalion, 91st Regiment, for flogging a waggon-driver named Smith, without trial, but during the existence of martial law. As this singular trial (growing as it did out of the events of the war) has caused, in its way, as much commotion here as the war itself, and a great deal of discussion in England, and, as it involves a momentous question between civil rights and military power, which has for sixteen months occupied the attention of the Government, I shall sketch the leading features of the case in the next chapter. The total absence of all precedent in this case proves the necessity of connecting it with the history of the war in Kaffirland as a matter of reference in future, and as such I shall give it in a condensed form.

The removal of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henry Fox Young, from the Cape to Australia, is matter of deep regret to the Colonists, whose interests he has endeavoured earnestly to promote; but the anticipated arrival of their former

favourite, Major-General Sir Harry Smith, forms at present a general source of congratulation. His *entrée* into this poor frontier town of Southern Africa will be triumphant indeed. The Kaffirs tremble already at his name.

CHAPTER X.

OFFERS OF SUBMISSION FROM THE ENEMY—CONDUCT OF A CONVERTED KAFFIR, FORMERLY EXHIBITED IN ENGLAND, ON HIS RETURN TO KAFFIRLAND—HIS ACCOUNT OF WHAT HE WITNESSED IN THIS COUNTRY—FILIAL DEVOTION OF A BEAUTIFUL KAFFIR GIRL—SANDILLA IN CAPTIVITY—RESIGNATION OF SIR HENRY POTTINGER—ALTERED APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY—PROPHECY OF SIR HARRY SMITH—PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

I HAVE already intimated my reasons for introducing the subject of the cause of Smith *versus* Lindsay in these pages. As it involved the Government and the military authorities in a sea of controversy, and was of material inconvenience to the Colony at the moment when an advanced movement on the enemy made time precious, and rendered the service of every officer doubly

valuable, I shall briefly relate the leading circumstances of the case, and the result of the trial.

On the 26th of May, 1846, a waggon-driver named John Crawford Smith, having refused to leave the garrison with others when ordered to cut wood for the use of the troops, the circumstance was reported to Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay, 91st Regiment, by Deputy-Assistant-Commissary General Cumming, who had issued the order. Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay formed a square, called the waggon-drivers together, and, on ascertaining that Smith was the "one who had conducted himself worst on the occasion," he ordered him to be tied to a waggon, and to receive twenty-five lashes. This order, however, was not given, until Colonel Lindsay had appealed to the feelings of the mutineers, by asking them if they were to receive the Queen's pay, namely, half-a-guinea a-day, and rations, for doing nothing? "The waggons were seldom employed more than once a week." This appeal had no effect at the time. The enemy were known to be in the neighbourhood of the post, which they attacked by thousands, two days after; and, as a protection to

the waggon-drivers, an escort of sixty men—all that could be spared from the garrison—was paraded. Fuel was absolutely necessary for the troops, at the moment, to cook the miserable rations afforded them at this season of scarcity and difficulty, when meat was sometimes their only food for days, in consequence of the loss of the store-waggons, on the 21st of May, at Trumpeter's Drift.

Smith accordingly received twenty-five lashes; the Surgeon of the 91st superintending the punishment, and taking charge of Smith, who did not wish to remain more than an hour or two in the hospital after it, "making light of the said punishment, and not complaining." This affair took place during the existence of Martial Law, which Sir Peregrine Maitland had proclaimed in the Colony. The Civil Magistrate at Fort Peddie, Captain Maclean, late 27th Regiment, had no jurisdiction at the time. Frequent complaints had been made of the waggon-drivers, "who," it was stated, "on every occasion when an escort was ordered, kept the soldiers waiting, with their arms piled, for an hour or more after the time appointed for the waggons to be ready; and, when

remonstrated with by the Commissariat-Officer, they have answered, 'they would choose their own time, and do as they pleased.'" It was thus clearly necessary to make an example of one of this body, who were paid almost as well as Captains in the Service, and who were well protected in the exercise of their duties. The result of Smith's punishment was, that the waggon-drivers obeyed the orders, and a certain store of wood was obtained before the post was besieged by the Kaffirs.

In his charge to the jury, the Judge remarks, that "if Colonel Lindsay was guilty of a breach of form in not calling a drum-head court-martial," that was one of the breaches of form which the said ordinance—meaning the Act of Indemnity* passed by Sir Henry Pottinger—was intended to apply to.

A strong party was formed against Colonel Lindsay after the punishment of Smith, albeit the latter had, as has been shown, "made light of it." This party was headed by a Doctor Tancred, who

* Absolving from legal responsibilities all persons who had committed "certain acts, &c., which were not justifiable by the strict rules of law, but necessary for the public service."

had alternately filled the office of a Protestant and Roman Catholic clergyman, and who traversed the country raising subscriptions to prosecute Colonel Lindsay on the part of Smith, for an assault; and now the press teemed with questions relative to "Smith *versus* Lindsay;" the English papers took it up, and finally Colonel Lindsay was arraigned for "assaulting" Smith, and summoned before the Circuit Court of Graham's Town, on the 29th of March, 1847. Damages were laid at one thousand pounds. Owing to some informalities, the case was removed, by the consent of both parties, into the Supreme Court, and was finally decided at Uitenhage, a distance of ninety miles from Graham's Town. Here, the inconvenience to the Service was peculiarly felt, in consequence of seven of Her Majesty's officers, besides others connected with field duties, being required to give their evidence.

The result of the trial was, that Smith lost his cause in the civil court, and that, in the criminal case, the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" against Colonel Lindsay, but recommended the defendant to mercy on account of his position at the time. Some objections being taken to the

jurisdiction of the Court, the Judge, Mr. Menzies, said it would be necessary to refer such points for the decision of the Supreme Court. Colonel Lindsay was required to enter into recognizances in the sum of fifty pounds, to appear to receive judgment, "when lawfully summoned for that purpose,"—which he did.

Many points of law, irrelevant to my purpose, are even now at issue between Judge and Jury. The Attorney-General, Mr. Porter, in his address, declared the case to be in his opinion, without parallel. Finally, Colonel Lindsay's conduct is declared by the leading papers of the Cape in general, to have been placed in a more favourable light by the publication of the evidence on the trial: particularly as, until the matter was brought into open Court, the public had been under the impression that the waggon-drivers had been ordered into the bush without the protection of an escort!

We must now turn to the movements of the troops in the Amatolas. The rain fell in torrents throughout the Colony, but this did not deter the patrols from advancing on the enemy's country. As the Kaffirs did not think it wise to show

themselves to such large bodies of troops, nothing took place, at first, but a conflagration among the huts and kraals of the contumacious Gaikas; it was, however, well known, that they had not left their hiding-places. Towards the Mancanzana, some houses were fired, probably in retaliation, and the usual system of cattle-lifting, though to less extent, was carried on the Colony by gipsy parties of the enemy.

In the mean time, old Sutu, Sandilla's mother, sent word to Sir George Berkeley that Sandilla was "the Governor's dog," &c. &c.; that, "if the Government would accept his submission, he would behave better," and so on. These messages were like all the rest—hollow and designing. The Kaffirs under Tyalie, a petty Chief, having captured twelve hundred head of cattle from Sandilla, claimed a right, as British subjects, to retain them, according to the Governor's notice; but, as this was suspected to be a *ruse* adopted by Sandilla himself, the troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, Reserve Battalion, 91st Regiment, were sent forward to secure the cattle.

Several Kaffirs, caught in the act of stealing, were brought into King William's Town; and,

after receiving one hundred lashes, were dismissed. Prison rations were thus dispensed with, and these Kaffirs became, for a period at least, a warning and a mockery to their tribes. In Kaffirland, as in China, disgrace is attached to a thief, not for stealing, but for being found out.

The division under Major Sutton, Cape Mounted Rifles, and Captain Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards, which had moved from Shiloh, captured two hundred head of cattle in the Amatolas, and killed a few Kaffirs; with the loss, on our side, of Serjeant Philips, Cape Mounted Rifles, and formerly of the 91st.

Although incessant rains deluged the country, the troops continued healthy. In reply to Sandilla's messages, Jan Tzatzoe was desired to intimate to him, that no terms would be listened to from him but those of unconditional surrender.

This Tzatzoe to whom I have before alluded as a Kaffir who had been exhibited in England* in the false character of a Christian Chief, has played a cunning part during the war of 1846-7, and was actually engaged in the attack on the waggons at Trumpeter's Drift. The British

* At Exeter Hall, at Sheffield, &c., in 1836.

public were completely imposed upon by this savage heathen, for such he is, was, and ever will be. On his return from England, whither he had gone, or rather been taken, in direct opposition to the orders and wishes of his father, a petty Chief*, he was asked many questions by his tribe, concerning the country he had visited.

"Was it large?"

"Yes, it was large; but the people were so numerous they found it small."

"Were they so very numerous?"

"Yes; England was like a huge piece of meat covered with flies crowding upon each other."

"What surprised him most?"

"The waggons which travelled without oxen or horses." (Railway carriages.)

"Ah," said Macomo, after a conversation of this kind with Tzatzoe, "I have always told our people, that there was no use in trying to conquer the white man. It is like little boys attempt-

* As was proved before Sir Harry, then Colonel, Smith, and published in a document signed by him, and by Captain Lacey, 72nd Highlanders, Arthur Balfour, Aid-de-Camp, and Mr. Shepstone, Kaffir Interpreter. This document, dated King William's Town, February, 1836, bears the marks also of Macomo and Ganga.

ing to shoot elephants with small bows and arrows."

Macomo, with all his people, has been removed to the neighbourhood of Algoa Bay. He was opposed to the war, from policy, from the beginning; but, when once the cry was raised in the mountains, he immediately assumed the command, being the General of the Gaikas, and, when sober, an able warrior and councillor. He was glad when an opportunity offered of surrendering himself, the charms of the canteen superseding the desire for glory among his tribe; but he used every means to remain on his old location. His appeal was pathetic enough, but we have profited somewhat by our experience in the "word of a Kaffir." "Here," said he, stretching his hand over the beautiful territory, "my father, a great Chief, dwelt; these pastures were crowded with cattle"—stolen, of course; "here I have lived to grow old; here my children have been born: let me die in peace where I have so long lived." These entreaties, however, could not be listened to for one moment; and, as a last trial, his daughter, Amakeya, the beauty of Kaffirland, made her way to the tent of Colonel Camp-

bell, 91st Regiment, who, totally unprepared for her appearance, was yet more astonished at the sacrifice she offered, if her father's sentence of banishment might be rescinded.

I have elsewhere mentioned Amakeya as the belle of the camp at Fort Hare, and no doubt she had been sufficiently reminded of her charms to make her sensible of the value of them. She made her strange offer in all the consciousness and pride of beauty; and, with her finely-moulded arms folded before her, she spoke without hesitation, for she was guided by motives worthy a lofty cause—motives, how desecrated! how degraded! Poor Amakeya!

"If her father might remain on his own lands," she said, "she would be the sacrifice and guarantee for his future good faith towards the white man. She would leave her own people, and follow Colonel Campbell; his home should be hers; she would forsake all, and dwell with him. This was her last word, her final decision, and she would abide by it."

It may here be observed, that the young girls of Kaffirland are brought up with strict notions of female propriety; to forfeit their reputation, is

to entail on themselves severe punishment, and on their families perpetual disgrace.

Amakeya's motives were not unappreciated by her hearer, but the proposal was, of course, rejected, with every consideration for her position, and the circumstances by which she had been actuated; and she departed with her father on his journey. We may fancy Amakeya taking a last look at the green places wherein her childhood had been passed, and finally sitting down among a strange people, in sight of the "great waters." A new and wondrous spectacle to that mountain-girl must have been that mighty and pathless sea.

On the 4th of October, an express arrived at King William's Town, containing the information, that the division under Colonel Somerset had captured one thousand head of cattle, and a number of horses and goats, at a sweep, and had killed eight of the enemy. That under Colonel Campbell had also been successful in capturing cattle among the Gaikas, as well as some horses, and in killing some twenty of the enemy, and laying waste his country. The detachment of the 45th, under Major Hind, did good service with

Colonel Campbell's column; and afterwards accompanied the head-quarter division to the Kei, together with two companies of the Reserve Battalion of the 91st, under Captain Scot and Colonel Campbell, with Lieutenants Dixon and Metcalf.

It is much to be regretted that the dispatches from officers commanding divisions were not published at this period of the war; for the statements in the newspapers varied so much from authentic private accounts that, were I to relate the facts transmitted in the latter, they might be doubted, and even disputed. I therefore offer such particulars only as I ascertained to be perfectly correct.

The same work went on, from day to day. Now, our troops captured cattle from the Gaikas, who, it was ascertained, were a good deal disorganized*; and now, Pato's T'Slambies slipped away with the oxen pastured near our camps and bivouacs. The rains poured on, and the troops, though healthy, suffered from the unusual cold. There was nothing to be done with the enemy

* Macomo foretold this, saying they could not fight when he was gone.

but to worry him; this was attended with dreadful harass to us, and the expense of such a proceeding may be imagined when, it is stated, as an established fact, that the charge for extra waggons in the advance against the Gaikas alone, from the 20th of September to the 20th of October, 1847, was twenty-seven thousand pounds!

At last, it was announced by Sir Henry Pottinger, in due form, that the surrender of Sandilla had taken place. In this announcement, or "order," His Excellency the High Commissioner records "the high sense he entertains of the zeal and energy with which the operations against Sandilla had been carried on under the Lieutenant-General's guidance, in which operations the troops and levies have been subjected to great hardships, and exposed to unusually inclement weather." In this document, the High Commissioner expresses his hope of "the speedy termination of the war."

There is little doubt that, on the surrender of Sandilla, the disaffected Gaikas went over to Pato. Peace with the Gaikas meant nothing more than a cessation of hostilities on our part towards them.

The dispatch announcing the surrender of Sandilla was brought in by Captain Bisset, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, who on that day, the 20th of October, rode one hundred and twenty miles.

As was conjectured, by those who knew the character of the Gaikas, Sandilla and his people had not entirely abandoned the Amatolas; the Chief had secreted himself in one of the deep valleys of those mountains, near a stream called by the Kaffirs, the "Wolf's River." The nature of the ground secured him from the approach of cavalry, but was just the place for the operations of the Rifle Brigade. Sir George Berkeley's plan of patrolling the country, and falling back on camps well stored with provisions, in the very neighbourhood of Sandilla, soon drove the rebel Chief from his haunts. Abandoned by many of his people, his crops destroyed, his dwelling burned, his cattle scattered among those he could not trust, and deprived of Macomo's support, he found himself constantly exposed to the fire of our troops, and at one time, it is said, he dared not venture to slake his *thirst* at the stream for four-and-twenty hours. Thus worn out, without the slightest advantage to himself or his nation,

he resolved on surrendering; and, sending to King William's Town a message to the effect that "he was driven to this step by the prospect of starvation," some bread and meat were forwarded to him by his envoys; and, on the 19th of October, the troops in the camp, commanded by Colonel Buller, Rifle Brigade, looked anxiously, through the mists of a stormy day, for the expected prisoner. He came at last, followed by eighty of his people; and, after an interview with Colonel Buller, "an escort of dragoons, which had been in readiness," was ordered to accompany Captain Bisset, Cape Mounted Rifles, and Lieutenant Petre, 7th Dragoon Guards, with the captive Chief, and the necessary dispatches from the Lieutenant-General commanding, to Sir Henry Pottinger.

Sandilla admitted that he had been nearly taken by a patrol of the Rifle Brigade, acting with Colonel Somerset's division, on the 12th of October. The party had lost their way while skirmishing; but for this, he must have surrendered to them, or been shot. He afterwards told Colonel Campbell, 91st, that on one occasion they had been within twelve hundred feet of each

other, the Chief watching Colonel Campbell from the bush. When passing, as a prisoner, near the camp of this officer, Sandilla stopped his horse, and, calling to the former "My friend, my friend, come hither!" begged to shake hands with him. Colonel Campbell's good advice to the misguided Gaika had been unheeded, and the latter now acknowledged the truth of what the Colonel had told him, that "it was madness to fight with the white man, who would not be conquered, even though the war were to last for ever."

A new ordinance was now passed respecting cattle, and three hundred and thirty-six head, captured by the troops, were ordered to be sold, and the proceeds divided among the captors.

Immediately after the surrender of Sandilla, Colonel Somerset planned his forward movement towards the Kei, with a force upwards of twelve hundred strong, including cavalry, infantry, and levies. The country beyond the Kei was known to be swarming with cattle.

In this part of my narrative, I cannot avoid referring to the visit of a Dutch emigrant from Natal, named Pretorius, who came to Graham's Town as an envoy, deputed in a public meeting at

Natal, to represent personally, to Her Majesty's High Commissioner, the disturbed state of the country in that portion of our Queen's dominions. Whether the Dutch were aggrieved or not, I am not prepared to state: our past injustice to them causes a perpetual renewal of old annoyances, and a constant foundation for new ones. It was impossible for Sir Henry Pottinger, at this period, to examine the claims of Mr. Pretorius; and, had His Excellency done so, it would not have been in his power to entertain them, inasmuch as, from Sir Harry Smith's anticipated arrival, all business not immediately connected with the frontier war must remain in abeyance. Sir Henry Pottinger published a memorandum, in which His Excellency states that his seeing Mr. Pretorius could be of "no manner of use." His Excellency's reasons for preferring written communications on business connected with public life—"as in no part of the globe are they more necessary than in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope"—are incontrovertible. But, had His Excellency been thoroughly acquainted with the character of the Dutch, their old grievances at our hands, and the importance of their allegiance, he would have expressed these

sentiments relative to the public mission of Mr. Pretorius personally to him; for although, individually, Mr. Pretorius might have no claim to such courtesy, it might have been the means of saving a good deal of trouble hereafter. It is because I anticipate future difficulties from this circumstance, that I record it, even as Sir Benjamin D'Urban recorded his opinion on what he felt sure must be the result of treaties he so much deprecated.

On the 30th of October, Colonel Somerset, with the troops under his command, made a night march of thirty miles, towards the Kei, and, on the morning of the 31st, reached a stream called Chechabe. On the heights above this little river, the Kaffirs were seen gathering in great numbers, and at last took up a very strong position, evidently determined to make a stand against the British force. The latter was soon disposed in battle array in front of the enemy, with flankers thrown out, supports in the rear, and the reserve under Captain Bentinck, 7th Dragoon Guards. The Cape Mounted Rifles, led by Captain O'Reilly, advanced up the face of the hill, the enemy, as usual, screening himself, while the troops moved

slowly but steadily onwards, under the incessant fire of the Kaffirs, until within eighty yards of them, when, the bugle sounding the gallop, the Totties cheered, and entered the bush in gallant style. In twenty minutes, the savages were dislodged, and driven over a hill into a ravine below, leaving behind them arms, karosses, and several horses. Seventeen of them were counted dead after the engagement; many had been borne off, and the rocks over which they had been dragged were streaming with blood. In this affair, our troops sustained but two casualties.

Colonel Somerset considered that this gathering of the Kaffirs was arranged to divert his attention from the cattle concealed not far from the scene of action, the Kei being in too swollen a state to permit their crossing into Kreli's country—the Amaponda. This suggestion was correct; and, from the nature of the country, it was impossible for the troops to follow the enemy at once; they vanished, as usual, in the deep recesses of the mountains.

Early in the morning of the 31st, Captain Somerset, Aid-de-Camp to General Berkeley, had very nearly fallen a sacrifice to his imprudence in

venturing out, *en amateur*, with a single orderly, on the spoor of cattle. A party of Kaffirs suddenly appearing, Captain Somerset turned his horse's head immediately; so did his orderly: the speed of Captain Somerset's charger saved his rider's life; the poor orderly fell from his, and his throat was instantly cut by the savages.

It was hoped that the success of Colonel Somerset, at the Chechabe, would daunt Pato; but no offers of submission worth listening to were received. A few Kaffirs, coming within hail of the troops, called out that they "did not intend fighting any more; the cattle were across the Kei, and the Umlunghi must go for them if they wanted them." Very cool! Either Pato or one of his councillors shouted aloud, "We will not meet you, but will return into the Colony, and wander as wolves."

A General Order, dated King William's Town, 20th October, was now published proclaiming that the operations against the Gaika tribes had been brought to a successful termination, by the surrender of Sandilla, his brother Anta, and eighty of his followers.

The day this Order was published, intelligence

was received that the Gaikas were worrying the located Kaffirs near the very camp, on the Buffalo River, from which it had been issued!

Although I had seen Sandilla at Fort Peddie in 1843, I went to pay him a visit in captivity. The room in which he was imprisoned was half filled with his followers and councillors. Seated on an iron bedstead, with his blanket wound round him, he smoked his pipe in silence; some of his followers reclined idly on the straw mattresses provided for them; and, by the side of the young chief's couch lay Anta, whom he roused from sleep on our naming him, for he was as great an object of interest as Sandilla. Putting aside the blanket from his face, he sat up and eyed us keenly, looking from us to his brother, but what was passing within their minds no one could divine; their countenances expressed neither surprise, curiosity, resentment, nor dislike. Some sat round a fire in the centre of the room, and one aged Kaffir, with a grey head, gazed earnestly in our faces. This was one of Sandilla's chief advisers, and one whom he managed to cage with himself, by sending for him amicably, giving secret orders, however, to compel him to come in case he

hesitated. As the cunning Gaika has always professed to act "by the advice of his councillors," he anticipates that the greater punishment will devolve upon them, and by this means he trusts that his own will be lightened. Sandilla's fate will be left to the disposal of Sir Harry Smith, whose arrival at Cape Town, in the Vernon, is hourly expected. The whole frontier is astir with delight at this announcement to-day, the 7th of December, 1847. Sir Henry Pottinger has formally resigned his appointment, and the Commander of the Forces is hourly expected from the field, previously to his departure for Madras.

The replies of Sandilla to various remarks and questions lately put to him are shrewd enough. On his being told, by one of the authorities, that if he attempted to escape from his confinement he would be shot, Sandilla answered that "as he had voluntarily surrendered himself, it was not likely he should run away." Soon after his imprisonment, he requested a daily allowance of wine. On being asked if he had ever been in the habit of drinking it, he said "No." Then why indulge in what he had never been accustomed to? "I am now the white man's child," replied Sandilla;

"my father is wise, and I would do all things as he does." When his warriors left his "Great Place," to join the gathering in the Amatolas, he found one lingering long behind the rest. "What are you doing here?" asked the Chief; "you are like a solitary locust when the swarm has gone; so, the sooner you hop after it the better."

Sir Henry Pottinger's career as Governor is over. Like Sir Peregrine Maitland, he has been recalled from his Government ere he has had time to work out the system he has framed. But, as his Excellency observes in reply to the cordial address presented him by the inhabitants of Graham's Town, "the mass of information which has been collected and arranged for immediate transmission to the Secretary of State will, he confidently believes, decide upon the different questions which he deems it most desirable should be definitely laid at rest."

This mass of information will be invaluable to Sir Harry Smith, during whose absence from the Colony, of eleven years, many changes must have taken place which even *he* could scarcely foresee. Some documents, however, left by Sir Harry are wonderfully prophetic; he knew the value of Sir

Benjamin D'Urban's system, and the mischievous results of its abolition.

Truly might Sir Henry Pottinger take the merit of "having anxiously devoted his time and thoughts to the discharge of his heavy and complicated functions, from the hour of his landing at Cape Town." The colonists can never forget the hours of labour and anxiety spent in their service by this able statesman; and, when the settler of South Africa shall sit in safety and comfort under his own roof-tree, when Sir Harry Smith shall, under Providence, have brought our savage enemy to submission, let that settler remember that when Sir Henry Pottinger discovered the root of the evils which had brought on this disastrous war, he, thinking chiefly of the colonist's future, rather than of his own personal comfort, or a rocket species of renown, set to work to eradicate that evil ere he planned the superstructure of that temple of Peace which must for ever be a type and a memorial of his sojourn in this hitherto apparently doomed country of South Africa. It must be added, that the able co-operation of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henry Young, must have lightened Sir H. Pottinger's difficulties considerably.

To Sir George Berkeley the success of the field-operations against the enemy is justly due; and in proof of his opinion of Colonel Somerset's measures, he remarks in his last general order, dated the 17th of December, 1847, "To Colonel Somerset the Lieutenant-General is indebted for the assistance he has afforded him on every occasion, and for the able manner in which he has conducted the several operations entrusted to him." Both these orders are signed by Major H. K. Storks, Assistant-Adjutant-General, who must rank foremost for abilities among the members of that Staff, who are offered the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief for the "very efficient manner in which they have conducted the duties of their respective departments, and for the great assistance they have rendered him in the field."

I have lately ridden within the space of a fortnight—and resting half that fortnight—two hundred and fifty miles, through the country lately infested, and still haunted, by the savage enemy. It presents a glorious contrast to last year; the hand of Providence has put aside the hand of man. The majestic Winterberg mountain, nearly nine thousand feet high, rose before us in

our ride, green almost to its summit. The valleys beneath us, as we passed from one mountain-top to the other, were "smiling with corn:" the grass on the plains waved as in our English meadow lands; the woodman's axe rang in the forests, near the scene of many a bloody fray; and, although small groups of Kaffirs doubtless looked down upon us from many "a leafy nook," we passed up the steep ascents, in the midst of deep jungle and impervious thickets, unmolested. On the road to Fort Hare, a spot was pointed out to me, on which a Hottentot waggon-driver had breathed his last. He was shot by the enemy, who had carried off his oxen scarcely a month before. A fortnight after I had travelled that way, with but slight escort,—Colonel Campbell, 91st, being the only one of our party who was armed,—a man, formerly of the Royal Artillery, was killed by an assegai, thrown by an unseen hand, from some huts formerly occupied by some of Macomo's tribe. These huts should long before this have been destroyed, as they have frequently offered shelter to the marauder, whether Kaffir, Hottentot, or Fingo.

In spite of terrible associations, my ride in the

Winterberg Mountains was a peaceful one, and full of interest. The monkeys swung from bough to bough, the canaries sang their untiring melodies, the bell-bird chimed its solemn-sounding note, and there was little to break the calm of the scene save the advance of the Christian Chief, Kama, with a dozen dusky followers, all armed and mounted, on his way to Graham's Town.

I beg leave here to introduce an extract or two from one of Sir Harry Smith's prophecies, in the shape of a report to Sir Benjamin D'Urban, dated the 3rd of November, 1836, included in Sir Benjamin's dispatch to Lord Glenelg, and published in the Blue Book, by order of the House of Commons, in July, 1837.

"Could my system (founded on Sir Benjamin D'Urban's) have had the advantage of ten years' experience, I am convinced that this mass of barbarians would have become honest and industrious. . . . . Instead of this happy consummation, we have to endure the experiments of theorists, who set out with the absurd axiom that the Kaffir is an innocent man, and then as wildly jump to the conclusion that he is an injured being. These *soi-disant* friends to the race for whom I have so laboured will soon be fatally discovered as its bitterest enemies.

"Time will develop what I have ventured to assert. Peace, under the present provisions, will exist only in name; Missionary labours will be as fruitless as heretofore. . . . . Upon decision, energy, and undeviating and uncompromising regard to strict and impartial justice hinges all I recommend; vacillation of purpose, or indecision, must inevitably blast the whole, which I fear me is already effected, and a new war can alone re-establish the late happy and progressive order of things."

Sir Harry Smith comes vested with civil and military powers to carry out the measures he advocated; but it must not be forgotten how the evils of late years must clog the policy he would now pursue, after the mischievous administration of ten years, instead of that which he recommended as calculated to "render this mass of barbarians honest and industrious."

How much he has to undo, ere that system can be redeemed from the load of ills beneath which it has almost sunk!

December 17th.—The frontier to-night was delirious with joy. Its own hero, its best friend, next to Sir Benjamin the Good, has arrived. The town is illuminated, and beacon lights telegraph from the hill-tops that Truth has at last overcome

that wretched policy which but for "God and the Right" must have ruined the Colony, and kept the heathen in utter darkness,—both a sacrifice to that bad school of partyism which may one day bring England to the dust.

Now, I think, I may promise not only a Proclamation of Peace, but a prospect of something more than its name.

CHAPTER XI.

RIDE IN THE WINTERBERG—FORTIFIED INN—PASTIME OF THE LADIES OF KAFFIRLAND—THE BUSHMAN'S CAVE—THE ARTS OF PAINTING AND MEDICINE AMONG THE BUSHMEN—MONKEY-SWINGS—BUTCHER-BIRDS—THE "BOSJESMEN" RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN LONDON—DWELLING-PLACES OF THE BUSHMEN—KAFFIR QUARANTINE—MASSACRE OF BRITISH OFFICERS, AND VENGEANCE TAKEN BY THEIR COMRADES—CRAFT AND SUBTLETY OF THE KAFFIR—LANDING AND RECEPTION OF SIR HARRY SMITH—EUKOSI IKULU OF KAFFIRLAND—RELEASE OF THE CHIEF SANDILLA;—HIS APPOINTMENT AS A BRITISH MAGISTRATE—FRIGHT AND SURRENDER OF PATO, THE LAST OF THE HOSTILE CHIEFS—PROWESS OF COLONEL SOMERSET—CHARACTER OF SIR HARRY SMITH.

I WILL now proceed to give some account of my ride in the Winterberg. This Winterberg is a district taking its name from the mountains so called—*berg* meaning mountain, in Dutch. The

tops of these mountains are often covered with snow. The close of the first day's journey from Graham's Town brought us to the Koonap River, which we found almost impassable for horses. The troopers of the dragoon orderlies were towed over in the wake of the boat, trembling, snorting, kicking, some turning heels uppermost, and others at last submitting to their fate, and falling exhausted on the bank on reaching it. The river roared and tumbled, and the passage across, in the old boat, with its uncertain rope, would have frightened fine ladies. But people must cease to be fine ladies in Africa. Some of our horses were left picqueted with a guard of soldiers, and I confess to some uneasiness during the night, as I lay listening to the noisy torrent below our little inn, half expecting to hear shots exchanged between the guard and the enemy. The inn itself was a "sign of the times." The host, Mr. Tomlinson, an old Life Guardsman, had made the place defensible, and stood his ground during the heat of the war. My bed-room window, hung with white curtains of primitive English dimity, was still bricked up halfway, and travellers passing by rested their arms against the loop-holed

walls, and told of cattle lost and Kaffirs killed, with an air of as little concern as they would have worn in relating the prices at a country fair.

I was not sorry to hear, the next morning, that our steeds had neither been stolen by the enemy nor swept down the river. The pontoons, which are about to be tried, at the suggestion of Sir Harry Smith, should have been sent here years ago; the want of some such conveyance across the rivers has been sufficiently proved since the beginning of the war. These pontoons will be used in deep still waters, which mark certain passages in almost all South African streams.

After a night's rest at Fort Beaufort, we left it, on the 12th of November, for Fort Hare, a strange-looking garrison, consisting of innumerable formal houses of a single room each, reminding one of the account of some barracks in England, in which an officer can lie in his bed, stir the fire, open the window, and shut the door, without much alteration in his position.

The scenery around Fort Hare is very grand, and not at all in accordance with the prim little

edifices of "wattle and daub" which form precise squares and most unpicturesque alleys of a pale gingerbread hue. In approaching Fort Hare, we were obliged to plunge our horses into the Tyumie stream, amidst a crowd of Kaffir girls, who were swimming, laughing, and shouting to each other, like a bevy of sable Naiads, from the bushes and the boughs overhanging the long-disputed waters.

On the 15th I started, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Beaver, from Fort Beaufort, for my ride among the mountains. Colonel Campbell, of the 91st, accompanied us on the first day's journey, beguiling the day with many graphic anecdotes of the war; and the rest, beside some clear spring, after passing up the steep ascents between the Blinkwater and Post Retief, was delightful. This Blinkwater post was ably defended, during the war, against a hundred and fifty of the enemy at least, by Serjeant Snodgrass, of the 91st Regiment, and six or eight soldiers. Serjeant Snodgrass was honourably mentioned in general orders, in consequence.

Another rest at Retief, and we advanced the next day. As we drew near the noble Winterberg,

it presented the appearance of a huge elephant with a howdah (of basaltic rock) on its back; a fringe of grey stone round it gave an idea of its trappings. Our destination was Glenthorn, the residence of Mr. Pringle, one of that family of Yair, familiarly mentioned by Sir Walter Scott. My short stay, of barely two days, at Glenthorn, prevented me from seeing much that was interesting; but a Bushman's cave tempted me, in spite of sun, dust, wind, and a tempest "coming up," to scramble through a little forest of shrubs. In this haunt, for it could scarcely be called a cave, we discovered some of those curious paintings which present a singular memento of these creatures of an almost extinct race. I have seen various facsimiles of such drawings published, but the subjects they were intended to represent have been seldom sufficiently defined to illustrate their original meaning. The one we saw was perfect in its representation of an eland and buffalo hunt. One strange pigmy creature sat sideways on horseback, in full chase of the game; another stood at bay, as if to prevent the animals from leaving the path into which they had turned; and others were awaiting them with their poisoned bows and

arrows.* These drawings were done in variously coloured ochres—brown, red, yellow, and some black. This lovely spot was more like the dwelling-place of fairies than of the hideous aborigines of South Africa. A stream rippled under the trees, and the green turf was spangled with flowers of many colours. The monkeys had doubtless deserted it at our approach, but their *ropes*, (a peculiar kind of creeper, hanging like swings from the yellow-wood trees) attested their constant presence there. We tried to imagine the Bushmen resting here after their day's hunt, and recording its events on the scarp of rock facing us, at the head of the wooded eminence, now almost roofed in with tall trees and parasitical plants. Here they prepared the poisons, for madness, disease, or death, as suited their wild purposes, from the wild bulbs which grew in such bright profusion—deceitful things! Now, the birds were singing above us in the sunshine. Their foresight with regard to provision, in this uncertain country, might afford a lesson to the white man. If they cannot consume at a meal the little lizards, locusts,

* The poison used by the Bushmen is extracted from the serpent's bag, the root of the agapanthus, lily, and other plants.

&c., on which they prey, they impale them, leaving them on the thorny bushes, to return to when in need*.

The Bushmen who have lately been exhibited in London have there been described as belonging to a race of people, "caught on the banks of the Great Fish River." The Fish River was lately the boundary of the Colony! and the few Bushmen left in Africa have now gone far to the northward. The Boers beyond the Orange River know their haunts, and often supply them with game, to prevent them from stealing and destroying their sheep, for, what they cannot eat on the spot, they will kill and mutilate, in the spirit of sheer mischief. These unfortunate little beings live literally among the clefts of rocks, subsisting on locusts, roots, and anything else they can find in the eating way.

A Dutch farmer, who for some time had regularly furnished a small colony of Bushmen with game, became surprised at the non-appearance of the periodical envoys for it, and therefore went up to their "dwelling-places among the conies." A wretched scene presented itself: the measles had

* This is the system of the butcher bird.

broken out in the community, and the dead, the dying, the sick, the old and the young, men, women, and children, were all heaped together within the caves and nooks of the steep krantzes. He dragged them from their covert, but they would listen to no suggestions calculated, if acted on, to remedy or lighten the disease, and all he could do was to rescue some of the children from the pest-house in the wilderness.

Unlike these Bushmen, and some other savages, the Kaffirs are most cautious in endeavouring to avoid all infectious maladies; and, when the small-pox swept off the aborigines in numbers, the different tribes of the Kaffirs established *cordons sanitaires*, and framed and abided by the most stringent laws of quarantine.

I could write many pages on the subject of Mr. Pringle's charming and admirably-planned location. I shall long think of the Bushman's haunt, the little chapel in the fertile valley, and, above all, the kindly welcome I met with at Glenthorn, but such agreeable reminiscences must be reserved for another time; these pages are dedicated to a history of war and turmoil, and I must not pause to dwell on pleasant memories con-

nected with my journey through those mountain-ranges.

None of Mr. Pringle's family deserted the mansion during the war. It was made defensible, and afforded a refuge for many who dared not remain on their isolated farms. It was quite a little garrison in itself, and was never even attacked by the Kaffirs.

On our way to the Mancazana, we rested again at Mr. Macmaster's farm—a place with a pretty, peaceful-looking garden, backed by such cliffs! and interesting from its being associated with the poet, Pringle, and his works, many of them having been written on this romantic spot. In the Mancazana valley we passed by the ruins of several farms, and at the post we heard an indistinct rumour of the deaths of the five officers before alluded to. That such a number had been killed was clear, but to what regiment they belonged I could not ascertain. In no very happy frame of mind I reached Mr. Gilbert's farm, within seven miles of Fort Beaufort; here again were the evidences of war—bullet-marks on the walls, palisades torn up, and gates well battered. A charger, formerly belonging to Captain Bertie Gordon, of the 91st,

stood peaceably eating his forage in the yard, but his once sleek skin was rough, and his frame looked worn. Poor "Prussian!" his owners regretted his changed appearance, and so did I.

On our return to Beaufort, we learned further particulars of this frightful affair in the field, which were eventually fully confirmed. The sorrowing comrades of these poor officers have raised a monument to their memory, on the site of the General's camp on the Conga.

The following particulars, extracted from the Cape Frontier Times, corresponded so entirely with the information I received from Sir George Berkeley himself, from Colonel Somerset, and other private sources, that I subjoin them in preference to writing my own impressions on the subject.

A most magnificent view of the adjacent country, from a peninsula stretching out upon the Kei, had tempted some of the officers of the General's camp to form a plan for visiting it. The day before they started on this expedition, Captain Baker, of the 73rd, dined with Sir George Berkeley, who told me that had he known the intention of these ill-fated men to visit a locality so far from the camp, so thickly wooded and pre-

cipitous, he would not have permitted their departure. Captain Faunce, and Lieutenant Nash, 73rd, were to have accompanied the party, but happily their duties prevented them from doing so. Lieutenant Littlehales started with them, but, rain coming on, and having a severe cold, which he was unwilling to increase in the field, he turned back. In the evening of Saturday, the 13th of November, "he became alarmed at the absence of his brother officers; and, half-an-hour afterwards, Captains Somerset, Berkeley Seymour, (the General's Staff,) and Captain Bisset, C.M.R., started in search of them, and descended into the bed of the river. It was dark, and they returned at two o'clock on Sunday morning, their search having been unsuccessful. Two hours afterwards, the same officers, with a company of the 73rd, took up the spoor of the missing officers again, and succeeded in finding the unfortunate men, in a deep chasm near the river. They were all lying near each other. It is conjectured that they had all been to the top of the mountain, from which elevation they had been seen by the Kaffirs, who had posted a large body to intercept them on their return." Since the event, this had been ascer-

tained to have been the case. "At this time, a large quantity of cattle was perceived going down to the Kei, with a number of the enemy; a dispatch was immediately sent back to the camp, and the party was reinforced by detachments from the head-quarter division, and Colonel Somerset's." The latter headed the people from his own camp. After a night march of great fatigue, the troops were all anxiety for the attack: the 73rd were furious, and the sight of the dead bodies, stripped of everything, and with every proof about them of having fought desperately against the savages, enraged their brother soldiers more and more at every step they took.

The force selected for the engagement, consisted of a hundred and thirty of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, three hundred of a native levy, thirty of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and two hundred of the 73rd Regiment; there were also about eighty farmers: the native infantry were under the command of Captain Owen. When the dispositions for attack had been made, "the troops were formed into small divisions, and a point of attack assigned to each. During these operations, the General and Staff climbed the Table Mountain, to the

top, and Colonel Somerset endeavoured to cross a ford on the river; but, being baffled in his design, joined the General. A number of cattle being descried in the bend of the Kei, Colonel Somerset, with his people, wound down a pass to reach them." The Kaffirs stood their ground here unusually well, but the 73rd dashed at them in gallant style, and soon dislodged them, while the Provisionals, Captain Hogg's levy, and the Cape Corps, pushed onwards for the cattle. Colonel Somerset was busy exchanging shots with the enemy at one of their drifts, Lieutenant Macdonald, C.M.R., having been the first, with his detachment, to commence the attack at the river.

No great loss was sustained on the British side, and a great many Kaffir guns were taken. "Colonel Somerset made an admirable disposition of the force under his command, and directed the whole movement with great skill. The General overlooked the whole affair, and is said to have expressed his satisfaction at the spirited and gallant manner in which the troops, and all who were engaged, behaved."

At least thirty Kaffirs were counted dead after this action; some of them wearing the clothes

of the deceased officers. Mr. Faunce's horse was captured in the fray, and poor Captain Baker's charger gallopped into the camp, still saddled, and bleeding from an assegai wound in its head.

The Graham's Town Journal bears the following testimony to Colonel Somerset's exertions in this affray. "The gallantry and activity of Colonel Somerset throughout this affair were conspicuous: directing, under the General, the whole of the operations below the mountain, he displayed the most perfect acquaintance with the habits of the enemy and the character of the country; he was to be seen at every point where danger presented itself, or direction was needed, and ably and zealously was he supported by every officer and man engaged in one of the severest field-days ever experienced since the commencement of the present contest."

Before the actual engagement with the enemy, the troops had marched thirty miles. It is these harassing marches to hunt up a foe who eludes you, like a will-o'-the-wisp, which makes the service on the frontier so wearing. What though a man may escape the assegai, or musket, of the savage, he stands a great chance of injuring his

constitution for life, and if he fall into the enemy's hands, Heaven help him! for man will show no mercy!

The first signal made from Cape Town to the "Vernon," with Sir Harry Smith and suite on board, conveyed the intelligence of the above-mentioned deaths, without any particulars as to where or how they had occurred. Some of the passengers were inclined to believe the Kaffirs had reached Cape Town, but the calm reasoning and clear judgment of Sir Harry Smith soon re-assured them.

Soon after this affair, Colonel Somerset succeeded in crossing the Kei, with the Cape Corps, and Captain Hogg's levy, all in light marching order, with supplies for five days. As soon as this force was on the other side of the river, Pato came back. Captain O'Reilly was then detached, with some of the Cape Corps, to look for him, when he again doubled, and escaped with a quantity of colonial cattle; only four hundred being captured in the course of these operations.

Umhala was suspected of sheltering Pato's people and the cattle; and afterwards, when disturbed on his location by the operations of the

troops, he had the insolence to remonstrate on the inconvenience he was put to by being thus suspected. Such fallacious reasoning did not influence Colonel Somerset's plans. The craftiness of these Kaffirs is the most difficult thing possible to contend with. What, for instance, could be more cunning than Kreli's reply, when accused of sheltering Pato? "Colonel Somerset's commands," he said, "had forced Pato over the Kei into his (the Amaponda) country, and so precipitately that the stolen Colonial cattle had got mixed up with Kreli's in the pasture-ground." "Now," said Kreli, "this could not have been so, had Pato come hither with my permission, as, in that case, I should have separated my cattle from his." He also begged to know on what authority the British Government had decided that he had sheltered Pato. He was told, in reply, that the information had been received from certain Kaffir prisoners, whose names, however, were unknown; whereupon his councillors answered, "You, Colonel Johnstone (27th), and the Governor, and Somerset, and Stockenstrom, and Kreli, are great men, and are you going to settle an important national question, upon the report of prisoners of whom

you know nothing?" Certainly a Kaffir would puzzle Lord Brougham himself, by his plan of meeting cross questions with crooked answers.

On the 1st of December, 1847, Sir Harry and Lady Smith, with his Excellency's staff and suite, landed at Cape Town, amid the acclamations and rejoicings of assembled thousands. I have already alluded to Lady Smith as "once the favourite of the African Frontier;" and, at a public assembly, Judge Menzies welcomed the arrival of the Governor and Lady Smith by proposing a toast, not to "His Excellency and his Lady," but to "Harry Smith and his Wife." On all sides, their return was hailed with joy; but, as the colonists are too apt to be guided by results rather than motives, it is better not to dwell on this reception.

Sir Henry Pottinger left Graham's Town, under a salute of guns from the batteries, on the 16th of December, and Sir George Berkeley followed on the 17th. The great event of the day was the entrée of Sir Harry Smith. The shops were closed, every one made holiday, triumphal arches were erected, surmounted by inscriptions proclaiming welcome to the new Governor and old friend.

The very *bonhomie* with which Sir Harry had met his old acquaintances—even an old Hottentot serjeant, with whom he shook hands on the road—procured for him a ready popularity ere he entered Graham's Town.

At Sidbury, within thirty miles of the town, Sir Henry Pottinger and his successor had a short conference. There is no doubt the latter had brought his instructions from the Colonial Office with him; but the meeting between two such men, and the conference on the destinies of South Africa, at a scattered village on the borders, must have been connected with singular and interesting associations.

From Port Elizabeth to Graham's Town one scene of joy and welcome presented itself. Soon after landing at the former place, his Excellency made his appearance before a throng of spectators, amongst whom he recognised the Chief, Macomo. At sight of him, Sir Harry drew his sword half way from the scabbard, held it thus for a minute, and drove it back again with an expressive gesture of anger and scorn; at which Macomo shrank back, and the crowd laughed. His Excellency afterwards saw Macomo, whom he bitterly up-

braided for his treachery, and derided for his folly. As he uttered his reproaches, he ordered him to kneel prostrate before him, which he did, unwillingly enough. "This," said Sir Harry Smith, placing his foot on the neck of the conquered savage, "this is to teach you that I have come hither to teach Kaffirland that I am chief and master here, and this is the way I shall treat the enemies of the Queen of England."

On the 17th, as we watched the rockets ascending, and the lights flashing from one end of Graham's Town to the other, I could not help comparing the circumstances of last year with the present. Then all was gloom, save when the fires on the hill-tops telegraphed mischief between the Kaffirs. Now, beacons blazed, the silent heralds of glad tidings; the very Fingo kraals adjacent to the town sent forth shouts, and torches flitted from hut to hut. Amongst all this stir, there is something interesting in recording where Sir Harry Smith was, and how he was employed, during the rejoicings of the excited populace. Long before the lights were extinguished, he was up and at work. Three o'clock on the morning of the 18th found him at his

desk, which he scarcely left till five in the evening. Amid all the din of these rejoicings for the hero of Aliwal, Colonel Somerset, having conquered the T'Slambies, and delivered Pato into his Excellency's hands, quietly rode into town, unnoticed, but not forgotten, it is to be hoped, by those, who, eighteen months ago, looked to him for protection and assistance.

On his Excellency's arrival at Government House, he sent for Sandilla, whom he addressed in severe terms. Sandilla, of course, admitted, in the old style, that he had been in error. On Sir Harry asking him who was now the "Inkosi Enkulu," (Great Chief) of Kaffirland, he, after a pause, in true Kaffir style, and closely observed by his councillors, replied "Kreli." At this, Sir Harry broke forth, in terms of great anger. "No!" said the Governor, "I am your paramount chief—I am come to punish you for your misdoings—your treachery—and your obstinate folly. You may approach my foot and kiss it, in token of submission, but not until I see a sincere repentance for the past, will I permit you to touch my hand."

Sandilla was released from confinement, by Sir

Harry's order. Chieftainship, in a Kaffir sense, being abolished, and the ex-chiefs being invested with a sort of magisterial influence over their people, checked by British rule, a baton of office was sent to him, to be placed in the ground before his hut, side by side with the wand always planted there as a symbol of authority. His wand is surmounted by a cow's tail, and marks the chief's residence from the other huts of the Kraal. The baton given by Sir Harry is a stick, with a brass knob at the top of it. A proclamation, dated the 17th of December, 1847, announced the Keiskama as the boundary of the Colony. The advantages of such a line of demarcation, I have before alluded to.

At noon, on the 20th, his Excellency was in the saddle, *en route* for King William's Town, *viâ* Fort Hare and Post Victoria. He was accompanied by the heads of departments in general, and by his staff. At Fort Hare, the party was entertained at dinner by the Officers of the 45th Regiment, and next day, proceeding to King William's Town, breakfasted on the road in the Tyumie valley. At King William's Town, his Excellency had appointed a meeting of the Chiefs

of Kaffirland, desiring them to obey him, or abide the consequences. They know him too well to hesitate.

In the mean time, Pato, hearing that Colonel Somerset was again on the track in search of him, grew frightened; and, as this officer was *en route* with his force, the rebel savage sent his councillors, with an offer of five thousand head of cattle, and a promise of surrender, if his life might be spared.

It was on Sunday, the 19th of December, while Sir Harry Smith was yet in Graham's Town, that the work of Colonel Somerset was, so to speak, brought to a close by the surrender of Pato.

While moving with his forces towards the Kei, and debating where he should "off-saddle" and bivouac, for a short refreshment, Colonel Somerset observed two Kaffirs riding at a rapid gallop towards him. These were two of Pato's councillors, who looked tired and frightened beyond description, but they rode direct for Colonel Somerset; and, as soon as one of them could get breath, he spoke. He had been sent by his chief, he said, to make terms of surrender. "The tribe

was broken up. Pato was hunted down, and could hold out no longer." Colonel Somerset asked what guarantee he should have that Pato would keep his word: a word which had been broken so often? "I am Pato's mouth," said the messenger; "I speak his word, and *now*, it is true. I have been told to ride and find Somerset, or *die*."

Colonel Somerset refused to give any promise until Pato came forward personally, and surrendered at discretion. With this answer, the councillors departed. Old Cobus Congo, Pato's brother, next made his appearance, and Colonel Somerset's peremptory command to have the arms given up was followed by the approach of Kaffirs in all directions, hurrying down the hills, and emerging from the apparently uninhabited kloofs, with guns and assegais. The eminences, which had appeared untenanted by man, were now dotted with these wretched creatures; the silent krantzes gave up the warriors long concealed therein; and, two days afterwards, Pato, with twelve councillors, all haggard, dirty, and trembling with terror, approached the bivouac, and, in a state of the most abject misery, the treacherous savage surrendered himself. He had been "hunted from rock to

rock," he said, "for three months: he was no longer a man, but a baboon, for he had been dwelling among the monkeys: he had concealed himself where no cavalry could come, but the dreaded name of Somerset had stirred him from his hiding-place, and he now implored to be taken out of the bush." He spoke of the miseries to which he and his people had been subjected; at times, they had not been able to kill an ox for food, and some of his followers had been compelled to eat their shields. (This was no more than our allies, the Fingoes, were frequently obliged to do last year.)

All his professions were in a tone of the deepest humility. In short, he had been hunted like a dog, as he deserved, and he was ready to submit to anything to be allowed to have the mountains near the Amapondas, and to "sit still," at least, for a season.

Colonel Somerset was, of course, perfectly awake as to the motives which directed this pacific movement on the part of Pato, who was quite ready to submit to any terms, for the present. Cattle were demanded. Pato promised *five thousand head down.* More arms were asked for; the

hurry with which many guns and assegais had already been produced, was sufficient guarantee for the future. Colonel Somerset, however, held no responsible position as a diplomatist; *during the whole war he had only been the fighting-man in Kaffirland.* So, having beaten Sandilla, Pato, Umhala, Souto, Stock, &c. &c. &c., and their tribes, he was to submit the rebel and his propositions to Sir Harry Smith, and his Excellency was to meet the Chiefs at King William's Town, and hold a parley there on the 23rd of December, preparatory to the great meeting on the 7th January, 1848. This last assembly was fixed on that day as the anniversary of a solemn convocation of the kind, held on the 7th January, 1836.

I have elsewhere touched on our hurried move from the Frontier of South Africa, by which I have been prevented from satisfactorily transcribing my notes on past occurrences. A *trek* in a bullock-waggon, at the rate of *two miles and a-half an hour*, over rough roads, to which a tread-mill would be smooth, and an occasional ride "through the bush," under a vertical sun, are by no means incentives to employment of any kind. It has been a frightful and toilsome journey, especially

to one whose nerves have been shattered by the events of the last twenty-two months. The most agreeable chapter in the journey from the Frontier, was the voyage of forty-nine hours in her Majesty's ship "Geyser," from Algoa Bay to Cape Town; the distance being six hundred miles. What a contrast to the five days' previous *trek* of ninety-six miles! Here was rest, indeed! Sailors certainly have a way of making things pleasant to their guests, and persuading the *latter*, at the same time, that it is they who contribute to the *agrémens* of the passage, whereas it must decidedly inconvenience, in no trifling degree, the officers and crew of a man-of-war, to convert it into a travelling barrack.

A deep debt of good-will and thanks do the 91st owe the officers of the "Geyser," and long, long will the right pleasant welcome they received upon her decks be remembered by them all, and returned some day—if it be possible! But, it will *not* be possible!

The southern part of Africa is in a perfect whirl; troops are moving from the *Front* as fast as conveyance can be found for their baggage. Sir Harry Smith is at Natal, but is soon expected here.

Doubtless he will bring good news of the Boers, for they have long confided in his promises. Some of them are disposed to inquire about restitution of cattle, and the Kaffir chiefs are said to be chuckling, because, with the exception of Colonel Somerset's demand upon Pato, nothing has been said lately about restoring stolen cattle, or making compensation. The present Governor has, however, as Umhala would say, "ears that hear," and "eyes that see," and will not abuse or neglect the confidence reposed in him by the colonists. His Excellency's decisive replies to the Chiefs when he met them at King William's Town, and the clearness with which he impressed on their minds that they held their present position only by right of active allegiance on their parts towards the British Government, are the best guarantees of the manner in which he will *carry out* the plans as yet only in abeyance. "I am the Inkosi Enkulu (the great chief) of Kaffirland," said he. "From me, as the representative of the Queen of England, you hold your lands. My WORD shall be your law, and whoso shall disobey it, him will I sweep from the land!"

Now, one great secret of Sir Harry Smith's rule

is, that the *Kaffirs know he will execute what he threatens.* They are sure he will *keep his* WORD. As Pato knew Colonel Somerset would never rest till he found him and hunted him and his people down, so Gaikas and T'slambies, Tambookies and Zooluhs, feel that Sir Harry Smith, too, will be "up and doing" among them, if they fail in their promises.

CHAPTER XII.

SIR BENJAMIN D'URBAN—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF SIR HARRY SMITH—INTERVIEW WITH THE KAFFIR CHIEFS AT KING WILLIAM'S TOWN, ON THE 23RD OF DECEMBER, 1847—PEACE WITH THE KAFFIRS—BOUNDARIES OF BRITISH KAFFRARIA—ANOTHER MEETING OF SIR H. SMITH WITH THE KAFFIR CHIEFS ON THE 7TH OF JANUARY, 1848—GRANTS OF LAND—THE GOVERNOR PROCEEDS ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION THROUGH KAFFIRLAND—CONCILIATES THE DUTCH SETTLERS—PROCLAMATIONS.

It was often regretted by the friends of Sir Benjamin D'Urban that he did not proceed to England after being so unjustifiably displaced from the position he held at the Cape of Good Hope, in 1836. After an absence of upwards of ten years, during which period he sorrowfully abided the result of the false system he had fearlessly opposed, he presented himself at the Colonial Office in London. Happily for Kaffir-

land, the clear statements he made there, backed as they were by the disastrous circumstances of the war, which too truly proved the soundness of his former argument, at once obtained for him the special attention of the Home Government.

It was something gained to meet with this attention at last. Ears, which had so long been deaf, recovered their powers, when the eyes had been stretched to the utmost limits by the sight of the frightful bill of expenditure. It was now freely confessed that the D'Urban system was the only one left to rescue the Colony from ruin. It would seem that the authorities grew tired of waiting the result of Sir Henry Pottinger's policy. His Excellency was removed to the scenes of his former career, and the offices of Governor and Commander-in-Chief, were again united in the person of Sir Harry Smith, whose opportune arrival in England from India was hailed with joy by the very party, who had, in 1836, discarded the opinions and overthrown the policy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban and Sir Harry himself. His appointment to the Government of the Cape soon followed his triumphant reception at home as the hero of our Indian successes.

Enthusiastic as his welcome had been in his own country, his Excellency's *entrée* into Graham's Town, escorted by at least five hundred friends, independently of all military attendance, must have been deeply gratifying to him. How much more so must have been his sensations on the morning of the 23rd of December, 1847, when he gallopped into the centre of the square formed by the garrison drawn up to receive him, "at the old place of meeting"—King William's Town! The band of the Rifle Brigade received him with the National Anthem, and the cheers of the multitude formed a noble chorus; but, as the General rode down the line, the troops, presenting arms, the air changed to "See the Conquering Hero comes!" Shouts rose from the concourse, consisting of the military, the colonists, Kaffirs, Fingoes, and many others of different grades and denominations.

When these had subsided, Sir Harry Smith addressed the troops: my limits, however, prevent my giving the whole of the speech made on this occasion. His Excellency complimented Colonel Buller of the Rifle Brigade, on the command of such a body of men, calling the attention of the

latter to their advantage in having such a Commander; and having noticed "that bravery and endurance which they had displayed during the long and harassing warfare through which they had struggled," he beckoned Colonel Somerset to his side, and thus addressed him:—

"To you, Colonel Somerset, we are mainly indebted for the satisfactory close of this severe contest. You have been in the field throughout, and have exhibited equal courage, patience, perseverance, and ability in the discharge of the severe duties which have devolved upon you. To an officer so nearly of my own rank, it is not for *me* to return my thanks. But I thank you in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, for your efficient services in this command; I thank you in the name of the eminently illustrious and immortal Duke of Wellington, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, for the manner in which you have prosecuted this war until you have brought it to a final issue."

Colonel Mackinnon was appointed to the command of the district.

The scene at King William's Town, at this period, was very imposing: the Kaffirs, in num-

ber at least two thousand, all unarmed, formed a semicircle of perhaps eight deep; in front of this semicircle stood the Chiefs, facing the General, Colonels Somerset, Buller, and Mackinnon, and Mr. Shepstone, the Interpreter. In the rear of the latter were the troops, consisting of the Rifle Brigade, part of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and 73rd Regiment. His Excellency scanned the assembly before him with a searching look; and, as his eye rested on the line of Chiefs, he missed Sutu, and her son Sandilla, in a moment. Punctual himself, he was naturally angry at their absence, and demanded where they were?

Mother and son had retired from that great crowd to a little drift in a hollow! They were sent for, and obeyed the summons. The dense semicircle mass opened in the centre, and the lame Chief and Sutu entered the area. Some Kaffirs were disposed for a moment to press inward; but a low murmur went round, and those in front seated themselves the moment the young Gaika and his mother took their places at the head of the line of Chiefs. There was then a silence among the multitude, and the Governor

addressed them, every word he uttered being carefully translated by Mr. Shepstone.

Previously to his Excellency's address, two large staves were brought forward, one was surmounted by a brass knob, the other was a Serjeant's halbert. These Sir Harry Smith planted on each side of him as symbols of peace and war. He opened his speech with bitter reproaches against the Kaffirs for their treachery and violence, upbraiding them with their faithlessness while he scorned them for their folly.

He told them the Queen of England had sent him to Africa to put a stop to their violence, and to organize the country over which they had so ruthlessly stalked as destroyers. Pointing to the staves, he called on them to advance, and to take their choice of peace or war. It mattered not to him, they might fight, but he *would* conquer them: he *would* be Chief. They had seen already how the troops of England could harass them; the grasp and vengeance of England could never be eluded. "You, Sutu," said His Excellency, "I call upon you to come forward, and make your choice, by touching one staff or the other."

Sutu advanced, and, placing her hand on the stick of peace, her example was followed by all the rest in succession. As Stock approached, His Excellency exclaimed, "Stock, son of Eno! is not your sleep disturbed by evil spirits, as a punishment for the contempt with which you treated your father's last words?—And for you, Pato, Colonel Somerset has taken you out of the bush this time: you may thank him for your life, had I been there, you should have lost your head*."

Pato's appearance was miserable. He more resembled a Hottentot than a Kaffir, being of the Gona tribe, which is a mixture of both races. An old handkerchief was wound round his head, and his shrunken limbs were enveloped in a dirty blanket. Several times during Sir Harry Smith's address, those peculiar murmurs of wonder, approbation, and assent, went through the mighty circle. I have elsewhere compared these sounds to the waves of a great ocean, rising and falling in the distance. As the Governor

* Sir Harry Smith's precise words I believe, on good authority, were, "As for you, Pato, you are a vagabond; and, instead of being taken out of the bush, you deserve to be shot."

took care to remind them occasionally that Chieftainship, in their sense of the term, was abolished, and declared, from that moment, *he* was the Great *Inkosi Enkulu*, and the representative of the Queen of England, an irrepressible groan burst forth from the Kaffirs; but none attempted to reply; all seemed paralyzed by fear. Not even an assegai was to be seen in their hands—a most unusual circumstance among these savage tribes.

At the close of his stern address to the assembled Kaffirs, His Excellency read the Proclamation defining the conditions on which British Kaffraria is to be occupied for the future. While reading this, he paused at several passages, giving the Chiefs an opportunity of ascertaining the exact meaning of what they heard; as he uttered the word "conquered," in reference to the territory, his manner and tone were such as could not be misunderstood.

The Chiefs, declaring it was "good," were ordered to advance separately, and touch the staff of Peace or War, as pleased them best. There was no hesitation in deciding: the voice of Young Kaffirland had been silenced, and the

Chiefs stepped forward one by one, kissing Sir Harry Smith's foot as he sate on horseback, in token of their repentance for the past, and as a guarantee for future submission.

Not one of them approached the new Inkosi Enkulu without eliciting some severe remarks. Threats were not spared, accompanied by significant gestures. "He would teach them," he said, "who should henceforth be their masters; and, if they failed to obey *his Word*, he would sweep the disobedient from the land." In short, he gave them to understand, in plain English, that they were a set of unworthy miscreants, who had forfeited all claim to indulgence; but who, upon a promise of future good behaviour, were to be mercifully tried once more, *but not to be trusted.* No! Sir Harry Smith knew them too well for that!

Words like these, from his lips, carried with them more weight than all the written documents the Colonial Office could send forth. As the Chiefs retired to their position, His Excellency, having possessed himself of a piece of paper for the purpose, held it up to the multitude as emblematic of the former Treaties; and, tearing

it to pieces, scattered it to the winds, exclaiming with his accustomed energy, "there go the Treaties!" He next seized the staff of war, and, poising it for a few moments, cast it to the ground with great vehemence. "Behold," said he, "the end of war! And now, three cheers for Peace!" Lifting his hat, he bade those beside him follow his example. The loud hurrahs ascended to the sky, sending their echoes along the banks of the Buffalo River. All united in the acclamations which the occasion called forth. From soldiers, spectators, and Kaffirs arose one simultaneous shout, and from kloof to kloof, from plain to plain, resounded the cheers which proclaimed "Peace on earth, and good-will towards men!" two days before the great festival of Christmas.

The enemy were beaten, for the present. Convinced of their folly in attempting to continue the war against the Umlunghi, the Kaffirs are not a bit more true-hearted than of old. No: the promise of a cat to catch no more mice would prove about as valid as the assertion of the Kaffir that he will steal cattle no more!

But he is frightened now, tired and hunted

down; and he knows Sir Harry Smith to be a man of his word, and sure to keep it—that is to say, if the Authorities at home will let him!—and give him the means to do so without shackling him as they have done all Governors of the Cape of Good Hope, before the Kaffir War of 1846-47 obliged them to acknowledge and to remedy what they never *would* believe before.

The Keiskama River was proclaimed the immediate boundary of the Colony; and between this and the Kei lies what "shall be called and known as British Kaffraria," to be held by the Kaffirs under such rules and regulations as Her Majesty's High Commissioner, or other Representative, who shall be the Great Chief of the whole of the said territory, shall deem best calculated to promote the civilization, conversion to Christianity, and general enlightenment of the benighted beings subject to her rule."

In order "to define and fix a certain line of boundary, that no dispute or disaffection might hereafter arise among the people on a question of right or occupation," the lands appropriated to the different chiefs of their tribes received English names. The "Great Place" of Sandilla is now

called York; the country allotted to the Amabala people, under Stock, Lincolnshire. The location of the Amagunuquebies, under Pato, son of Gazella, is named Bedfordshire; and Umhala's district, with the I'Slambies, Cambridgeshire; another portion of the I'Slambies, under Tois, are settled "within the limits of the county of Sussex." Tois's own place is to be called Goodwood. The Tambookies, under Umtikaka* and Mapassa, are to be located to the North of Yorkshire and Sussex; and the various villages which are to be established within the limits of British Kaffraria have yet to be defined.

The substitution of English names for the ancient and poetic denominations by which the Kaffirs have hitherto distinguished their abodes, is a necessary measure; but who can reconcile himself, at this juncture, to London at the mouth of the Buffalo River, on the borders of Kaffirland; York some forty miles distant, lying among the Amatola Mountains; Cambridge near Fort Waterloo, (late Waterloo Bay,) and so forth?

* Since the meeting at King William's Town, Umtikaka has died. There is some reason to believe he has been poisoned. It will be remembered that he wished to assist us against Mapassa in the early part of the war.

At the close of this meeting, another was fixed for the 7th of January, 1848, being the anniversary of one held eleven years before, on the same spot, by Sir Harry Smith. To this gathering, Kreli was summoned from beyond the Kei.

On the evening of the 23rd, some of the chiefs being offered coffee in an officer's tent, old Botman was heard making sundry remarks on the occurrences of the day. On being asked what he thought of the Governor's address, he replied, "The day was stormy—the wind blew very strong." But there was no gaining from him his real opinion as to past circumstances, or future arrangements.

It is the custom of the Kaffirs to assemble after any great gathering, whether of peace or war, a wedding or a witchcraft-scene. Those who have not been present are always desirous of hearing "the news." When Sir Hary Smith was in Kaffirland in 1836 he had occasion to summon the Chiefs to a meeting, when he reproached them severely for sundry aggressions. On their dismissal, they repaired to the Kraal, where several members of each tribe awaited their return with the eager question, "What news?"

"There was a storm," said one, "Much thunder!" "But," asked another, "was it followed by refreshing rain?" "Oh! yes, when the thunder ceased there fell some cooling and pleasant showers"—alluding to food and gifts.

One secret of Sir Harry Smith's success is, that he does not suffer the Kaffirs to parley with him. He looks upon them now as unworthy to be listened to, and they feel this; they make no attempt to reply. As for reasoning with them, it were but lost time; they are the cleverest logicians in the world, and have always an answer more suitable to their own purpose than we could possibly anticipate.

Umhala was once told he could not be permitted to marry a Christian Kaffir girl, as he had eleven wives already. After repeated messages and munificent offers of cattle, &c., on his part, he pressed his suit by saying, "his wives knew not the white man's God; he desired to have a Christian wife, that she might teach him!" He did not succeed, however, with the lady. "We know," said a Kaffir to a missionary, "that what you tell us is for our good. We feel it must be so, because you bid us be kind to one another,

and to be neither thieves nor liars. You bid our children be dutiful, our wives obedient, our neighbours peaceful; but when you tell us to abide with our old wives, and take no more young ones, then the teacher's words are no longer good, and our ears are deaf to them."

A Kaffir prisoner, having been six months in the Graham's Town gaol, was tried at the assizes in April, 1847, and acquitted of the crime of which he had been accused. Before leaving the box, he was observed speaking to one of the officers of the court. "What is he saying?" asked the Judge. "He wishes to know," replied the functionary, "why he has been so long in prison, and afterwards brought here, as he has committed no crime."

The 7th of January brought together another assemblage, from all parts of the frontier, at King William's Town. The absence of Lady Smith, who had been present on that spot in 1836, was regretted by all who remembered her. Old Sutu presented herself at Fort Cox, when *en route* for the Buffalo, and begged some intelligence of "her mother." His Excellency's movements had been too rapid and fatiguing to permit of a lady's ac-

companying him, and Lady Smith remained at Cape Town during the absence of her gallant husband.

At half-past nine in the morning the Rifle Brigade were under arms, awaiting the arrival of His Excellency. The Kaffirs lingered about the camp, talking in groups, and finally dropping into the semicircle, in front of which, as before, the Chiefs and great men stood. There were about two thousand assembled by the time Sir Harry rode up, and Pato, having desired the tribes to greet the Governor as a great Chief, the usual cheers arose from the throng as, dressed in the uniform of the Rifle Brigade, and wearing the star of the Order of the Bath, the hero of Aliwal made his appearance, surrounded by his staff.

The opening of the Governor's address was well suited to the occasion, and to the character of his auditors. "My children, God, you see, blesses this occasion: your gardens were dry, and burnt up, and He, last night, sent you a copious rain."

A prayer was read, in the Kaffir language, by the Rev. Mr. Dugmore, a missionary, and, at the conclusion of this, Sir Harry Smith continued his address to the multitude.

All the particulars of this interesting ceremony have appeared in the "Cape Frontier Times" of January 11th, 1848. They may, however, be condensed within the narrowest possible limits for the information of my readers; their authenticity has been attested by persons of high official importance who were present at the meeting.

Nothing could be clearer than Sir Harry Smith's explanation of affairs to the wretched people now at his feet. He pointed out the line of demarcation between the Colony and "British Kaffraria," and again between that and the Amapondas, reminding them that henceforth there would be no more treaties; the Kaffirs were British subjects, holding the lands forfeited by their late aggressions only on condition of good behaviour. That at the great meeting, eleven years ago, he had advised them to be industrious and honest. "I left you," said he, "learning to be English. Look upon yourselves now, and then see the miserable wretches war has made you! Where are the large herds of cattle of which I left you in possession? *Fools!*" and Sir Harry, advancing within a pace or two of the Kaffirs, struck the ground vehemently with the

staff of peace. . . . . "The great Queen of England has sent me back to you to show you that she has not thrown you away, if you still desire to be her children. *Did I ever tell you a lie?*" . . . . "Hear! I am your Inkosi Enkulu — no Kreli, no Sandilla, no Macomo. . . . . But I shall keep every Chief at the head of his own tribe, and I will make English and good men of you. Now, you great Chiefs, come forward, and touch my stick of office; the stick of war I have thrown away."

The following oath of obedience was then administered, the Kaffirs holding the staff of peace with one hand, while two fingers of the other were lifted up, according to the custom of these people.

"Know you *this*, our own Inkosi Enkulu, representative of our great Queen of England, that I (here each Chief repeated his name) will be faithful and true unto you, or whomsoever Her Majesty pleases to place over us, and faith to you bear for the lands which I hope to hold of you—and that I will lawfully do to you the customs and services which I ought to do in the terms assigned, viz. . . . . The terms pointed out to them by his

Excellency were then agreed to. These were, to obey the laws established by him; to abolish and "disbelieve" (?) in witchcraft; to protect their people, and encourage them to honesty; to hold the lands conditionally; to acknowledge no Chief but the representative of the Queen of England; to cease from buying wives; to listen to the missionaries, and send the children of the tribes to their schools; and, on the anniversary of the 7th of January, to bring each a fat ox to King William's Town, in testimony of acknowledgment of the footing on which the land is held.

This ceremony over, Sandilla offered his "great thanks," professing, in the usual strain, to be "under the Governor's feet, and abjuring all idea of Chieftainship in his own person, except as it was reflected in him by the 'White Inkosi Enkulu.'" He then added, "Your children now beg for more land, as they are very much crowded."

His Excellency remarked that there was plenty of land towards the Kei, but Sandilla answered "He did not know that country; he was not brought up there." "Nor," said Sir Harry, "were you brought up in the Colony into which

you so lately found your way." Sandilla "wished to protect both sides of the drifts!" "The soldiers will do that," was his Excellency's answer. Umhala spoke his thanks, which had as much meaning in them as Sandilla's, but Pato's were very characteristic of his nation. "I thank you as a great Chief," said he; "to-day you have taken me from among the monkeys*; to-day I may sit in the sun—I could live under you before —to-day I can sit outside. There is the Chief; (Sandilla); where we churn we take our butter; speak to him, that we may listen to his word."

But the Governor interrupted him by striking the staff of peace violently on the ground, exclaiming there should be no chief but himself, and, flinging the staff forward, made Pato, who trembled exceedingly, pick it up, and lay it at his feet.

"Take to the bush again," said his Excellency, "and see how I will hunt you out!"

Konah, Macomo's son, "thanked," and remarked that he "was a little child, and had no

* "I am no longer a man, but a baboon," said Pato to Colonel Somerset, when the latter took the hunted Chief "out of the rocks."

place 'to sit in!'" Macomo's absence at Port Elizabeth* prevented any decisive arrangements being made to settle his people.

After all the Chiefs had spoken, his Excellency again addressed them on the subject of a fair division of the land, on the advantages of industry, of their young people becoming servants, and of agricultural pursuits; and, deprecating the love of cattle, he declared that each disputed bullock should be shot, and threatened to "eat up" the idle and the vicious. He pointed out to them the Kaffir police, which had been clothed—"these," said his Excellency, "are not to hunt the good, but to keep rogues out of the Colony;" and, in allusion to the recent murder of a settler named Stanley, he offered £50 reward for the apprehension of the murderers, observing they should be "hunted out."

Colonel Mackinnon was pointed out as "The *mouth* of the Governor," who was to be obeyed, and listened to in the absence of his Excellency; landmarks were promised, and arms demanded.

* When we were at Port Elizabeth, in January, 1848, Macomo was in gaol for making a disturbance in the streets, when intoxicated.

"Go to Kreli* and Boko," said Sir Harry Smith, "and tell them they are no longer Chiefs. The Queen of England has sent me to keep peace! peace!"

The word was taken up by the Kaffirs, and accompanied by shouts on all sides. The Governor then bid them good bye, promising to be amongst them again in thirty days. The National Anthem, from the magnificent band of the Rifle Brigade, closed the ceremonies of this eventful day, and "Peace! Peace! Peace!" were the last words echoed by the multitude before the people separated—some to return to the Colony, and resume their pursuits—some to wander back to the people of their tribe with "the news."

One of the arrangements for the protection of the Colony will prove beneficial to those employed. A force has been organized by placing

* Kreli had sent a messenger, to the meeting excusing himself from not attending on the score of "being sick;" but, on the 25th of January, he presented himself at King William's Town, attended by forty mounted followers, to remonstrate on the subject of the new boundary line between his country and the Tambookies. Happily, the will of a Kaffir Chief is of small account now, except as far as justice demands.

soldiers, discharged from the 7th Dragoon Guards, 27th, 90th, and 91st Regiments, on certain grants of land in British Kaffraria, and thus forming military villages.

The men so located are to be rationed at the public expense for the first year of their location. Seed, corn, and implements of husbandry will be found for the tillage of their land; each portion consisting of twelve acres, with the right of common; to every ten men a span or team of oxen is to be allotted, and to every twenty, a waggon. While actually serving, they will receive 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, with other allowances. Each village is to be superintended by a retired military officer, armed with magisterial authority for settling petty disputes, and this superintendent will also take command of the party should they be called out to protect the Colony against Kaffir depredations and aggressions.

By this arrangement, the land will be cultivated as well as protected, and doubtless the men so comfortably provided for will invite their friends to join them. Ere many years have elapsed, we may find the wealth of Africa appreciated, and her mines worked by the scientific men and intel-

ligent mechanics of England. The societies at home are already awake to the value of Mr. Bain's researches in geology; and the botanist, the naturalist, the artist, in short, all who are enterprising and persevering, must reap the reward of their exertions in this vast field of new, important, and profitable discoveries.

Hands alone are wanting to complete the system of industry, and this once established will lead to a long and lasting peace; for, by industry, the interests of the Kaffir and the white man will be united.

The former will learn that his best policy is to work; and, although little in this way can be expected, at first, from a predatory savage, the old Kaffir will correct the younger one in the belief that the Umlunghi may be beaten. As another generation rises, it will learn not only our customs but our wants; and, on the latter circumstance we may rest, politically speaking, with more satisfaction than on all the teaching young Kaffirland may receive, or on all the promises he may make.

Peace being fairly proclaimed from Cape Town to the Kei, Sir Harry Smith started for Natal,

accompanied by Mr. Southey, Secretary to the High Commissioner, and Major Garvock, 31st Regiment, A.D.C., and Private Secretary. The object of his Excellency's visit was to inquire into the causes of that discontent which has so long existed among the Boers, and to establish decisive measures for the welfare of the various classes of inhabitants occupying the country to the eastward. Sir Harry Smith's determination to travel by land was a most fortunate circumstance; for, had he gone by sea, extraordinary opportunities would have been lost. The families of many Dutch settlers were thus overtaken, while *trekking* from the Colony to settlements where they would be beyond British rule. Some were on the eve of departure, and a few were pausing, but prepared for a move. In this state of discontent, misery, and suspense, the approach of his Excellency was hailed with an enthusiasm very rare among these phlegmatic and taciturn people.

At Colesberg, he was met by a deputation of the inhabitants, principally Dutch, who presented him with an address of welcome. At Bloem Fontein, between the Riet and Modda Rivers,

he was greeted by numerous Boers, all anxious to listen to his terms, and send for their friends from various points that they might do the same. The chief, Moshesh, whose country lies beyond the Orange River, presented himself to the Governor at Winberg. The Chief was accompanied by his two sons, who had been educated at Cape Town.

Most satisfactory arrangements were made, tending to promote peace and content among the Boers, the Griquas, and the tribes under Moshesh, Moroko, and other Chiefs. All expressed themselves satisfied with Sir Harry Smith's "proposals," for he *pledged himself to nothing* until he had removed, or overcome, many difficulties incidental to his high and responsible position.

One incident, trifling in itself, went further towards conciliating the Dutch than any well-prepared speeches would have done. While about to reply to the address of the Boers at Bloem Fontein, his Excellency observed an aged man "whose whitened locks told of some eighty summers." He immediately called him from the crowd; and, handing him his own chair,

Sir Harry expressed his regrets that the old man should have stood so long without being observed. How few there are who consider the advantage we gain by dealing with others according to *their* dispositions and tempers, rather *than our own!*

Sad scenes of distress among the unsettled farmers excited the sympathy of the humane Governor on his journey. Rains, in almost unparalleled floods, having fallen at this period, the plains were inundated: the waggons, their drivers, and the cattle, were found resting disconsolately in the midst of a waste of waters. The old, the young, the sick, and the impoverished, were bewailing their sad condition at the foot of the Drakenburg Mountains, dreading their journey through the wilderness, over which they were about to drag their weary way, when he who "had come because he knew they wanted a friend," rode into the encampment of Pretorius. Some idea may be formed of the sufferings of these people by the fact that the fore-louper* of the waggon of Pretorius having left them, a

* A leader of the team, or span of oxen.

young girl of twelve years, Pretorius's daughter, had been compelled to lead the oxen for some days; and, in doing so, her arm had been frightfully gored by the leading bullock. The fatigue of a fore-louper is great for a boy, and to a young girl must be absolutely injurious.

In sullen disgust at his reception in Graham's Town, or rather his non-reception by Sir Henry Pottinger, Pretorius had resolved on abandoning the districts under our Government, and the example of such a man was not lost on his neighbours. From the difficulty of communication between the immediate scene of Sir Harry Smith's proclamations and the disaffected Boers, no positive assurance of better prospects had reached them, till he in person offered himself as their friend. A spot on the banks of the Tugala River was named as a place of conference, and a great many farmers assembled there, requesting Pretorius to address his Excellency on the subject of their grievances, which he did in such a way as to excite the sympathy of all who heard him.

The result of this conference was a Proclamation announcing "the Sovereignty of the

Queen of England over the territories north of the Orange River, north to the Vaal River, and east to the Drakenburg, or Quathlamba, Mountains." The Boers, to a man, declared their readiness and anxiety to return to the farms they had forsaken, those further off were invited by proclamation to leave "their miserable locations among the Drakenburg Mountains;" and the arrangements respecting quit-rents, judicial authority, grants of land, &c., were met, with satisfaction, by the whole population assembled to hear and understand them.

The Tugala stream being impassable, the Governor returned to Pretorius's camp, and was there detained some days. On his way back, his Excellency had to ford a passage which, from the rains, had become a deep stream. The people provided a strong horse for him, and assisted, themselves, in getting the travelling waggon, "Government House" as they called it, through the waters, which threatened to sweep it away. The indefatigable Governor at last left Pretorius in the rain; and, after crossing many drifts, forded a dangerous mountain-stream, called the Blue Krantz River. At the Great Bushman's River,

he found a party under Captain Campbell, C.M.R., and Lieutenant Gibb, R.E., who had brought a float from Pieter Mauritzberg. By these means, the Mooi and the Umgani Rivers were passed, and his Excellency reached Natal.

Pieter Mauritzberg is the seat of authority at Natal, and the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. West, resides there.

Many of the inhabitants had ridden out fifteen miles to meet their "friend." The proclamations had satisfied every one of Sir Harry Smith's desire to make all parties justly and permanently happy, and the town was the scene of general rejoicing.

After remaining a day or two at the Lieutenant-Governor's, his Excellency left Natal, for Cape Town, on the 12th of February; landed at the Buffalo mouth, from H.M. steamer "Geyser," on the 15th, and on the 19th reached Graham's Town. On the 1st of March, he made his *entrée* into Cape Town, amid the acclamations of the people and the rejoicings of his friends, and the day closed with illuminations throughout the town. One of these was worthy of remark: it was a small transparency representing the "Hero

of Aliwal" leading the aged Boer to his own seat!

THE WAR IN KAFFIRLAND IS OVER.

One point has been gained by the miseries of the last two years—the Colony has attracted the attention of the whole of the civilized world; its resources have been brought into notice; and, finally, a Governor has been appointed, whose mind is unprejudiced, whose head is clear, whose heart is honest, and whose powers are unshackled.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

THE following very interesting Manifesto of the present Governor, in relation to the State of Affairs in Southern Africa, appeared in the "Cape of Good Hope Government Gazette" of March 30th:—

MANIFESTO.

WHEREAS some evil-minded Persons, prone to wickedness, to mischief, and to evil ways, have been in the Territory beyond the Orange River, over which I have proclaimed the Sovereignty of Her Majesty; have been calling meetings to pervert the true spirit and meaning of my Proclamations of the 3rd and 10th February; and have been assuming the characters of my Agents to gain the will of the people for the purposes of wicked excitement; and have been showing my signature to the Proclamation of the 3rd February, professing it to be a document containing far different sentiments from the reality;—I deem it my duty to publish an explanation of the motives which have induced me to establish a Government over deluded, disappointed, and dissatisfied men, who, have expatriated themselves from the Land of their Fathers—from the homes which reared

them—from relatives and friends, with whom their social intercourse contributes to their happiness,—from their Pastors, their Churches, and consequently their God. Many of these men, indeed the majority, are personally known to me,—their hospitality I have received in their former comfortable homes and good houses,—their services I have admired when in the field under my command against a common enemy. These bonds of affection, which originated in 1835—6, have subsequently been cemented by various events. I was invited from within the Colony and from beyond the Orange River, to see the condition of these my friends; and to devise some measures to bring them back to social comforts, to harmony and confidence in one another, to their Church, and to their neglected God, who teaches us to gather together in prayer and thankfulness to Him. I established, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I trust a lasting peace with the Gaika and T'Slambie Kaffirs, and in fifty-four days from my landing I was among my old friends, who had thus invited Colonel Smith to see their condition and to ameliorate it. I was received everywhere with unmistakable marks of affection, with addresses, rejoicings, firings, and every demonstration of delight. Upon one occasion, about thirty assembled near the Drakenberg, and after receiving me with every expression of personal regard, told me they had been endeavouring to establish a Government of their own, and hoped to succeed. We parted in amity. I had not proceeded two miles when several followed me, assuring me such was not the voice of half the number. They depicted their state of misery from want of Churches and Laws, declared that they had not seen a Church for ten years, they could neither marry their daughters nor bury their

dead, that their Children were uneducated, and that they should become ignorant Barbarians, and Slaves to the Black Natives, who had Missionaries, Schools, and Chapels, while they were totally unprovided. They stated, with tears in their eyes, that they feared to speak before one another, that there was no mutual confidence, no reliance upon one another's actions. I told one of the party a leading part of what I proposed to do. He begged me to delay issuing the Proclamation until some meetings in contemplation should have taken place. I said, "Very well, I shall not do it until I have seen your great guide." Upon my seeing him, he urged upon me to issue it, promised to explain that he recommended it, as it would strengthen his hands to induce all to a system of rule; and the equity of the Land Question was such it carried conviction with it. If he did so he has acted up to his word; if he did not he has deceived both you and me.

You have indeed had no Government for years, are you happier? Are you richer? Are you better Christians? You are miserable, you are paupers, the half of you are ruined. You are receding from your Faith, with no ministers of the Holy Gospel to consult and to confide in; while your brothers, your cousins, your friends, under a just and free Government, are happy and contented, are shipping wool and corn, selling valuable horses, sheep, and cattle, and enjoying all the blessings a good conscience effects, and Civilization and Christianity ensure—going to their church on a Sunday with their elegant spans of Horses and Waggons, with their happy wives and children,—while *your* Sundays are spent in your miserable *huts*,—not the good houses you were reared in,—wretched and

unhappy,—your manly and truly good hearts desiring a state of things, the wicked endeavour to thrust from your grasp; *but which they shall not.*

I shall now proceed to lay before you and the world, the motives which have actuated me, comprised in two words,—"*your benefit.*" You have called on me to assist you; I have done so,—*vide* my Proclamations of the 3rd of February and the 8th of March, in which last I have endeavoured, clearly, distinctly, and equivocally, to set forth the Government calculated to render you—what you are not now—happy.

The ill-disposed have endeavoured to pervert facts—to startle the credulous—to alarm the timid—and to excite all to aid their own restless and uncontrollable dispositions. First, then, let us consider the practical effect of my paternal feelings for your welfare, for the satisfaction of your friends and relations within the Colony, who so desire to see you preserved in civilization, with a home to dwell in, a school for your children, and a church for you to pray in.

By the Treaties and Arrangements entered into in February, 1845, between Sir Peregrine Maitland and Adam Kok, and other Native Chiefs occupying the Territories North of the Great Orange River, it was settled, "that all agreements entered into by British Subjects residing in that Territory, with Natives, for the purchase of Land, should be of non-effect, or be held to be only the lease of the said Land for forty years, at the expiration of that period, the land with all improvements should revert to the original proprietors without any remuneration to the farmer for buildings, &c., and that all Lands held on leases of shorter dates, should on the expiration of the lease revert to the Natives on the same conditions.

That a certain portion of the Land then occupied by British Subjects between the Orange River and a Branch of the Riet River, called the "Kromelembog Spruit," should be termed "Unalienable Territory," and which, as the leases fall in, should not be re-let, but the occupants quit those places, and retire without the line of demarcation, the Riet River.

That portion of the Territory North and East of the Kromelembog Spruit, should be termed "Alienable Territory," which the Natives might, *if they chose*, at the termination of the current leases, re-let at such exorbitant rates as they might fix, so that as leases expired the Natives could raise the rents according to the increased value of the property caused by the labour and expenditure of the Farmers upon it, and without making any payment for such labour and expenditure, notwithstanding the Farmer, during the existence of the lease, was obliged to pay quitrents, one-half of which went to the Natives! A state of things most unsatisfactory to all parties, was the cause of constant quarrels and dissensions, and the Farmer felt himself an outcast, and subject to the will of uncivilized men.

This state of doubt and uncertainty has immediately changed by my visit; a fresh agreement entered into with Captain Adam Kok, the Farmer holds his Lands upon a first and indisputable right from Her Majesty of England, for which, you all know, you, at the time, shed tears of gratitude, and called down blessings upon me.

I have taken you from *your King*, Captain Kok, and the Great Chiefs whose Serfs you were, holding your Land on insecure tenure, and in constant apprehension of being turned off. Was this right for a manly

Africander? Have I not rescued you from so degrading, so uncertain, a state?

Thus do you hold your Lands in perpetuity in Captain Adam Kok's Country. I then entered into engagements with the great Chiefs Moshesh, Morokko, Moletsani, Sikonyella, &c. They rejoiced in what I proposed, and every Burgher now holds his Lands on the Faith of Her Majesty and from no Native whatever; while protection is afforded to the white man as well as to the black.

My every act has been the study of your benefit, the desire to place in your own hands, to every practicable extent, the governing of yourselves *by yourselves*. You are to choose your own Field-Commandants, your own Field-Cornets, you are to have one of yourselves upon the Land Commission, you are to give your free opinion to the Magistrates whom I place among you, that I may hear your wants, desires, and wishes, with the sole view of supplying them. Every fraction of the Revenue arising from the trifling Quit-rents demanded of you is for your benefit, for your rule, for your Schools, for your Churches, for your God. You go to bed at night returning thanks to the Omnipotent Protector of all,—"This is my home, my own undisputed home, home, sweet home;—my wife will be protected, my children educated, my devotion ensured, markets will be established for my worldly benefit." You sleep the sleep of happiness, for God is with you. You rise in the morning; and with devotional effusion of gratitude, ere you proceed to your daily labour, you see your wife and your children around you without fear or trembling, without doubt or uncertainty. Excitement is succeeded by content, and the voice at first whispers,—"We thank our old friend, Colonel Smith, for what he has done."

Shortly the voice loudly exclaims,—"Smith is our Governor; he it is who has induced us to rule ourselves under his fostering care; we thank him as our Governor!"

What have I done for your Countrymen in Natal, part of Her Majesty's dominions? I found them wandering, they knew not whither, from their homes, their standing crops, and their excellent gardens cultivated by their own hands; their wives, and children, and flocks, and herds exposed to the miseries of a rainy season. I took such steps as to ensure their return to their comfortable homes; and I appointed the man who has great influence with you one of a Land Commission, the result of the labours of which would ensure the great point,—undisputed right of possession of your Land.

Pause then, I pray you, my friends, ere you allow wicked agitators to excite you to permit your well-disposed minds to drive peace, happiness, and comforts now within your grasp, from your doors. What object had I in wandering, an exile as it were, among you; when duty commanded me to repair to the seat of Government where my services were so much required, in travelling hundreds of miles and living in a waggon, but that of endeavouring to do good to old friends who required one to show himself to them? On my return, your Countrymen poured down blessings on my head for my exertions in your behalf. Are such devoted acts for your welfare, are your own interests, to be cast aside? Is your future prospect of happiness, your future hope in Eternal Life, to be driven from you by wicked designers and ambitious men, who have their own ends alone to serve? Are your wives to be left in tears for your absence, or to be rendered widows, and

are your children to be uneducated and homeless? Is base ingratitude to usurp the seat of reason?

The prosperity of a nation is materially dependent on a just system of Government and Finance,—the leading principles of which are, that every individual shall contribute to the maintenance of a Government in proportion to the property he possesses, to protect him from domestic tyranny or foreign aggression; and that every individual contributing a quota shall have a voice in regulating the scheme of his Government and the disbursement of the revenue.—I have given you this in every practicable form.

When at Winberg, on the presentation of an Address, I was asked for Soldiers;—I exclaimed "Soldiers! You around me are my Soldiers," meaning that peaceable Citizens are their own Soldiers, and require no military aid whatever. This expression has been perverted; and you have been taught to believe, not thinking for the moment, that I am to make you all Soldiers! For what? Because I love Peace, and require no military in my operations to carry out what I desire? Is not all Southern Africa the seat of Peace, without one drop of blood having been shed by my authority, or one blow struck? Am I the man to require soldiers for any ordinary purpose? But there are causes so sacred to the Lord and in the eyes of the world, as to demand military interference;—hence, I have proclaimed that you hold your Lands subject to military service; and I do so for the sole purpose of providing for the time of need. But if you never load your firelock until I ask you, it may be turned into what all arms are best fitted for—Plough-shares.

Now, my friends!—my half-lost friends and wavering Christians! I have addressed you as Colonel Smith,

I have appealed to your feelings as men, as fathers of families, as reasoning human beings possessing immortal souls. I have exerted myself to the extent of my abilities and my energies. I now turn from *Colonel Smith* to the *Governor of this Colony;*—and I PROCLAIM TO YOU that I will carry out, or die in the attempt, the provisions of the Proclamations I have framed for your exclusive benefit and by your own desire, and the factious demagogue shall tremble at that name which he even now respects, and for which you all so far, and wide, and loudly proclaimed your love. You well know I never forfeited my word. You well know, for many of you have served with me in the field, the velocity with which I wield the sword. Do not suppose that I have stripped myself of the means by sending home troops. I tell you, and tell you truly and honestly, I hold in readiness a force of guns, cavalry, and tried British Soldiers, who in fifteen days should be among you, men capable of causing stouter hearts than yours to quail. When I commanded you were brave; now! you have no head you dare confide in, your hearts are in the *wrong place,* your cause being unjust,—an ignorant, discontented few endeavouring to excite the many. Do you talk of resistance and assemblages,—you whom, two years ago, a few dragoons rode over like sheep? Do you presume to imagine that you are able to do what no mass of demagogues has ever yet done,—the undisciplined to resist, and successfully to maintain a protracted resistance against, the disciplined force of a regular Government?

But oh! how I hate and detest the name of war and commotion! The many battle-scenes I have witnessed arise like phantoms to my imagination. But as I

abhor war, so will I terribly wield its power if you drive me from your affection. If you compel me to wield the fatal sword, after all I have attempted for you, the crime be upon your own heads; and while my Troops shall exult in Victory, I will weep, as you have seen me do, over the fallen, the defeated, the deluded; your lands shall be wrested from you, your houses destroyed, your herds swept off, your own hearts blackened by wicked ingratitude, and your faithful, your generous friend, who has exerted himself for your exclusive benefit, turned into the Avenger of Evil! You shall become like the Ishmaelites of old, "your hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand shall be against you." "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord; and in His name, and for the benefit of His creatures, would I smite those I so love, and to whom I have so endeavoured to prove that I do so.

There are limits to the extent of the most virtuous feelings in this worldly and uncertain trial of Life. Aid me, as I desire you, to preserve them to us; and as in generous and uncorrupted minds the superiority of Religion carries us through the calamities of this transient life, let us together thus pray:—

Lord of all Power and Might, Disposer of all Things, good and evil, deign to look down upon us frail and sinful creatures; teach us *who* are our true friends, preserve and strengthen us in all the trials of temptation, defend us from the evil practices of wicked men, teach us to worship Thee with our hearts, our minds, our souls devoted unto Thee through Jesus Christ; direct our hearts and our actions towards our neighbour; teach us so to live that our course in this life may lead us to Life Eternal; teach us to forgive our enemies and to love our friends; teach us after a peace-

able life to look forward to that re-union in Heaven, the fountain of our hopes on Earth, the happy place of rest for our immortal souls. When we must put off the mortal garment, and lie down on the bed of Death, let us be at *Peace* with Thee Oh Lord, at *Peace* with the world, and at *Peace* with our *own hearts!!!* This grant us, O Lord, Our God Almighty, through Jesus Christ.—Amen.

(Signed) H. G. SMITH.

Government House, Cape Town,
29th March, 1848.

No. II.

GENERAL ORDER.

Block Drift, 20th April, 1846.

THE Commander-in-Chief congratulates Colonel Somerset, and the officers and troops under his orders, on the chastisement of the enemy which closed the operations on the 18th instant. The movement on Block Drift was successfully effected by the combined force with little loss, in the presence of an enemy many times its numerical amount, through a harassing country, and against persevering attempts to impede its march. His Excellency thinks it due to the gallantry of the force to remark, that the Kaffirs are not the same foe as they were on former occasions of hostility, when chiefly armed with their own weapons, but have become much more formidable from a great increase of num-

bers, a considerable mounted force, and especially through their possession of fire-arms, an acquisition, on their side, which was particularly adapted to the entangled country which was the scene of the late operations.

(Signed) A. J. CLOETE, *Lieut.-Col.*,
Deputy Quarter-Master-General.


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Government of Maharashtra
on 27 February, 2016